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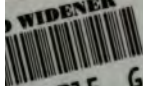
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THE
B U D G E T
OF THE
B U B B L E F A M I L Y.

BY
LADY LYTTON BULWER,
AUTHOR OF "CHEVELEY; OR, THE MAN OF HONOUR."

FRANGAS NON FLECTAS.

"The business of mankind is strangely trifling and transient. Things are so hollow, and so quickly hurried off, that the world looks somewhat like a scene of necromancy, and seems to be more apparition than real life."—*Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus*

"Ridendo dicere verum."—HORAT.

"Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble."—*Macbeth*.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE BUDGET

OF

THE BUBBLE FAMILY.

A STAGECOACH.—SIMPSON AND CO.'S FIGURES, WITHOUT TROPES.—"TEARS OF BOYHOOD'S YEARS."

At an epoch like the present, when the political hemisphere of Great Britain is dazzling the world with its brightness, owing entirely to those stars of the Bubble family which now sway its destinies, it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to descant, physiologically, or even historically, upon their well-known attributes; suffice it to say, that they have been from time immemorial *Whigs*: a term in itself comprising, and implying that love of civil and religious liberty which makes men Arians, or anything-Arians, as occasion, or that most colossal of Whig bulwarks, expediency, may require. Of the antiquity of this widely-spread and most aristocratic family, no one can be ignorant who is even slightly acquainted with sacred or profane history; in the former they may trace their descent from Jacob; and every Bubble can to this day say with him, "I am a smooth man," being equal adepts in pseudology with that brother-cheating patriarch. In the latter it will be seen that their blood has flowed, through countless ages, in the veins of the most distinguished poets, painters, warriors, philosophers, and statesmen; but why should I go back to Sallust or Alcibiades, when a subject the Bubbles have always had most at heart now engrosses my attention—I mean their own affairs; but this I say in strict confidence to *you*, my dear reader, for it is one of the greatest charms of their name that they always *appear* more interested about others than themselves; and I have no doubt that it was some of their Norman ancestors who first gave our Gallic neighbours the idea of that tapestry for which they have since been so cele-

brated, and wherein are produced the most high-coloured, smooth, and beautiful effects, on the outward and visible side, by the most cross-grained and contradictory workings on the reverse or invisible one. But I forget myself! a most unpardonable thing to do, especially in ladies' society, as I venture to hope I now am.

Our hero, Mr. Cecil Bubble Howard's mother, was a very distant connexion of the Bubble family; but, being both a beauty and an heiress, and marrying his father, then a man about town, an "habitué" of Carlton House, a flash speaker in *the House*, a boon companion of Fox and Sheridan, the third wit at Brookes's, and in the *nominal* receipt of ten thousand a year, the whole family took care to cousin her, while they *cozened* him still more; for the Whigs of his day were not sufficiently pure to shudder at poor relations, as they have virtuously done since patronage has succeeded patriotism in their calendar.

As for Cecil, I confess he had little of the Bubble in him, and had, therefore, a much more natural leaning towards the Howards, notwithstanding that from the Bubbles came rocking-horses and Shetland ponies, which gifts were sweetened and cemented with forty-thieve-like jars of marmalade and strawberry jam, and golden tips, upon each of his half-yearly fittings from Upper Brook-street to Eaton. Children proverbially delight in Bubbles; it was a wonder, then, that he should not have doted on such great and glorious ones as these; even the great unknown, who lived in the English Siberia, Suffolk and Norfolk, forget not their Christmas contributions of turkeys, hams, and Ripston pippins; and had "*detur pulchriosi*" been inscribed upon each of them, they could not have occasioned greater discord between his brothers and himself than they invariably did.

The only one of the family he ever came personally in contact with was Lord John Bubble, a personage eminently disqualified for winning the youthful heart, whether male or female; his face always reminded him of the scales of his mother's medicine chest, in which her maid used, with dunlike punctuality, to weigh out for nursery consumption, three times a week, equal portions of rhubarb and magnesia; for his hair was of a dingy red, and his face of spotless white, with a good substratum of bilious-looking brass, like the scales afore-

said; and his long, lanky, spiral figure was not inaptly represented by the narrow, shadowy strings; his hands were particularly odious, being large, flat, and freckled, like the back of a plaice; and in order effectually to keep them from picking and stealing, he always kept them in his pockets, which were, in those days, as empty as his head. His summer dress invariably consisted of obliterated nankeens, and gaiters to match, terminated by very thick-soled shoes, badly cleaned, a bottle-green coat, gilt buttons, white cravat, and buff marsalla waistcoat, spotted like a seedcake. At the time alluded to, Lord John was five-and-thirty, and considered even by his own party a most unpromising *youth*; but he has since attained to office and to fifty, and he is now looked upon by them as a *most promising young man*; his voice was thin and hollow, like the north wind whistling through a keyhole; and he had the very disagreeable peculiarity of never smiling when he bowed, though I firmly believe he was solely indebted to this hiatus in good-breeding for having since obtained the character of a great statesman and a profound thinker. At least I do not know what else it has arisen from, as the world in general is still unacquainted with the fact of his once having given Cecil a tip of ten pounds for murdering Demosthenes' oration for the liberty of the Rhodians, while he and Mr. Howard were prosing over their claret. At that moment Cecil certainly thought him the wisest and best of men; and, had the matter been put to the ballot, he would undoubtedly have voted to that effect; but a boy of fourteen may be forgiven for forming a hasty judgment; and ten-pound voters *then* were not a whit wiser than they are now.

Things were progressing in this state, when his poor mother caught a severe cold at a ball, of which in a few days she died, leaving his father the most resigned of widowers, and an example to all those ill-regulated minds who are wont to indulge in inordinate sorrow on such occasions. His mourning was irreproachable; and his respect to his wife's memory equally so, for he never married again, but devoted himself entirely to patriotism, that is, giving dinners to his friends, spending thousands at elections to forward the interests of political aspirants of his own party, and beef-steaking it at Bellamy's every day of a great "delicte." What was

the self-immolation of M. Curtius to this! And, verily, he had his reward, for he lived to see the Reform Bill passed, his friends in office, and himself forgotten! The *relative* position of the first Whig premier prevented his doing anything for him, even the trifling favour of getting his son Cecil made paid "attaché," after fourteen years pen-nibbing in Spain, Vienna, the United States, and elsewhere; and each succeeding Whig cabinet were too indefatigably employed in evincing their greatness of mind in conciliating their enemies to be guilty of the vulgar prejudice of attending to their friends.

There is something exceedingly martial in the tactics of Whig policy; all their achievements are conducted upon the plan of a siege, wherein the scaling-ladder is of no use when once the fortress is gained, and may be thrown aside as soon as possible; while the weapons so lately hostilely pointed against them are secured without loss of time, and taken every possible care of, as the chief dependance of those at whose destruction they so long had aimed. But death "æquo pede" knocks at the door of the happy and the unhappy, the prince and the pauper, the fortunate and the unfortunate; and he called upon Cecil's father just as his other friends had begun to be less frequent in their visits. Peace be to his manes! He died, leaving our hero his broken fortunes, two brothers, and a sister unprovided for; and the bitter fruits of his dear-bought experience. To do the world justice, for the first few months after his father's demise, before the house in town and the villa at Wimbledon were sold, and it was ascertained without a doubt that they were beggars, it was more assiduous than ever in its intentions and proffers of kindness; but the world is a shrewd world, and seems to have the Spanish proverb always ringing in its ear, which says, "Never take to thy arms him upon whom fortune frowns, lest her displeasure extend to thyself; for misery, like the plague, is apt to be contagious." All that astonished him was, that that portion of society, which is always deemed, and which he had always thought, the most heartless and hollow, namely, the great and the gay, were the only portion of it that continued towards them any particle of that kindness and good-will which had formerly greeted them on every side, while the low parasites, whom their former bounty had fed, fled from them like rats from a

sinking ship, thereby proving that puddle-blood will tell in them as in beasts.

Lady John Bubble—for Lord John had lately accumulated a wife, and a hundred and twenty-two thousand pounds—kindly recommended that his sister should go “en pension” to some school, where she might live cheaply by assisting in the tuition of the pupils! While Lady Mary Leslie, whom Lady John had been indefatigable in warning her against, as a heartless, extravagant, and improper companion, now came forward in the kindest manner, pressing her to live with her, and assuring her that the obligation was all on her side, as she was too happy to have such a clever, handsome, and agreeable girl staying with her.

Both his brothers were abroad, and poor Gertrude being thus, in a manner, provided for, Cecil resolved upon visiting some of the numerous zoologicals of his mother’s family, scattered about the different parts of the United Kingdom. Previous to his leaving London, he however resolved to make one more effort to obtain his brother George’s promotion, who had been broiling as a lieutenant for the last ten years in India. He was sanguine of success, from a great friend of his father’s, an old Colonel Dragglesfar, who, being deputy adjutant-general, albeit unlike most old colonels, was the most sentimental of men, and romantically chivalric in his defence of the oppressed, provided their wrongs were literary or had become historical. With regard to the living he was more prudent, always bearing in mind that “discretion is the wisest part of valour.” His magnanimity with regard to the injured extended even to works of supererogation; for, long after Lord Byron had ceased to be attacked—but, on the contrary, when a reaction had taken place in his favour—he published an elaborate defence of him, which, however, had the bad effect of throwing an odium upon that mighty name, which its bitterest enemies had never been able to do before—that of ridicule. However, love and literature were the poor colonel’s stumbling-blocks, and he was eternally floundering over the one or the other; and such sympathy was there in both, that the former always produced the same effect as the latter, and the latter as the former—laughter! But what was all this to Cecil, when he recollected that in his boyish days he was wont to rate him as an embryo Cicero; and

that, moreover, upon landing at Plymouth, where he was only to remain two days, he had taken the trouble of posting all the way to Eaton to see him for half an hour! These were obligations not easily forgotten, at least by one who had never, as yet, received greater from any of his fellow-creatures; so, accordingly, to the Horse Guards he repaired by twelve the next morning, and urged his request with all the eloquence he was master of. Nothing could be more hand-shakingly kind than Dragglesfar's reception of him; still he could not but observe that, instead of his former professions of going through fire and water to serve him, capped with a climax of, "Sir, the word *difficulty* is not to be found in my vocabulary, where a friend is to be served," he had an oracular shrug of the shoulders, and an owl-like elevation of his ludicrously arched eyebrows, as a sort of running accompaniment to "Why, you see, my dear fellow, the bars of military favour are very unbending; but, on the *whole*" (as he always called whole) "I'll see what can be done for you; so don't leave town till you hear from me; where are you, eh?"

"At No. — Wilton-street," said Cecil, putting out his hand as he rose to depart.

"Good-by, good-by," said the colonel, going with him to the door, where, stretching his neck into the passage, his adieu terminated in "Ho! orderly, take this up to the commander-in-chief's office," placing a large official packet in the soldier's hand, and waving his own to Cecil, as he retraced his steps into the room and closed the door. Formerly he would have accompanied him across the court, and have given him a protocol of farewells and professions at the last gate; but "*non sum qualis eram*," thought he; and how could he expect to find others less changed than himself.

The now faint hope of doing something for his brother George detained him three weeks longer in town; and, having resolved upon a visit to the sister kingdom, he determined upon distributing himself among his relations, and therefore selected some of the Shropshire Bubbles for his first experiment, as he could take them "*chemin faisant*." Accordingly, he despatched an epistle to Sir Remulus Bubble, Bart., of Bubble Hall, Shropshire, a forty-fifth cousin of his mother's, duly apprizing him of his intention, to which he received the following answer by return of post:

"To **Cecil Bubble Howard, Esq., No. — Wilton-**
street, Belgrave Square, London.

"Dear Cousin Howard,

"In reply to yours of yesterday, I have to say, that I and Lady B. shall be happy to see you here as soon as suits convenience (your convenience understood), as well your cousins Cosmo, Betsy, and Lucy; also their uncles and aunts, my brothers and sisters, Marmaduke, Lucretia, and Prudence. Sorry to hear of your dreadful accident; hope you won't be the worse of it all your life; glad, however, that your sister is going to be so well married, though cork legs are now brought to such exactness, no one would ever be the wiser, as I'm told. Have goodness to bring me the last number of the Sporting Magazine, and a guinea canister of Lundyfoot's Irish Blackguard, which is to be had at Pontet's, in Pall-Mall.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"ROMULUS BUBBLE.

"P.S. Dine at seven precisely.

"P.S. Though I hope no Pharisee, I'm certainly not a scribe, as you'll see; for, on looking over this, I find I have put the cork leg in the wrong place; but, of course, you'll understand it's meant for you, and not your sister or the marriage."

Had this precious document been written in Hebrew, it would have been equally intelligible to Cecil; and the explanatory postscript respecting himself and the cork leg only made "confusion worse confounded;" however, the part he did understand, namely, that about the commissions, he lost no time in attending to; so, having ordered his servant Girouette (who, though a Frenchman and a fop, would not forsake him in his fallen fortunes) to take places in the Salopian coach for the next morning, he sallied forth to execute the worthy baronet's commissions. Just as he was crossing from the colonnade of the Opera to go to Pontet's, Dragglesfar, "with his long sword, saddle, bridle," galloped past him at such a rate that he nearly rode over him; but, seeing him, or, rather, two very pretty women getting out of their carriage to go into a shop, he pulled up with an "Ah, my dear Howard, delighted to see you. Sorry I've been unsuccessful about your

brother" (this was his first intimation of the fact). "I've called on you repeatedly at Brookes's, but have never been fortunate enough to find you."

"I don't live at Brookes's," said Cecil, coldly, and fixing his eyes steadily upon him.

"Ah, true—well, a—but I've not been very well," said this veracious friend, stroking the gold lace down his right leg, though he had met him on an average three times a week riding out to Richmond, "and a—I—a could not get as far as your end of the town."

"Good-morning, Colonel Dragglesar," said Cecil, taking off his hat in the most respectful manner, as he turned into Pontet's, in quest of the other blackguard specified in Sir Romulus Bubble's commission.

On his return home he found Girouette surrounded by a chaos of portmanteaus, carpet-bags, and dressing-boxes, perched upon one of the former, mopping his forehead with a silk pocket-handkerchief, and looking the very type and picture of desolation. "Well, Girouette," said he, "have you taken the places for to-morrow?"

"Ah yes, I take dem, but a—monsieur nevere like him!"

"Like who?" said Cecil.

"Dat vieille canaille de coach."

"Why?" inquired his master, endeavouring not to laugh.

"Ah bah! c'est une chose ridicule même à voir. No reading lamp, no manière de faire une dormeuse; no noting tall."

"As to that, Girouette," said he, soothingly, "one cannot expect a public conveyance to be either as convenient or as comfortable as one's own carriage."

"Ah yes, dere it is comfortable, comfortable; et ce maudit coach, he knew noting tall bout *comfortable*;" and here poor Girouette recommenced folding and unfolding divers and sundry waistcoats and pairs of stockings which lay macadamized about the room, lightening his labours with a few half-muttered "*sacres*," which burst into audible thunder at some half dozen successive knocks at the dressing-room door, all of which heralded in long parallelogramish bluish paper letters, branded with the dim insignia of red and yellow wafers, which, instead of handing to his master, he pettishly threw upon the table.

"Who are those letters for?" said Cecil.

"Pardon, monsieur, they are no lettre tall, dey are only bills."

"I'm afraid," said he, smiling, as he walked over to the table, and opened them one after another, "they must be passed at last."

"Well, den, saire, pass dem over till your return to town."

No bad idea this; but, like many other fine conceptions, it was admirable in theory, with the slight drawback of being impracticable.

"I have no time just now, in the hurry of packing, for metaphysics," thought Cecil; "but, query, did Bishop Berkeley or Kant ever pay a bill? No—Q. E. D.—or they never would have raved the anti-reality nonsense they did; for, when one's purse becomes a republic, and one's last sovereign has quitted the 'bel retiro' of its silken domicile, in the discharge of some odious debt, how touching is the Ophelia-like vacuity of that purse! to look upon it, one could almost fancy we heard it exclaim with Medora, 'It is no dream, and I am desolate!'"

Apropos of dreams, having to rise at six next morning, Cecil thought it as well to go to bed at a primitive hour; but, alas! like the hero in Lover's charming song of Molly Carew,

"There was no use at all in his going to bed,
For 'twas dreams, and not sleep, that came into his head."

He turned and tossed, and tossed and turned, and in that half real, half imaginary phantasmagoria which passes through one's brain between sleeping and waking: at one moment he beheld Lord John Bubble, in all his senatorial dignity, standing up in his place in the House, advocating the rights of his injured countrymen; and proposing, in a torrent of eloquence, which came on his sleeping ear like the sound of the Falls of Niagara, as heard forty miles off, that the tax be taken off French brandy and laid upon English mousetraps—"hear, hear," from the opposition benches, while a murmur of disapprobation arose among the tail, and Mr. O'Connell's voice was heard, sweet as the "first flower of the earth," and clear as the first "jim of the say," above it all, exclaiming, "Oh, murder, murder! he'll be at the rattraps next, and that'll be contempt of

the House. Sure, and then we'll have to divide (no great matter for that, to be sure, as I'll still govern); but if we've to take the sense of the House, what'll we do *then*? for 'ex nihilo nihil fit;' for, as the landlord of the Crown and Py said of the small-beer the last time I went down to Derrynane, '*Sure what's in it is out.*'" Still Lord John's eloquence flowed "on and on for ever," like the mighty torrent already alluded to, and still his right hand thumped with convincing effect the table-rock of the House of Commons, while his ample shirt-collar, rising like the white cliffs of his native isle, far above his ears, seemed to give a broad and decisive negative to any modern Marc Antony who should ask him to "lend him his ears." But, lo! "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." St. Stephen's vanished, Lord John's voice was hushed, and Cecil himself was bounding about a smooth green "plaisance" with Betsey Bubble, whose hands he thought were red, but oh! her nose was redder. Lucy was thumping Sir Roger de Coverly on a spinet; and Lady Bubble, a sort of tableau-vivant of the dome of St. Paul's—her face being the cross on the top of it—was playing piquet with an umbrella-like looking old gentleman by the fire; which, strange to say, with the spinet, formed part of the *al fresco* paraphernalia of Bubble Hall, as represented in his dream. Presently Sir Romulus himself entered. His "*aboard*" was piebald with awe and affability: he advanced, Howard advanced: he extended his hand, Cecil extended his, and grasped—an enormous cork leg! This was too much. He awoke with a start, and found Girouette shivering by his bedside, telling him that the sun had risen, and it was time he should follow his example, as the Rocket coach started at six.

"Starts at six, does it?" said he, starting with horror as he jumped out of bed, and began his hasty toilet.

Arrived at the White Horse Cellar, Cecil looked in vain for one of those pretty, interesting, mysterious, and captivating-looking young ladies who invariably form one of the passengers of every mailcoach in a novel; but, alas! he only saw a very fat lady, in a snuff-coloured cloth pelisse, the waist of which resembled "the soul of wit," inasmuch as that brevity was its chief characteristic. Her headgear consisted of what (he has since learned from Sally, the housemaid

at Bubble Hall) is called a Tuscan straw-bonnet and black lace veil; her capillary ornaments were a few mangy-looking dun-coloured ringlets, yeclaped by ladies on the other side of Temple Bar "a front;" her eyes were a lightish green, something like badly-bottled gooseberries, to which her ample and peony-tinged cheeks formed a glowing contrast, rising rampant as they did on either side of a nose not unlike a white-washed ace of clubs; her under-lip, notwithstanding it projected like the spout of a butterboat, was nevertheless eclipsed by the upper one, which had two long, buttress-like teeth to prop it up, or rather out; her wrists were protected against the morning air by a pair of buff worsted "comforters," which, forming a border, as it were, to her fresh, red, raw, damp-looking fat hands, gave them the exact appearance of a nice tender beefsteak just severed from the rear of a defunct ox in Mr. Giblet's shop; while the thick and tightly-laced black leather boots in which her feet were ensconced, evinced that feline antipathy to wet feet which most of the biped portion of the tribe have in common with their quadruped peers. A flat, narrow, and high covered basket, a green cotton umbrella, and a short, stumpy, apple-pudding-faced boy, with a white nightcap surmounted by a brown beaver hat, secured to his head by the protecting medium of a pink and white crossbarred cotton pocket-handkerchief, seemed the peculiar care of this "interesting female," as the police reports have it in cases of infanticide. Just as he arrived, the guard was in the act of shampooing the fat lady into the coach, while the coachman was bawling out, "I say, marm, that ere basket of happles can never go hinside, unless so be as the young gemman likes to go houtside, for there haint no room for it, haint indeed!"

"Ho! dear, ho! dear," said the fat lady, almost retrograding, to the frustration of the guard's long and arduous labours, "ho! dear, my James can *niver* go for to ride houtside. What would Mrs. Whabble and the major say if they heerd on it! for, poor, dear child, he's so delicate like, and haint been used to no such thing."

"Vel, then, marm," responded John, with a chuckle at his own wit, as he shoved the basket of apples on the top of the coach, "the happles wont take no hurt from a little fresh hair; cause vy! they been used to be houtside passengers." This important matter being

arranged, and "James" having been stowed by the side of the fat lady (who, from the reverential fears expressed by her of Mrs. Whabble and the major, was evidently not the maternal perpetrator of the night-capped youth), Cecil turned to reconnoitre his other "compagnon de voyage," who was patiently waiting his turn to get into the coach. He was a tall, dingy, bilious-looking man of about six-and-twenty, who, judging by his unshorn chin and ebony-tipped nails, laboured under a sort of personal hydrophobia; a long French cloak was flung over his left shoulder, while a large anchor of brilliants, attached by a chain to an ample heart of the same costly gems, transfixes with an arrow (which gave it much the appearance of a plump widgeon ready skewered for the spit), adorned a rather Ethiopian-looking shirt; under his arm was a bright purple silk umbrella, with a pink border, carefully protected by a cover of the same; in his right hand was what (if we could have suspected a man of his appearance of such a thing) would have been taken for a dressing-box. Seeing a large brass plate upon it, Cecil could not resist reading the following inscription: "Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson, Esq., M. C., B. W., New York." While he was puzzling his brain to know what the M. C. and B. W. could possibly mean, and just as he was deciding that M. C. stood godfather to master of the ceremonies all the world over, Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson put down the box in question, and withdrew from a fob deep, dark (and it might be dangerous) as the Gulf of Mexico, a blue enamel watch, set round with pearls, the watch itself being about the size in diameter and flatness of a breakfast plate. Instead of the ordinary black Roman numbers which designate the hours, they were allegorically, poetically, and tastefully represented by small roses and "forget-me-nots," wreathed into figures on the showy dial-plate; in the centre of which, in plain, unadorned black copperplate, stood the following announcement:

JOHN SCRAGGS, MAKER,
PHILADELPHIA.

This beautiful touch of simplicity, in the midst of so much magnificence, could not fail to remind one of the story of the eastern king, who caused a triumphal arch of the utmost splendour to be built, whereon was em-

blazoned his name and his achievements! But lo! the tide of ages swept over it, the splendour vanished, and dust was in its stead; but within the keystone of the arch appeared, what the pomp of its former greatness had hitherto concealed, the name of the architect, in small, deep, unobtrusive letters. So, thought Cecil, will it be with Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson's watch, when its flowers shall have faded, "as fade they must;" and when its glories shall have passed away, then shall the name (hallowed by the classic touch of time) of John Scraggs alone stand forth to tell of the mighty things that were! There is no knowing to what altitudes such a sublime train of thought might have led him, had not Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson, at that moment having finished winding his beautiful parterre of a watch, and replunged it into its broadcloth abyss, accosted him with much nasal dulcetness in the following words: "Are you part of our fare, sir, cause I calculate we're full late as it is, so you'd better get in, unless you are going outside."

Cecil having proclaimed his destination to be inside, he made way for Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson to enter the vehicle; but he, with equal consideration and good-breeding, gave place to him, which was an additional corroboration in his mind of his being a master of the ceremonies, with whom, as he once heard an old lady at Margate remark, "*manners is everything.*" So in he got, followed by Simpson and Co., that is, himself, his watch, his diamond shirt anchorage, his brass-plated box, and his cerulean umbrella. The fat lady was busily employed in tugging at Master Whabble's nose with a thick cotton pocket-handkerchief, which had other military symptoms about it besides being scarlet, for it had evident marks of having been for some time on active service. After every blow, Master Whabble impartially divided his attentions between a large Bath bun that he held in his right hand, and a large green apple that graced his left; and the considerate fat lady filled up the interstices by cramming lumps of Spanish liquorice into his mouth, announcing, as she did so, that it was the best possible thing for a cold; while the liquorice, oozing out of the corners of his mouth, "cast a browner honour" over his already lachrymose face. A negative turn of the head on the part of the fortunate youth had just given his

fat friend unequivocally to understand that he "could no more;" Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson had buttoned the last button of his bran-new and most respectable spinach-green surtout; Cecil had pulled down the moleskin ears of his green velvet travelling-cap, and all things seemed ready for their departure, when Girouette opened the coach door, leading poor Bruno, a large black bloodhound of his master's, by a silk handkerchief, and, thrusting his head into the vehicle, extended his hand with an inviting air to Master Whabble, while he addressed the fat lady in the blandest tones to the following effect: "If de little bonhomme will come on de top, it will be more 'agréable' to monsieur to have de dog inside." The substance of this speech had to be repeated twice before the fat lady could prevail upon herself to comprehend that such an inhuman proposition could be addressed to her; however, at length closing her lips, as nearly as her teeth would allow, in order to open them again with a torrent of abuse upon poor Girouette, she thus began: "Why, did I ever! vell, such a piece of hinsolence I never heerd on in all my born days; but all them furrineers is the most hunnatteralist houtlandishest creturs as hever vas, for to go for to turn hout a Christian to make room for a dum hanimal has haint paid for his place, nor nothink; but its plain to see, munseer, as you haint no nature, or children, or wife, or nothink." Here the eloquent speaker was compelled to pause for want of breath; but, true to her charge, she kept a convulsive grasp of Master Whabble's shoulder.

"Why no," said Girouette, with the most provoking calmness, as he pushed Bruno into the coach, "I have not got no natural children, but for a wife, yes; I have been married dese ten year; my wife is dirty (thirty), and I am dirty-two."

"Oh! as to that," said the fat lady, "I haint no doubt whatever of you and your wife both being dirty, for hall you furrineers his nasty filthy creturs."

Here she gave a practical illustration of the superiority of English cleanliness by another tug at Master Whabble's nose with the antique Tyrian purple handkerchief aforesaid. As soon as the convulsion of laughter Cecil was in would allow him to speak, he interfered, commanding Girouette to take Bruno outside with him, and leave Master Whabble in unmolested posses-

sion of the place he had paid for; Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson at the same time turning to him, and observing, as he pantomimically washed his hands, "Well, sir, I think you've done the right thing, for we gentlemen must not allow the ladies to be annoyed in any way we can prevent. I hope, ma'am, my legs are not in your way?" continued he, addressing the fat lady, with a graceful jerk of the knees, which Cecil thought could only belong to the master of the ceremonies at New-York.

"Oh dear no, not at all, sir, by no means," responded the fat lady; "I have been so used to Mr. Jinks, my usband's legs, which is so terrible long, that I thinks nothink of any one helses."

Peace being restored through the "polite attentions," or, as Mrs. Jinks expressed it, the genteel behaviour of Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson, and the "all right" of the guard having been answered by the crack of the coachman's whip, the party at length found themselves "en route."

Cecil was lost in a reverie, painting the Miss Bubbles in the colours of his own imagination. Betsy he had dashed in, in good broad touches, as a brown, bouncing, dairymaid-looking girl; Lucy was tall, fair, and sentimental, with those half soft, half sparkling play-the-d—l kind of eyes, which always convey to one the idea of nature's having paused over their creation, uncertain whether their possessor should be a victim or a vixen; and budding and blooming like a moss rose in June, all blushes, dimples, and timidity. He was just giving the last "piquante" turn to her nose, when he was interrupted by the nasal tones of Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson's voice propounding the following query: "Going all the way to Ireland, sir, or only going as far as Shropshire?" Recollecting Benjamin Franklin's grand junction preventive safety-valve for Yankee curiosity, he adopted it by responding in a clear and audible voice,

"I live in Wilton-street when in London; I am not going to Ireland at present, but intend doing so eventually; to-day I go no farther than Bubble Hall, in Shropshire, on a visit to a relation of mine."

"Oh indeed, sir!" said Mr. Simpson, evidently disappointed that he had not been allowed transatlantically to acquire this important intelligence by interrogatory,

instalments; and then ensued a pause of some minutes, when Simpson resumed, "This is my first visit to Europe, sir, and I confess I am much surprised at the freedom and immorality of Europeyan (vulgo European) manners."

"Bad enough, certainly," agreed Cecil.

"Then I'm also greatly surprised at the effeminacy of English gentlemen; you'll excuse me, sir, but I mean in *high life*." (!)

"I cannot coincide in that opinion," replied Cecil, "for I think manliness of character and bearing is almost the only ancestral virtue left to us; but what is it, may I ask, that has impressed you with such an unfavourable idea of us?"

"Oh, sir," responded Mr. Simpson, still politely taking the utmost pains to exclude Cecil from the upper classes, "I only mean those chaps in the fashionable world; for what can be more effeminate than shaving every day, and dressing for dinner?"

With difficulty preventing himself from laughing outright, Mr. Howard ventured to suggest, that, according to his notions, there could not well be a more unfeminine proceeding than that of shaving; but his Yankee opponent was not to be bearded out of his opinion. Curiosity certainly must be infectious, for Cecil was waxing exceedingly anxious to know the exact meaning of the mystic letters inscribed upon Mr. Simpson's dressing-box, or whatever box it was he held upon his knee; but, not having had the good fortune to be born at the other side of the Atlantic, he was vainly endeavouring to hit upon an expedient whereby he might appease his curiosity, when Master Whabble for the first time favoured them with the sound of his voice by saying, as he crammed the last lump of apple into his mouth, and pointing with his thereby vacant hand to Mr. Simpson's box,

"I say, granma, what do them letters mean?"

"My dear James, niver pint," said the Chesterfieldian Mrs. Jinks, without even attempting to convey to her grandson the knowledge for which he was thirsting; "it haint genteel; but I'm sure, sir, you're too pur-lite not to hexcuse him?"

Simpson nodded assent, while James returned to the charge by reiterating, in his former contralto drawl, "Yes, but I say, what are them letters though?"

"Those letters, my little man," said Mr. Simpson, with the most winning affability, "those letters after my name stand for Member of Congress, Broadway, New-York; Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson, Member of Congress, Broadway, New-York."

"Oh!" grunted James, evidently no wiser than he had been before, as he leaned his head on Mrs. Jinks's shoulder, and returned tenderly and confidently into his left hand the only thing in the world that he did seem to understand, namely, the Bath bun which he had been previously discussing. From the moment Cecil Howard discovered the interesting fact of Mr. Simpson's being a member of Congress, the conversation became political; Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson lauding a republic beyond every other form of government, and stoutly refuting Cecil's objection that some nations were essentially anti-republican in their feeling.

"No, sir, no," said Mr. Simpson, emphatically thumping the large square box on his lap; "I will never believe that a republic is not the natural order of things; why, the very birds of the air give us an example of this; storks, for instance, will only live in republics or free states."

"I am aware," said Cecil, "that this was an old notion, contrived to advance the opinion of popular policies, and, from antipathies in nature, to disparage monarchical governments; but that there was no truth in these assertions, I think, may be clearly proved: for instance, Pliny assures us that, among the Thessalians, who were governed by kings, and much abounded with serpents, it was no less than capital to kill a stork; and that the ancient Egyptians honoured them, whose government was from all times monarchical. Bellonius, too, asserts that the Gauls used to make nests for them; besides, in Persia and Turkey they abound; and even Jeremiah speaks thus to his countrymen, whose government was at that time monarchical: 'The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times;' all of which, I think, proves beyond dispute that storks, as well as statesmen, may flourish under a monarchical government."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Simpson, gracefully drawing the back of his hand across his nose, "you've got ahead of me *there*, I confess; and I suppose the fable of King Log and King Stork had its origin in the facts you have just adduced," continued he, chuckling at what he

thought a keen and brilliant piece of satire; "but in literature, sir, in literature it is different; genius can't, and won't be fettered, for which reason you hear of the *republic of letters*, and not the *kingdom of letters*."

"I rather suspect," rejoined Cecil, smiling, "Hood's derivation of that phrase is the true one."

"What may that be, sir?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"Why, that it is called the republic of letters because authors are such poor devils that they have not a sovereign among them."

Mr. Simpson was bent upon supporting his dignity; consequently, instead of the laugh Cecil expected, he assumed a most owl-like gravity, and, waving the subject altogether, after rummaging for some time in his right-hand waistcoat-pocket, he withdrew from it a large round copper medal, which he handed to his companion, saying,

"A beautiful thing, sir, is it not?"

In the centre of the medal stood a lion, with a tail that looked as if it had discovered the longitude; over him was the following inscription:

MY STRENGTH IS IN MY

upa,

the Greek word for tail; while round this beautiful and truly original device was a border of round spots and shamrocks.

"What may it allude to?" inquired Cecil.

"The reverse side will tell you, sir," replied Mr. Simpson, waving his hand with great dignity; and, accordingly, he turned the medal, and read the following inscription:

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL,

THE GREATEST MAN OF THE AGE,

THE AGITATOR OF IRELAND

AND THE RULER OF ENGLAND;

THIS TRIBUTE OF

ESTEEM AND APPROBATION

IS INSCRIBED

BY TWENTY AMERICAN GENTLEMEN!

Never did mortal run so great a risk of being choked by suppressed laughter as did Cecil Howard after the perusal of this grandiloquent inscription terminating in

twenty American gentlemen! for he could not help applying it to Horace Walpole's critique upon "*L'Honnête Criminel*:" "Mais ce que je trouve délectable c'est le langage, qui est partout d'un prosaïque bas, et même rampant." But, burying his face within the friendly folds of his pocket-handkerchief, he at length ventured to ask what the round spots between the shamrocks might signify.

"That, sir," said Mr. Simpson, triumphantly, "is the most beautiful part of the design; it is a complimentary allusion to Mr. O'Connell's favourite quotation of 'First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea:' the allusion is this, sir, that the shamrock is the first flower of the earth; and those round spots are meant for pearls, which are unquestionably the first, and indeed, I believe, the only gems of the sea; for coral can scarcely be called a gem, and those that have got to the bottom of it by shipwreck, of course don't count."

This was too much; and Cecil was obliged to put his head out of the window and laugh at his ease; when he drew it in again, Mr. Simpson had replaced the medal; and Mrs. Jinks was gently chiding Master Whabble for his kicking the flat square basket which reclined at his feet; and then turning to Mr. Simpson, her face glowing with virtuous indignation, she exclaimed,

"I must say, sir, begging your pardon, they can have but very little sense in Amerrykey, to be giving of medals to sich a feller as Ho'Connell, the most desperatest, deceivingest Radical as ever was; I've no patience with him; I can't bear his very name; no wonder them poor hignorant Hirish goes on cutting heach hother's throats, when sich a feller as that leads them by the nose; no, no, as my son-in-law, Major Whabble, says, king and country is my motter, or queen and country I 'spose it is now; but dear, dear, to think if the major know'd of Ho'Connell getting a medal, Hi'me' sure he'd never wear his own Waterloo or Talewera medal again; James, my love, don't ee kick that ere basket so, there's a good feller."

"Why, ma'am," replied Mr. Simpson, with a smile of pitying contempt, "I am sorry to differ from the ladies whenever it can be avoided, but in this instance I must say I differ 'in toto;' and I think, if you live to eat a few more Christmas dinners, so will you; for, as one of our great American poets beautifully observes,

'A yellow stream of golden light now floods the world.'

"I don't know if it is a yellow stream of golden light," said Cecil, "but a yellow stream of something certainly floods the coach: for, look here," continued he, lifting up the corner of Mr. Simpson's long spinach-coloured vestment, which was dabbled in a saffron tide.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Jinks, "if you haint broke all them new heggs, James, as Hi was a taking to your poor ma; dear sir! Hi'me so sorry, but your coat won't be nothink the worse if you'll let me rub it a bit!"

Here the handkerchief that had been so indefatigably active and zealous in the service of James's nose, was stretched out for the purpose; but even Mr. Simpson, with all his transatlantic notions of freedom, and prejudices in favour of a community of goods, shrank from the contamination of its touch, as he vented his spleen with, "Well! I've heard of coals to Newcastle, but I never before heard of taking eggs from London to the country!"

"Oh! law, sir, my Jane, like myself, was born in Lunnun, and she never fancies heggs nor nothink else good hout of Lunnun; but, indeed, sir, Hi'me sorry for your coat. James, my dear, I was afeard'd you'd break 'em a kicking of the basket so, but tell the gentleman as you're sorry for it, and don't cry, don't ee, there's a dear. I knew no good would come of talking of that feller Ho'Connell," muttered Mrs. Jinks, as she mopped up the "golden flood" with the handkerchief of all work.

"Pooh! what a smell!" exclaimed Mr. Simpson.

"There is something rotten in the state of Denmark," said Howard, opening the window to let in a little fresh air.

"Egzactly," cried Mrs. Jinks; "that's jist what the major always says (out of some playbook, you know, sir) whenever he reads of Ho'Connell's goings hon in the noosepapers."

Mr. Simpson, as much to put an end to Mrs. Jink's animadversions on Ho'Connell as to evince his forgiving spirit, turned to Master Whabble with Utopian benevolence, begging he would dry his tears, as his coat was of no consequence.

"I haint crying about your coat," responded that amiable youth, "I'm crying for ma's eggs, for I know

she'd have given me five shillings for remembering them;" and, so saying, he turned his right shoulder full in Mr. Simpson's face; but philanthropy like his was not to be vanquished by a cold shoulder; therefore, resuming with a seraphic smile, he said,

"Come, my little man, let us see if you and I can't find out something."

"What?" drawled Master Whabble, half turning his face round, with a conflicting expression of sulk and curiosity.

"Why, suppose now," said Mr. Simpson, making a pendulum of the fore finger of his right hand against the thumb of his left, "suppose Queen Anne had given £500 among her soldiers that were wounded at the battle of Hochsted, and that there were in all three hundred men—that is, two hundred and seventy-nine privates, twelve sergeants, three ensigns, four lieutenants, and two captains; and that each sergeant had three times as much as a private, each ensign five times as much, each lieutenant seven times as much, and a captain nine times as much—how much would each of them have had?" asked Mr. Simpson, who, like Sir Kenelm Digby, seemed a "gentleman absolute in all numbers."

No answer from Master Whabble, but his eyes and mouth opened wide and vacantly, after the fashion of a galvanized corpse.

"Well, then," resumed Mr. Simpson, "I think it must be this way. Suppose each private soldier had £1, then the number of them being two hundred and seventy-nine, they must have had £279 among them: the twelve sergeants £86, the three ensigns £15, the four lieutenants £28, and the two captains £24; now all this makes but £382, and it should have made £500; therefore say, by a rule of three, if £382 are derived from one, whence are derived £500? And you will find $1\frac{1}{3}$, or £1. 6s. $\frac{1}{3}$ for each soldier's share, which being known, all the rest is easily known."

Here Mr. Simpson paused, stroking his chin most complacently. Cecil no longer wondered at the frequent use the Americans make of the phrase "I calculate;" but this arithmetical problem, which Mr. Simpson had solved so much to his own satisfaction, seemed to have a very different effect upon Master Whabble; for,

bursting into a roar of crying, his face was again hid upon Mrs. Jinks's shoulder.

"James, my love, James, what his the matter? The gentleman was only trying, in the purlitest manner, to amuse you."

"I know he was mocking me," whimpered James; "for I can't a bear rethmatic, and he knows it."

"Oh, fy, fy! James, my dear; how should he know it?"

"'Cause everybody knows it," logically responded James.

"Law, my dear," said Mrs. Jinks, soothingly, applying the eternal handkerchief to James's eyes, "I'm sure the gentleman is too genteel not to take you for a better scholar than to spose sich a think as you could dislike rethmatic; and I hope you will never let your grandfather Jinks hear you say nothink of the sort: for how would he a made all his money if it hadn't been for rethmatic? And Hi'm sure, sir," continued she, turning to Mr. Simpson, "my Jinks would have been hedified had he heer'd your puzzle, for he'd a hunderstood hevery cipher of it; and, though it was quite beyond my conception and hunderstanding, yet I feel hextremely himproved and obleeged to you for it."

Mr. Simpson looked appeased at this just and flattering tribute to his talents, and nothing of any farther importance occurred till they reached Cheltenham, where, while changing horses at the Plough, Mrs. Jinks presented Master Whabble with a lump of bread and two legs of cold goose, observing, as she placed one in either hand, "that she was sure the poor dear child must be starved!" Girouette opened the door to know if his master wanted anything, and received an order for some soda-water, which having brought, the coach again proceeded, and Mr. Simpson dropped into an abstruse sleep: his example soon after being followed by Mrs. Jinks and her grandson, a charming concert ensued, which lasted all the way to Shrewsbury; the thorough-bass of Mr. Simpson, accompanied, as it was, by Master Whabble's tenor and Mrs. Jinks's falsetto, formed, "take it all in all," a melody not likely to be heard again in that short span of time, the life of one individual; and, therefore, being like the Apollo of Belvidere, unique, it long retained a chamber to itself in the memory of Cecil Howard.

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"All ready, Mr. Harding;" and "this way, if you please, sir," to Cecil. "Sally, more coal on the fire in the green-room," added she to her coadjutor, a cherry-cheeked housemaid, as she passed onward, and threw open the high old oak door of a lofty wainscoted room, in one recess of which was an old oak bedstead, with embroidered bugle hangings, and ostrich feathers on the top of each post; on the toilet was a point-lace cover, an old black and gold japan-framed looking-glass, with a drapery of point round it; and innumerable little quaint-shaped japan boxes, not unlike an old-fashioned supper service, were spread over the table. The window-curtains, which were of the same bugle tapestry as the bed-hangings, were low down, but in the daytime drew up with a cord, and formed a drapery of their own runnings. The centre of the polished floor was covered with a Turkey carpet; all the washing utensils were of very old silver, and antique shapes; a cheerful wood fire blazed upon dogs of the same metal, while two colossal easy-chairs graced each side of the fireplace, and seemed, in their white frilled dressing-gowns, as though they were comfortably dozing to the lulling music of the little singing silver kettle; and behind the chair, opposite the door, was a large Indian screen. All Cecil's things were ready put out; before the fire was a curious old-fashioned silver footpan, over which stood Girouette, with his arms folded, as though he were mysteriously meditating either upon suicide or supper.

As Cecil Howard was an exceedingly handsome man, his toilet was an affair of no great length; he had no embroidered coats to throw back, no hay-coloured hair to oil and unguent into a bad imitation of Warren's jet blacking; no curling-tongs to give the capillary finish to the poker-perpendicularity of his figure. Now I know it would be easy, and perhaps much more satisfactory, on reading the announcement that Cecil was an exceedingly handsome man, for as many different young ladies as do me the honour of perusing this work to exclaim, "Ah, I understand; I dare say he was like Cecil F——, or Lord E——, or George A——, or Tom D——, or Lord C——, or Frank S——," and so on through the alphabet, as the case might require; but, to avoid all mistakes, I'll describe him. Cecil Howard was about five feet eleven; but in symmetry of figure

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the Apollo might have envied him. His features would not, perhaps, critically speaking, have been called handsome, except his forehead, brow, and eyes, which were magnificent; the latter were large, dark, and lustrous in the extreme; but then they appeared to float in liquid light, that was as soft as it was brilliant; the brow was low, straight, and intellectual, and seemed like night girding the snowy world of the forehead above it; a forehead so vast, pure, and lofty, that even the shadow of a mean thought never could have flitted across it. His hair was of a purple black, clustering in rich curls; and, withal,

“Fine as the web of a fairy’s thought.”

And the small ear that peeped out at either side was so beautifully modelled, that they looked as if Love had given them to him on the proviso that they were to hear no voice but his own. After all, if every feature was not perfect, they all had the *effect* of beauty, which *is* beauty; and the voice that issued from it would have made any mouth beautiful. And now, to proceed to extremities, his hands and feet—those unmistakeable criterions of gentle blood—were perfectly patrician. I will make no apology for taking up so much time in etching this sketch; for my own part, I like to *see* the people I am expected to take an interest in, and, therefore, suppose other persons have the same taste; besides, Montaigne observes, and observes truly, that the adventures of an infant would be interesting if it could tell them; and Goldsmith adds, “and even the life of a beau would be amusing if he could write it!” Now Cecil Howard was something better than a beau, and if he were not, I have always found that those books which give the most correct inventory of human beings (however insignificant), and stereotype the world as it is, are always thought the most interesting, because the most natural. I am, therefore, well content to be called vulgar because I make housemaids and helpers speak like housemaids and helpers, and not like shepherdesses out of Arcadia and philosophers from Utopia; neither shall I sink under the accusation of being cold-blooded, bad-hearted, revengeful, and vindictive, by those vestal-thoughted gentlemen, my late reviewers, who, with a refinement of metaphysical acumen that is exquisitely incomprehensible, not to say ridiculous, designate re-

sisted sin as the adultery of the mind! and brand me as a monster, for presuming to describe vice as I have seen and suffered from it. But now

“To supper with what appetite we may.”

On opening his bedroom door, Cecil perceived that between each room door on the opposite side of the gallery was a window looking on the stairs, like the houses in Anne's time; those solid and comfortable domicils, that still breathe of Pope, pleasure, patches, politics, beaux, belles, and bohea.

“A nice old house,” thought Cecil, as he descended the stairs. “I must make the acquaintance of my mother's ancestors to-morrow, and, if the portraits of the Bubbles at all come up to the original I have already seen, I shall have no lack of diversion.” In the front hall, sitting by the billiard-table next the fire, he found Marmaduke Bubble reading a newspaper, which, however, on Cecil's appearance, he instantly put down, and, starting from his chair, said,

“Well, come, I must say you've not been long. Now I'll introduce you to a covey of old women; three of the plainest young ones in Europe; one of the prettiest in the same space; an animal by itself, which is a Frenchwoman come to years of discretion without having found what she's come to; a Scotchman, longer in the back than he is in the head, tutor to my nephew, Cosmo Bubble, who, Heaven knows, *promises* nothing, therefore it is to be hoped he will *do* a great deal—but he has not begun yet; and then there's my brother—but he'll speak for himself,” added Marmaduke, throwing open the drawing-room door, which discovered the following groups. At one end of the room sat three old ladies, and a young one at whist. The eldest of these ladies was Mrs. Manners, who wore a full-crowned muslin cap, with a close border, and a profusion of flat round rings of drab-coloured hair on her forehead, a ruff round her neck, and a Canton crape stone-coloured shawl, fastened in front with a square Scotch pebble; her head rose very little above the table, her shoulders were narrow, and her bust flat; but she became not, indeed,

“Small by degrees, and beautifully less,”

but the very reverse—large by degrees, and wonderfully big in her downward course—after the graceful dispro-

portions of a Chinese joss. The old lady was now winning everything at sixpenny long whist, with a very dirty pack of cards, which she maintained were always luckier than clean ones, and she is not the first who has attempted to secure fortune by very dirty means. As was her wont on such joyous occasions, her head was undulating from one side to the other, as she sang the following snatch of a once popular song, with a soft lisp, assisted by a kind of bumble-bee accompaniment between each line of *um—um—um—um*,

“Thought’s to counthel let uth take,
Um—um—um—um—um.
 To wed or not to wed, that ith the question.”

But, like Johnny Gilpin,

“Though on pleasure she was bent, she had a frugal mind;”

for, ever and anon, shutting one eye and opening the other very wide, she would look up at her partner, Miss Prudence Bubble, as she was scrambling up another trick, and exclaim, as a spur to that lady’s dilatory mode of proceeding,

“Ah! *Prudenth*, can’t you play? It *dethroys* the game to be *tho* long about it.”

The third and fourth at this table consisted of Miss Lucretia and her niece, Miss Betsy Bubble; the former an elongated spinster, dressed in white throughout the year, with a physiognomy constructed on the antithetical plan of those long wands used in Catholic chapels, with a lighted taper and extinguisher together at one end. Her nose, which was red and pointed, gave an excellent representation of the latter, while her looks were a perfect fac-simile of the former. Miss Betsy was a vulgar, ugly, conceited-looking girl, with thick lips, a trumpeter nose, a dingy, greasy-looking complexion, and red, skinny hands, with divers excrescences in the shape of warts about them. At the other side of the fireplace sat Lady Bubble, playing chess with Mr. M’Phin, the tutor. Lady Bubble, though not exactly what

“Youthful poets fancy when they love,”

was certainly

“All that *painting* can express;”

for her cheeks and eyebrows formed a little diorama of a “rouge et noir table,” and being still, in her own opin-

ion, "a splendid woman," she appeared every day "en grande toilette." On this evening she might have reminded the *Eastern* traveller of the Saracen's Head at Snowhill; for she wore a very large scarlet and yellow turban, with an "esprit" rising perpendicularly from the centre. Round her throat was a plain diamond necklace, about the size of large pease, but so tight that it reminded one of the punishment of Prometheus when his neck was pierced with diamond nails. Her dress was of amber satin, with innumerable flounces of blonde. Her arms were bare, and covered with huge bracelets; one containing a portrait of Sir Romulus in his deputy-lieutenant's uniform, the other of Master Cosmo when a baby, in a snowstorm of Mechlin lace. Mr. M'Phin had gone beyond six feet by several inches; he had rather handsome features on a large scale, not unlike the heads of Jupiter Tonans. His eyes were a dark blue, but, from being exceedingly near-sighted, had a fierce and fixed stare. His hair was light, and closely cut to his head behind, with a sort of rampant cockatoo cluster in front. He wore a very stiff black leather stock, and no visible collar, and a rusty, brown-black satin waistcoat. The back of his coat was even longer than his own back, and the skirts of it swept the ground as he sat. His unthink-of-ables were of blotting-paper-coloured kersey-mere, without straps, and his colossal feet found an asylum in coarse white cotton stockings, and very thick shoes, with broad riband strings, that were carefully ironed out every day. One of these ponderous legs was now stretched out on either side of the little table on which the chessboard was placed, while the finger and thumb of his left hand lavished sundry little caresses on his chin, as he meditated how he should be able to do what Sir Romulus Bubble had never been able to do, checkmate his partner.

Opposite Mr. M'Phin, with a copy of Lord Byron in her hand (over which she was sighing), sat Mademoiselle Perpignon, the governess. She fancied herself like Madame Pasta, and dressed accordingly. As far as size went, there was certainly nothing wanting to complete the resemblance, except it might be the beautiful arm; but her forehead was low and red, her eyebrows mangy and very much arched; her eyes coffee-coloured and large, but exceedingly round; her nose cherry-coloured, small, and very much "retroussé;" her cheeks

excelled Vesuvius, inasmuch as they displayed a *constant eruption*; her mouth was naturally too small, and she made it still smaller by pursing it up into a perfect eyelet-hole; her throat was short, consisting of three rolls of fat, the creases between which, being much fairer than the rolls themselves, looked like a white edge to a scarlet riband; her hair was dark and fine, like that of most of her countrywomen, but strained off her forehead, not to hide any of the beauties of the face beneath. This "lovely woman" had long cherished a secret attachment for the cold and ungrateful M'Phin; but, alas! like Charlotte in the "*Sorrows of Werter*," as represented at the Porte St. Martin, she began to fear and to feel that it never could come to anything; while, on the other hand, M'Phin, like Werter, thought that in *that* consisted its only charm. Yet, with woman's unvarying constancy, there she would sit, reading poetry, and every time she came to a line applicable to her own case, hurl sighs at him across the chess-board; but, ingrate that he was, he only thought of his *pawns*, and heeded not her *pledges* of affection.

At a little distance from Mademoiselle Perpignon sat one of her pupils, Lucy Bubble and her brother. The young lady was giggling and whispering, and Cosmo was holding a skein of netting-silk for her to wind, with his mouth open, every now and then raising his right shoulder to rub his nose, which he had no other mode of getting to. He was very tall, and looked still taller through the medium of a skeleton jacket; his face, though white, was exceedingly fat, and his nose very large and aquiline; his hair was fiery red, but as woolly and curly as a negro's. In short, he had much the appearance of a fair and infant Punch, before the profligate career of that truly great man had made his plump cheeks hollow; and I have no doubt that, had Silvio Fiorillo* flourished in these our days, he would have been able clearly to have traced his descent. Miss Lucy Bubble was tall and slight, with pink cheeks, blue eyes, and light hair; Miss Betsy was fat and short, with a brown skin and dark hair; or, to be more concise, Lucy was long and dismal, like a winter's evening, and Betsy dark and short, like a winter's day. Close to the fire, behind Mr. M'Phin, with a little table again behind him, with

* The inventor of the Neapolitan Punch.

candles on it, sat Sir Romulus Bubble, reading a newspaper, with a hemming, grunting sort of noise in his throat, not unlike the muffled neighing of a horse. Sir Romulus's face was very red, with a Greek outline; his head was bald, and he wore a wig of brown crisp curls, but very far at the back of his head, voting all the rest of his shorn pate forehead, for he was a great phrenologist. In stature he was very short, but the matter was as broad as it was long. He always wore a blue coat and gilt buttons of an evening, blue cloth trousers, white cotton stockings, and their unpolished shoes; his waistcoats were invariably too short, owing, no doubt, to the rotundity of his person; his fingers were very short and stumpy, and he generally wore a ring, about the dimensions of a moderate-sized salver, on the little finger of each hand. When any person or persons annoyed, disappointed, or offended him, he invariably called them Algerines; and just at the moment Cecil and Marmaduke made their "entré," some Parliamentary proceedings that he was reading having displeased him, he was exclaiming aloud, as he covered his blue cloth continuations with rejected pinches of snuff,

"The Algerines! the Algerines!"

"Brother," said Marmaduke, "here is our cousin Howard arrived, and it is a mercy I did not shoot him, by way of welcome, as he came through one of the kitchen-gardens."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Sir Romulus, starting from his chair, and extending both his hands to Cecil, "and what made the Algerines bring you through the kitchen-garden? delighted to see you—delighted to see you."

"We had no idaya you'd come so late," said Lady Bubble, rising and offering her hand with a great deal of tragedy-queen dignity. "I dar say you found the 'bouse' the mud inconvenient on fust setting ont."

Mr. M'Phin nearly upset the chess-table and Sir Romulus's reading-table in backing to take a good view of the new arrival. Mademoiselle Perpignon approached nearer to Mr. M'Phin for the same purpose; the young ladies whispered and giggled more than ever; and Cosmo forgot the skein of silk as he walked round, and, without uttering a syllable, thrust his foggy hand into Cecil's; while the trio at the card-table rose simultaneously, and the old lady, opening her left eye wider than ever, turned round and said,

"Ith that thupper?"

"No, ma'am; it's only Mr. Howard, that we have been expecting from London."

"Oh, *heth*, very late; but, of *coorth* (course), ith a long way to come. Would he like to take a hand at cards?"

In due time, poor Cecil returned all their greetings, and gratefully declined the proffered hand at cards.

"Well, it's perfectly miraculous!" said Sir Romulus, looking down at Cecil's feet as he walked across the room, "perfectly miraculous! I had no conception they could bring them to such perfection. Which is it, Cecil?"

"What, sir?" inquired Cecil.

"Why, your cork leg; for, egad! it's totally impossible to perceive the slightest difference."

"May I ask," said Cecil, smiling, "what is this joke about my having a cork leg?"

"Joke, my dear fellow! it's no joke to lose a leg, I should think, though you've got over the loss of yours wonderfully."

"Now I am more in the dark than ever," replied Cecil; "for, upon my honour, I never lost a leg. You must, I am happy to say, have been misinformed."

"Misinformed! not in the least; quite true, I give you my word," said Sir Romulus, raising his eyebrows, and hastily taking a pinch of snuff as he walked over to a table, and withdrew one from a pile of newspapers, which he presented to Cecil, triumphantly pointing out with the middle finger of his right hand a paragraph announcing a fatal accident that had happened to Cecil Howard, Esq., while riding in Hyde Park, by his horse running away, and thereby breaking his leg, which was immediately amputated, the loss, however, being replaced by one of Mr. —'s inimitable patent cork legs!

"Well," said Cecil, laughing, "I can only repeat that I never broke my leg, never had it amputated, and never had a cork leg."

Sir Romulus shook his head incredulously and somewhat huffily as he replied, "I suppose the next thing you'll tell me is that your sister is not married either, or going to be married, to that rich man, Lord—Lord—tut, tut—let me see—the man that has that fine place near Cork—Lord—dear, I shall forget my own name next," continued he, placing his forefinger on his forehead, "Lord—"

"Dunblarney," interposed Lady Bubble.

"Ay, Dunblarney; the man who plays so high, and lost so much to Count Roulette last year."

"No," said Cecil, laughing outright; "I'm happy to say, my sister has not got a Cork leg any more than myself."

"Supper's on the table, my lady," said the butler.

"My dear boy," said Sir Romulus to Cecil (as the latter offered his arm to Lady Bubble), with that solemn dignity which had got him so universally dreaded and respected throughout the neighbourhood, "my dear boy, when you know me better you won't attempt to impose upon me."

Having uttered this severe reprimand, Sir Romulus, with the amiable suavity of a great mind, made a sort of "pas de zephyr" across the room to the whist-table, exclaiming, "Where's my mother! where's my mother?" as he always affectionately called Mrs. Manners; and, having secured her, performed a march to her waddle till they reached the supper-room.

"Cependant il n'est pas mal," said Mademoiselle Perpignon to herself, as she sunk into a chair opposite Cecil.

"Mr. Howard, shall I send you some pully?" asked Lady Bubble, in allusion to some chickens before her.

"If you please, I'll trouble you."

"I'll tell you what will be a wonderful improvement—wonderful—~~to~~ the chicken, which is a little tongue," said Sir Romulus. "Let me persuade you to try it; I'm very fond of trying experiments in that way, but the Algerines in this part of the world don't understand anything out of the common routine; and you must know I hate, detest, abominate anything in the common routine."

"Meestere Mac Pheen, may I troble you for to send me soam of dat deesh?" said mademoiselle, casting a devouring look at that gentleman.

"What dish, mum? for there are so many, it's impossible to know which you mean unless you specify it," replied the flinty M'Phin.

"Oh, I shall take noan," sighed mademoiselle, sinking back in her chair, and shading her eyes with her hand, yet leaving sufficient space between her fingers to gaze steadily on Mr. M'Phin through the apertures; "I am not vere well; I shall not eat no suppere to-night."

"I think you are in the right of it, mum; for they must be very bad for a person so stout as you are."

"Stout—stout: qu'est ce que c'est que stout?" asked mademoiselle, looking fatly and fondly at Mr. M'Phin.

"Why, mum," replied he, eating with redoubled rapidity, and never once raising his eyes from his plate, "it means big, fat, large, coarse, unwieldy; in short, just what you are, mum."

"Ah, mais c'est tout un dictionnaire dat you tell me, I no onderstan."

"Tong mew, mum, tong mew," responded Mr. M'Phin, as he hastily filled out a tumbler of water, and drank it off, to wash down his last gallant speech.

"Where's Theresa?" asked Marmaduke Bubble.

"She had a bad headache, and went to bed some time ago," replied Lady Bubble.

"And I suppose you'll be glad to do the same, for you must be very tired?" added Marmaduke to Cecil.

"I am rather tired."

"I thuppothe you never go to bed in Lunnun," said Mrs. Manners. "It mutht be a terrible plathe: nothing comfortable or convaynient in it—at laytth, not like the country."

"My mother's idea is," said Sir Romulus, "that there is no place like the country. Mother, will you take a glass of wine with me?"

"No, Romuluth, I'll have a taythpoonful of ehpray" (esprit).

"Fenton," said Sir Romulus to the butler, "bring the brandy here."

After the old lady had had her taythpoonful, she turned to Mademoiselle Perpignon and offered her some; adding, "the French papele 'th fond of brandy, I belave."

"Non, tank you, madame. I am afraid of de speerit at night."

"Some silly people, mum, are afraid of spirits at night," said Mr. M'Phin, as he helped himself to, and tossed off a wineglassful of brandy.

At length the supper ended; and, to Cecil's no small relief, the party separated for their respective bed-chambers. His last thought, as he laid his head upon his pillow, was, "What a fortune Polito would have made, could he have possessed himself of the inmates of Bubble Hall!"

CHAPTER III.

"Away these two trudged it o'er hills and o'er dales,
 They popp'd at the partridges, frighten'd the quails;
 But, to tell you the truth, no great mischief was done,
 Save spoiling the proverb, *as sure as a gun*."

"Fair she was, with a silver voice
 That bade e'en sorrow's self rejoice."

FAMILY PORTRAITS.—THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.—MARMADUKE BUBBLE MAKETH AN OBLIGING OFFER, UPON WHICH CECIL THROWETH COLD WATER.—WHAT IS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT!—DON'T KNOW—BUT SUPPOSE IT IS THAT TROUBLESOME URCHIN'S SHADOW THAT WE PERCEIVE ON HIS WAY TO US.—VENUS MUST HAVE SPARED THE ROD WITH A VENGEANCE, FOR SHE CERTAINLY SPOILED THAT CHILD—THE RESTLESS, MISCHIEVOUS, TORMENTING, WHINING, CRYING, DESTRUCTIVE BRAT—ALAS! THAT THERE IS NO DOTHEDANS HALL, WHEREAT HE MIGHT BE SMOKED DOWN.

"If," says Francisco Johon de Salazar, "Plato took the liberty to constitute a republic in imaginary space, Descartes to figure to himself a world at pleasure, and many modern philosophers (Copernicus holding the candle, and our friend Fontenelle giving it a snuff) to create in their fancy as many thousands of worlds as there are thousands of fixed stars, and all inhabited by good and true men of flesh and blood, neither more nor less than our very selves; tell me, I say, what reason there is, divine or human, why my imagination should not divert itself in fabricating people, and making them think, act, and hold forth, as I shall take it into my head?" None whatever: nevertheless, dear reader, I am fabricating nothing: every Bubble among them I have seen; not, indeed, exactly in the same case and place in which I have done them the honour of presenting them to you; but still I have seen them; and as for the twattle about the impropriety of putting real people into books, that is only a "weak invention of the enemy," namely, of the people who beggar description. What arrogance it is of any of us journeymen (for, at

best, authors are nothing more) to set ourselves up as rivals to Nature, who was the first to take out a patent for human beings—their passions, feelings, thoughts, actions, vices, virtues, oddities, and absurdities, that have never yet been improved upon, nor ever will; witness the miserable failure of the attempts of Messieurs Prometheus and Frankenstein, when they thought to set up in the business on their own account; and no wonder: what but monsters could be the result of such a monstrous undertaking? The only man that Nature ever took into partnership was one William Shakspeare; for he never, on any single occasion, went beyond her patterns, but copied them so closely, that it would puzzle her to know his work from her own. Never, then, let imagination be anything but a member of Nature's royal academy, if you expect its pictures to possess any merit; and if it is high colouring you require, my dear public, depend upon it, nature produces greater exaggerations, both in people and events, than the most vivid imagination would ever dare to venture upon. Hoping, before we part, to convince you of this—now let us go down to breakfast.

The weather had changed during the night (as is the custom of our capricious climate), and was warm and sultry in the extreme, with everything gilded into brightness by a glowing sun, when Cecil left his room the morning after his arrival at Bubble Hall. The peacocks were strutting on the velvet terraces before the house, the deer were seeking the shade, oppressed with the noonday heat, and the air was laden with the breath of mignonette, sweet pease, and verbenum. What a generous prodigality of beauty and sweetness there about autumnal flowers! no wonder their reign is short!

"The churliest thorn will last the year,
The violets but *once* appear."

Though it was half past eleven, none of the Bubbles had risen; at least, they were not down. "Well, there is some virtue in that," thought Cecil; "for it would be dreadful if all I saw last night was to begin at nine in the morning, as I feared it would."

The staircase at Bubble Hall, as has been before stated, was lined with pictures. Over the window on the first landing-place was a picture of Babelus, king

of Rome: no doubt the founder of the family, as in the picture he stood considerably higher than the buildings by which he was surrounded, for there is no knowing to what size bubbles may be inflated. Turning the corner of the staircase was a large, full-length picture of Sir Romulus and Lady Bubble, in the same frame, done just after their marriage in 1798. Sir Romulus shone forth in a blue coat, very yellow (almost orange-coloured) buckskin unmentionables, top-boots, and a riding-whip in his hand; while Lady Bubble was attired in a muslin dress, over which was a short pelisse trimmed with black lace: round her throat, put on as a cravat, was a yellow silk Indian pocket-handkerchief, with scarlet spots on it, while round her head was twisted an indescribable something, that looked like another pocket-handkerchief, twin-brother to the cravat; over which, shrouding the beauty of her face, hung a long black lace veil. What elegant simplicity! what conjugal felicity!! what modest majesty!!! was displayed in this truly original picture. A little below it was another, evidently done at a somewhat later period, for it represented Lady Bubble in a crop, with one ostrich-feather rising perpendicularly from the centre of a blue riband that was tied round her head. Her dress in this picture also consisted of white muslin, with the addition of what looked very like a blue bedgown over it, coming very little below her waist. This excrescence, Lady Bubble afterward informed Cecil, was in the year 1798 called "the Sutton wrap!" But the most remarkable and peculiar feature of this picture was, that her ladyship evidently looked "as ladies wish to look who love their lords;" and, as she was represented standing in profile, and the picture was only a kitcat size, she had the wonderful appearance of walking through the frame; but how so wide a circumference was to be got through so narrow a space, remained an unsolved mystery! Next to this was another very tall full-length picture of Miss Lucretia Bubble, looking like a sort of Sunday Sappho, in a very neat white gown, looped up at the left knee with a leaf, which, though large, was not botanically defined; her feet were cased in yellow kid pointed slippers, looking like large quarters of very large lemons. She also had a crop, round which was tied a green gauze handkerchief, with a bow on one side, her hair curled "à-la-Cupidon," and rising

above it. Her eyes were raised to heaven; in one hand she held a large lyre, so square that it might have passed as first cousin to a gridiron; in the other was a scroll of paper, on which was inscribed,

"Louisa, or the Victim of Love;"

the title of a charming little poem Miss Lucretia had written in 1801, for an interesting periodical called "the Lady's Museum." The poem opened with the following thrilling lines :

"What chaste confusion clouds Louisa's cheek,
And makes the blushing maid afraid to speak."

The first line cannot fail to remind the classical reader of the late Sir William Curtis's celebrated toast of the three C.'s, "Cox, King, and Curtis!" though it must be confessed that the fair authoress possesses much more richness of imagery, as she has got *four* C.'s into one line, while the second evinces a matchless delicacy of thought and diction; what a rare! what a sublime! what an exquisite picture is conjured up—indeed, nowadays, I might add, what a phenomenon!—by the idea of a *blushing maid being afraid to speak!* I defy even the most "gifted boy" of the present day, in or out of a half-crown epic, to write anything equal to it! "Mais revenons à nos moutons."

Under this picture of Miss Lucretia was a half-length of Mrs. Manners in her younger days; in a black mode cloak, a fly-cap, three patches, an étui, and a large fan. Next to Mrs. Manners's picture was one of her three granddaughters, when children, standing in a group, with their arms round each others' necks, with frocks of a scarlet abomination, called in the war Salisbury flannel. Their hair being short, straight, and rampant, gave them much the appearance of a bunch of hearth brushes, with red handles, hanging out at the door of a turner's shop. Next to them was a picture of their brother Cosmo, at the interesting age of nine; he was portrayed in a scarlet jacket, studded with silver sugar-loaf buttons, and nankeen trousers, into the pockets of which were stuffed his hands, while his feet were wide apart, in imitation of the Colossus of Rhodes; and under his right foot was a roll of twine, from which rose a kite, the upward progress of which this interesting youth was watching with eyes, nose, and mouth, so that little of his face was to be seen except the tip of

his chin and his scarlet hair. Then came another picture of Mrs. Manners, as Cecil had seen her the night before at the card-table; her head on one side, in the act of singing: this likeness was rendered the more striking by the painter not having forgotten to throw a fine Rembrandt-shade over the cards the old lady held in her hand. Next to this was a full-length portrait of Percy Manners, dressed as Hamlet; a very handsome man; a brother of Lady Bubble's, who had been dead some years. Marmaduke Bubble also figured on a little plump, brown pony, in shoes and stockings, and no straps to his trousers, with his dog Trip trotting after him.

The other pictures were really old, and some of them very finely done, especially one of Sir Lyle Bubble, with a large "cortège" of knights and ladies assembled before Bubble Hall, ready to go hawking; while Sir Lyle was holding the stirrup of his majesty King James the First's saddle. There was another, equally good, of Sir Hugh Bubble calling upon poor Ascham, to impart the joyous tidings that Henry the Eighth had granted him a pension for his "*Toxophilus*." The portrait of Sir Hugh was portly and burly, as that of every Bubble should be; there was a frank "bonhomie" in his face as he advanced towards the poor scholar, who was seated at a rough oak table, covered with his favourite Latin authors, while the floor was equally strewn with books and rushes. On the top of the high-backed chair on which he was sitting was perched a tame merlin; while Ascham, pointing to the open volume of his own book before him, seemed to be saying to Sir Hugh,

"I wrote my *Toxophilus*, not so much with a design to do honour to archery, or to direct the practice of it, as to try the experiment whether the treatise might not improve my circumstances, which are low indeed; lower than the common condition of the studious."*

And poor Roger was right; his Schoolmaster" is far

* "*Scripsi ego Toxophilum meum, non tam quod honestatem sagittationis et ejus usum scripto me illustrare instituerim, quam potissimum, ut hæc viâ insisterem, periculum facturus, num ea aliquando vitæ meæ rationes tenues admodum, et infra communem studiosorum conditionem positas promovere potuerit; intellexi enim aliquot peritos sagittarios summa beneficia a regiâ majestate accipisse.*"—Lib. ii.

more eloquent, and better written than his *Toxophilus*; but he might have gone on writing in that style till now (could he have lived so long) without gaining a single "doit," had he not catered for the gratification of a king.

There was also another large picture of Sir Cephalus Bubble—a worthy knight, well skilled in woodcraft—who was portrayed amicably riding through Sherwood Forest with Little John: this was a delicious picture. The greenery of the forest, the golden sunlight playing bo-peep through the leaves, the dun-deer stalking leisurely through the thicket, as though death and they never were to be acquainted; the sly humour lurking at the corner of Little John's eyes, as they glanced askance at the venison vertex of Sir Cephalus Bubble's face, all made one long for the days of Robin Hood and forest roving.

This picture naturally bringing to Cecil's mind, from association, venison pasties and flanks of Rhenish, made him resolve on tarrying no longer amid the ideal, but to descend at once to the substantial realities of the breakfast-room. Upon entering the dining-room, where they had supped the preceding night, he found it empty, and no preparation whatever for breakfast; no symptoms of eating beyond what were to be found in some of the Flemish pictures that decorated the walls, and which abounded in chickens, lobsters, raw oysters, figs, cut lemons, melons, and fat women, with equally fat men looking over their shoulders, and dividing a loving glance between them and the provisions; while a large tortoise-shell cat, purloining a suspended partridge, formed the background. This was a long room, with four windows, the blinds of which being closed, Cecil could not see what part of the grounds it looked out upon; the walls were of Tyrian purple or Pompeian red, in compartments of framed gold-work; the mantelpiece was, though of marble, very high, and elaborately carved, supported by pillars sculptured into Egyptian palm-trees; the sideboard was also of marble, and very old, consisting of circular steps, something like those of St. Peter's at Rome, which formed a buffet, on each step of which was ranged massive old silver cups, tankards, salvers, and Benvenuto-Cellini-embossed circular dishes of gold and silver; on each side of this sideboard were old marble fountains, the design of which was Venus in the shell, rising from

the sea, and the water which continually flowed from her head over her shoulders formed a silver veil over the goddess, and caused a sort of tinkling, lulling sound that was extremely pleasant.

"Well, there is variety enough in this house, at all events," thought Cecil; "for it appears to me half Gothic, half Elizabethan, half Italian, and half Dutch; but no doubt such a variety of inmates have exercised a diversity of tastes on it." Just as he was about to leave the room, his eye was attracted by a Sir Peter Lely—a young lady about eighteen, and of great beauty, which bore a striking resemblance to Cecil's first love, Lady Annette Lovell, whom he had dreamed himself into the belief was the most perfect, and, above all, the most devoted and disinterested of human beings; for she had, on one occasion, refused three partners running, in the expectation of his arrival from Melton; and on another, when she had been on a visit to her sister, had stayed away from a court ball to make tea for him! as he was sofa-bound with a sprained ankle. But, alas! when his fortunes changed, she did, or, at least, her father did; and, with well-regulated young ladies, that is (or ought to be) the same thing. She took to reasoning, what she had never indulged in before, and argued, logically enough, that it was impossible to live upon nothing, or without a carriage; and, even if love could at all times command it, his mother's was only an open one, and could not weather the inclemency of winter winds: besides, moreover, her doves would be tired to death in the short campaign of a single morning's visiting. Cecil, on his side, recovered his eyesight, without even the aid of Mr. Alexander, wonderfully; and discovered that Lady Annette's nose was apt to flush a *little* after dinner, and that, without going to China, he had seen smaller feet.

"Thank God!" said he aloud, in a brave and beauty-proof voice, as he quitted the dining-room, "there are no more Annette Lovells for me in the world; it will not be easy to make me dream again, now that I am once awake."

"Oh yes, sir, they're all awake, and her ladyship will be down in a few minutes," said Fenton, leading the way to the breakfast-room, which was at the other side of the hall.

Cecil could not help smiling, in the midst of his con-

fusion, at the interpretation the butler had put upon his soliloquy. The room he was now ushered into was in a different style again from those he had already seen, being a cozy, sunny, cake-and-custard Clarissa Harlow-looking apartment. Opposite the door was the glass door of a closet, arched at the top: in this closet was a quantity of old china bowls, cups, plates, teapots, monsters, mandarins, cameos, Turkish slippers, pipes, and ostrich eggs; then came a very high, old, carved chimney-piece, on the top of which was a china Falstaff, and two Dresden shepherds and shepherdesses making love under a rose-tree; at the other side of the chimney-piece was another closet, or buffet, with a glass door, and filled with china to correspond with the first. Then came a deep window and window-seat; then a glass door, opening with steps, crowded with flower-pots, into a beautiful lawn, and covered with a verandah of Cape jessamine and roses; then came another window and deep window-seat, showing the velvet lawn through the half-raised French blind. All the tables and chairs in this room were black mahogany, in the heavy, old George-the-First taste. The walls were of apricot-coloured damask, with blue true-lover's knots dispersed about it. At equal distances, there were innumerable prints about this room, in shabby, gilt, oval frames; one larger than the rest, over the mantelpiece, being of her most gracious majesty Queen Charlotte, seated at a tambour-frame; the princess royal at a harpsichord, with a broad blue Persian sash, and her hair curled down her back; the Princess Mary on a stool at the queen's feet, dressing a doll; the Princess Amelia reading; the Prince of Wales on a rocking-horse, and the Duke of York in a sort of scarlet groom's frock, row-de-dow-dowing upon a drum. After which, followed prints of Sir Charles Grandison bowing over Miss Byron's hand; Clarissa Harlow stepping into the postchaise with Lovelace, of which there was nothing to be seen but that profligate's well-ruffled hand, the hind wheels of the chaise, and the profile of that unfortunate young lady's hoop. Then came another of the Prince of Wales on horseback, in the uniform of the Twelfth Light Dragoons, framed oval, with a picture of Lord Malden escorting Mrs. Robinson across the ferry at Kew; to match which, on the opposite side of the room (over a long, oldfashioned sofa, covered with apricot damask, the same as the walls and

curtains, and with a back resembling one of the arches of Westminster bridge), hung one large, square-framed, coloured engraving of his majesty George the Third reviewing the troops at Wimbledon, into which were introduced portraits of the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, lords Bute, Moira, &c. ; and opposite this hung a big, humorous, coloured engraving of Voltaire and Piron, fighting it out in dead silence, while waiting for an audience at Madame de Pompadour's : Voltaire had just put on his black cap, and taken out his biscuit to munch ; Piron, ditto his hat and vial of brandy ; Voltaire had his right foot in his left hand, crossed over his left knee, as he scowled crucibles of muriatic acid at Piron ; while Piron sat, with his feet crossed like a tailor's, at the foot of his chair, as he looked retorts at Voltaire.

Cecil was amusing himself with this picture when the glass door opened, and a young lady, in a blue dress and a white bonnet, entered, looking fresher than the morning, and beautiful as the sky above it. She was tall, with a very slight, yet beautifully-rounded figure ; her skin was dazlingly white, with a polished satiny surface ; the shape of her face, which was a perfect oval, was almost as beautiful as the features of which it was composed ; her lips were literally like twin-cherries, and the teeth within them were so white and fairy-like, that they looked as if the blossoms had still lingered with the fruit ; her nose was slightly aquiline, but so delicately chiselled, and of such ivory whiteness, that, had she lived to be a hundred, it never could have grown into that colossal buttress that some old ladies walk behind with such impunity. Her eyes were of that changing, bright, laughing hazel, that look like dark pebbles in a clear brook when the sun is on the waters ; her forehead was high and white, with beautifully-pencilled low eyebrows. She had not more colour than has a blush-rose, except when she blushed, and that was often ; and, as she took off her bonnet and threw it into the window-seat, she discovered a profusion of the most beautiful hair imaginable, being of that bright, burnished, dark, satiny brown, like the outer husk of a horse-chestnut, which fell in a profusion of rich thick ringlets round her face, while at the back it was twisted round her head in a thick cable, and fastened with a plain gold comb.

"What a lovely creature !" thought Cecil ; "she is

much more beautiful than Annette Lovel. Pshaw! what put her into my head?"

Some readers are dull at discoveries, so I may as well introduce them at once to Theresa Manners, who is the young lady that has just made her "entrée" at the glass door, and caused Mr. Howard to make the above comparison. As soon as she perceived him, with a manner totally divested either of forwardness or shyness, Theresa advanced towards him, and said, in a voice whose witchery kept pace with that of her appearance,

"I suppose I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Howard, whom my uncle and aunt expected last night?"

"Yes," bowed Cecil; "and I fear I arrived here at a very unseasonable hour."

"Oh, not at all," replied Theresa, as she laughingly pointed to the still unoccupied chairs round the breakfast-table; "we are not very early people here, as you may perceive; but, as I saw Lady Bubble's window open when I crossed the park, I'll ring for the urn, as I suppose she will soon be down; at all events, it is not fair to keep you starving. The urn, Harding," continued she, as the servant answered her summons.

"What a beautiful place this is," said Cecil, looking full at Miss Manners's very beautiful face as he made the assertion.

"Then you've been out already!" interrogated the young lady.

"Me—me—no, not exactly," stammered Cecil; "but what I have seen of it from that door appears to me very beautiful."

"It is a nice old place—at least, I love every blade of grass in it; and, if you are fond of genuine English lane and meadow scenery, I think you will not be disappointed in the rides, drives, and walks about here; but I must warn you," added she, with an arch smile, "against trusting yourself to the ciceroneship of dear uncle Marmaduke, and still more of accepting the proffered services of a certain favourite quadruped of his, called Kicksywicksy, who, not conceiving herself by any means a beast of burden, is apt to disembarass herself of her rider, and deposite him or her in the first convenient ditch."

Here Harding reappeared with the urn, a tall, slender, old-maidish-looking piece of silver, surmounted with a

green pineapple, and followed by Fenton and his coadjutor John, the former bearing two long-necked bottles, and the latter a swan pie, both of which were placed on the already well-laden side-tables. As Miss Manners took off her gloves to make tea, which she did in several oldfashioned, spinster-like, green, pineappled teapots, evidently near relations of the urn, Mr. Howard had the still farther satisfaction of discovering that her hands were as beautiful as any hands need be, being small, with long taper fingers, yet plump and dimpled, of an ivory whiteness without, while pink, as though tinged with henna, within. He was just wondering how on earth such a gem could have got among the Bubbles, when the door opened, and Lady Bubble, looking like an ambulating Alp, in a green satin dress, and a whirlwind of lace round her cap and collar, entered the room, and, shaking hands with Cecil, said, she'd "no idaya that he, being a London man, would be in the salle à manger so soon." Next followed the old lady, leaning on Miss Prudence and Lucretia. Luckily, the younger branches, being engaged at their studies, breakfasted earlier with their respective instructors, and, consequently, did not appear. After having at length fussed and fidgeted herself into her chair, and disburdened herself of her opinion of London, by saying to Cecil, "I blave the ateing ith very indifferent in Lunnun, at laytth not aqual to what it ith in the country," she commenced her breakfast by upsetting her tea; and, disdaining the assistance of her napkin, which remained carefully folded up by the side of her plate, she drew from her pocket a very antediluvian-looking pocket-handkerchief, which she forthwith converted into a sponge.

"Oh, mother, let me send up for another pocket-handkerchief for you," remonstrated Lady Bubble.

"Whath that you thay, Margaret?" asked the old lady.

"Your handkerchief is so shockingly dirty, mā'am."

"Then indade, Margaret, it hath no buthineth to be dirty, for I had it clane latht Thunday wake."

At this, Cecil's gravity evaporated in a fit of coughing at the thought of Master Whabble's kerchief, and wondered if it was the fashion throughout Shropshire to make Mede and Persian laws about pocket-handkerchiefs. Just at this juncture Sir Romulus tripped into

the room, a pinch of snuff between the forefinger and thumb of his right hand, some slips of paper between the other fingers, and a round pewter office inkstand in his left hand.

"And how are the girls using you?" said he, accosting Cecil, and extending the little finger of his right hand to him. "The Algerines have been keeping me all the morning with their licenses: they won't apply in time; and, as I like a little poetry in what I do, and to have things out of the common, I always write them with goose or crow quills, and never with steel pens; so that keeps me twice as long—twice as long;" and then, turning to Mrs. Manners, added, "What beautiful weather we've got to-day, ma'am; quite the summer come back to us."

Now both the old lady and her son-in-law being famous for what the Spaniards call "perogrulladas," or Pero Grullo's* truths, she pithily replied,

"Oh, indade, Romuluth, I've remarked that the futht part of Theptember ith apt to be fine."

"True, true," verified Sir Romulus; "and the end of October cold." And then, turning to Cecil, "And what sort of a calamity (do you approve of that name for a wife!) has Lord John got?"

"She is a calamity, at least I should think her such," replied Cecil; "for Nature has been as niggardly to her as she is to every one else. But Lord John bears her, like every other affliction, with great fortitude."

"So she's an Algerine, is she?" said Sir Romulus, walking to the side-table, and helping himself to a hecatomb of cold beef.

"Will you teke tay, coffee, or chocolate fust, Mr. Howard, or begin with mate and wine?" inquired Lady Bubble.

"Tea, if you please," said Cecil.

"Not at all," interposed Sir Romulus; "this is the first of September, and you must take something more substantial against the field. Ah! here comes a devil—the *very thing!* to taste some as good Hock as, I flatter myself, you'll find in England."

* Pero Grullo's truths are self-evident things, formally asserted; called so from a simpleton of that name, who thought himself mighty wise in making discoveries of things known to the whole world. One of these truths is said to be, "Comer por la boca," &c.—that it is customary for people to eat with their mouths!

Cecil excused himself on the plea of never taking wine at breakfast; but Sir Romulus was absolute, and, "nolens volens," poor Cecil's cup was superseded by a green-eyed monster of a glass.

"What do you think of *that*, my boy!" said Sir Romulus, when Mr. Howard had gone through the ceremony of putting it to his lips.

"Why," smiled Cecil, "in order to pronounce its eulogium, I must honour a favourite distich of an old tutor of mine, who was more famous for his length than his Latin,

'Hæc de vitifera venisse picata Vienna,
Ne dubites, misit *Romulus* ipse mihi.'

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Sir Romulus.

"Pray, Mr. Howard," said Miss Lucretia, deliberately stirring her tea, clearing her throat three times, and speaking in a kind of "notice-to-correspondents" voice, "are you acquainted with many of the leading authors of the day? our cousin, for instance, Sir Narcissus Bubble: what a charming man he must be! for, judging by his works, I should think he was the victim of sentiment and sensibility! he certainly beats all the modern authors hollow."

"I never heard of his beating any one but his wife," replied Cecil, dryly.

Miss Lucretia was about to put forth a veto of incredulity, when a great commotion was heard at the door, and Marmaduke Bubble, preceded by Trip and two setters, entered the room. On his head was a black velvet hunting-cap, fastened to the button of a green shooting-jacket by a piece of whipcord; below the shooting-jacket appeared a pair of Nankin breveties, with long streamers of the same coloured riband at each knee, which gave a peculiar grace to a pair of flesh-coloured ribbed silk stockings, which terminated in black leather half-boots, laced up the front; under *each* arm was a gun, and across his shoulder was slung a powder-horn and shotbag. Cecil could not help smiling at his grotesque appearance.

"Why, Marmaduke!" said Sir Romulus, as the former seated himself next Mrs. Manners, "you must have had a conspiracy with the larks to be stirring so soon: it's only a quarter past twelve!"

"First of September," said Marmaduke, sticking his knife into a roll; "been up these two hours. You

know, brother, I hate being different from other people, and, therefore, like to commence hostilities against the partridges early!"

"Why, then," cried Mrs. Manners, turning suddenly round, "if you've bane up the the two hourths, what on earth kep you? for I'm never five minutes from the time I get out of bed till the time I get down to breakfast."

"Humph! should like to swim you, then, for fifteen," said Marmaduke, involuntarily backing his chair from the vicinity of the expeditious and anti-amphibious old lady.

"Howard, I'll trouble you for some butter," said Marmaduke, as soon as he had moved into a more salubrious atmosphere.

"I must tell you my name for those," cried Sir Romulus, addressing Cecil, and pointing to the pat of butter on his brother's plate: "Irishmen's children—Irishmen's children, because they're *little Pats*."

"Oh! Sir Romulus," said Lady Bubble, turning her head aside, and pantomimically pushing her "sposo" away with her right hand, "I'll engage Mr. Howard is shocked at you!"

"Dear me," exclaimed Marmaduke, pulling out his watch, "it's time to be off. Howard, I'll mount you on the nicest shooting-pony you ever saw: I'll back Kicksywicksy against any quadruped in England!"

Cecil cast a sly glance at Theresa Manners, and encountered one much more sly as he declined his cousin's obliging offer by saying he was not very well, and therefore should not go out shooting that day.

"Well, then," said Romulus, "I'm your man—I'm your man—I'm going to see my friend Tristram Town to-day, and I'll take you with me. You've heard of Town, of course; the celebrated, scientific Town!"

"No," hesitated Cecil, as he thought with a blush how many celebrated people there are whom one has never heard of.

"Bless me! is it possible?" said Sir Romulus; "why, I thought every one had heard of Town. He is constructing a plan for a submarine railroad from Dover to Calais. Wonderful thing! wonderful thing! if he can but bring it to bear: you're to be put into a bucket at Dover and emptied out at Calais, or 'vice-versa.' Mrs. Town is a wonderful woman, too! the smallest person,

perhaps, you ever saw : not above four feet three inches high, and yet teaches her boys entirely herself : great big fellows they are, too, sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen ; never been to school, and never had a tutor : a prodigiously clever woman, as you may suppose."

"Fudge!" said Marmaduke ; "she's a prodigious humbug, and always reminds me of Trajan's description of Juliopolis : 'a very small town loaded with great charges.'"

"Oh! oh! my dear Marmaduke," bumble-beed Sir Romulus, "you are unjust, as you will perceive, Howard, when I introduce you to Mrs. Town to-day."

"Thank you," said Cecil, disconsolately, for he had sundry visions of walks in green lanes with Theresa Manners ; "if you will allow me, I think I would rather remain at home to-day, or, at least, only explore your grounds."

"Well, just as you like : you want to be the pet of the petticoats! is that it?" said Sir Romulus.

"Talking of petticoats," said Lady Bubble, "I dar say the queen's drawing-rooms are very well attended!"

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Miss Prudence Bubble : but the reader has not yet been introduced to her. Miss Prudence was a little woman, always dressed in a rusty black silk gown and a yellow white muslin ruff, a sort of scullicap of Urling's lace, lined with brown silk, little bunches of fawn-coloured curls on her forehead, secured with a broadish band of black velvet, to which the border of her cap was fastened in front by a small, square pearl brooch. Her face was pale and much wrinkled, and her lips were so tucked in as to be invisible to the naked eye, which made whatever she said nearly unintelligible, as, instead of coming out of her mouth, the words seemed to return inward from whence they came. As she spoke she always worked her fingers about, holding her hands straight out and her fingers apart ; but if seated at table, as on the present occasion, resting her wrists on the table, and pointing her restless fingers upward like a "chevaux-de-frise." When her gloves were on, the ends of the glove fingers invariably extended an inch and a half beyond her own. To relieve the black dress, she always wore white cotton stockings, with black, men-shaped leather shoes, bound with leather. Economy and theology were her fortes ; as a proof of which, she always thought

a sermon she could not understand or slept through particularly edifying, and she made a saving of one syllable in the termination of nearly every word, by substituting uncommon for uncommonly, prodigious for prodigiously, &c.; and often she would retrench in letters, by saying particklar for particular, and promiscus for promiscuous. Her brother Romulus she thought the first man in the kingdom; Marmaduke (though she would not publicly acknowledge it) she thought half-witted, from the manner in which he lavished his money on all occasions. For her sister Lucretia's literary talents she had great veneration, but regretted she should be quite so much addicted to poetry and pathos. Of her younger relatives, Cosmo, as being the embryo baronet, was her favourite, and of this she gave unequivocal proofs by each succeeding year augmenting his Christmas-box a whole half crown.

If any one happened unintentionally to mistake her tastes, by presuming that she did or did not like sugar with her tea, mint sauce with her lamb, or vinegar with her lobster, she would indignantly argue the point for an hour, as though she had been libelled beyond the boundaries to which Christian forgiveness could be expected to extend, especially if Lady Bubble was the person who displayed such unpardonable ignorance; for then, goaded by her sister-in-law-dislike to her, she would return to the charge every five minutes in the day, her fingers working double tides as she would burst into a reproachful tirade of, "Well, I wonder at any one that pretends to common sense being so silly as to say I don't like cold pig, when every one knows that I'm particklar partial to it! Oh dear! there's Doctor Damnell, our new evangelical preacher (such a good man), and Mrs. Town, and Mrs. Whabble, and Lord Francis Fitznoodle, and so many people in the neighbourhood, always make it a point to have cold pig when I go to their houses—my taste is so well known in that respect; so that it is most truly ridiclus—oh, ridiclus in the extreme—to go and say I don't like it! I should have been sorry, I assure you, Lady Bubble, that you should have committed yourself by saying such a thing before any one, for I'm sure they'd have laughed at you. Well, to be sure, I never—it only shows what things may be said of one! After that, nobody is safe. I'm sure I thought my taste was known, in this house at least; but some

people never choose to know anything but what they ought not."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Miss Prudence, "I would not go to this queen's court on any account. I assure you, I mean what I say."

"Oh, Prue, Prue, I'm ashamed of you," said Sir Romulus. "I won't own a sister that is such an Algerine as to say she won't go to Victoria's court."

"May I ask," said Cecil, smiling, "what are your reasons?"

"Oh dear, sir, I've very good reasons, I assure you."

"Well, can't you let us hear them?" said Marmaduke.

"There's no necessity for my giving my reasons, as you do your money, brother, the moment they are asked for," said Miss Prudence, tartly.

"Oh, the Algerine! I don't believe she has any reasons," said Sir Romulus, taking a decided pinch of snuff.

"Now, brother, that you say that, you provoke me into telling them (and Miss Prudence's fingers zigzagged about like fork-lightning). I have reasons, and you ought to know them, only it's the fashion in this house to forget everything. (Here occurred an angry glance at Lady Bubble.) Now I'll just ask Mr. Howard, or any one, if I am not right. You must know, sir," continued she, turning to Cecil, "when I was a girl—I mean quite a young girl—I had the honour of dancing with his late majesty, King William the Fourth, then a midshipman in the royal navy at Plymouth. Oh, dear, good man the late king was as ever was; and after that, don't you think I should be very ungrateful and particklar disloyal if I could go up to the court of any person who had taken his place?"

Luckily for Cecil, Sir Romulus set the example of a laugh, which being universally followed, Miss Prudence rose from her chair with great indignation, saying, as she left the room,

"You may all laugh as you please, which I think particklar rude; but I'll never desert his late majesty for all the queens in England!"

"Well, but, Prudenth," said the old lady, "you can't extpext him to come back and danth with you now, sure?"

"Not unless she makes a *dead* set at him, ma'am," said Sir Romulus; "ha! ha! ha! Prudence, do you hear my wit? not unless you make a dead set at him!"

But Prudence had closed the door, and Sir Romulus had the joke all to himself.

"Well, if you won't come with me, Howard," said Marmaduke, rising and ringing the bell, "I must send for M'Phin; he's a great acquisition out shooting, for he's so tall he has only to raise his arm and lift the birds off the trees without shooting them."

After a farther delay of ten minutes, Mr. M'Phin appeared. His costume was unchanged (at least unvaried) from the preceding night. Having cast a furtive glance round the room, and ascertained that Mademoiselle Perpignon was not there, he *boo'd* to those who were, and pronounced it "a vary gude day for a pop."

"I fear we shall have rain, though," said Marmaduke, closing his right eye tightly, as he bent his head and raised the other to the bright and cloudless sky above the French blind.

"It's vary possible," responded M'Phin.

"Yet no—the sky is too blue," resumed Marmaduke.

"Eh, and so it is," acquiesced the cannie tutor, who had an accommodating sort of Polonius fashion of arranging the focus of his vision on all occasions by the medium of other people's words, and obligingly finding things "like a camel," "backed like a weasel," or "very like a whale," as the occasion might require.

At length these two worthies departed, being joined at the door by a re-enforcement of three Newfoundland puppies, whose company Mr. M'Phin strongly objected to, not, indeed, as regarded the partridges, but as regarded his own heels, which, from their ossified appearance, presented irresistible attractions to the gnawing propensities of puphood; but Marmaduke declared the poor things should not be disappointed of their run.

"Eh, its vary weel, sir, for you who are mounted; but it's nae pleasant for a pair pedestrian to be troubled with the foncey that he's marching straight for the infernal regions, by having relays of a detoched Sareberus (Cerberus) at his heels every step he endeavours to tak."

"Oh, if that's all," said Marmaduke, instantly dismounting from Kicksywicksey, "up with you; for I'd as soon walk."

Here Mr. M'Phin, who, in his system of education, was a great advocate for practical illustrations, from the indisputable fact of their making things more clear to

every capacity, threw one foot east and the other west, and, suffering Kicksywicksy quietly to walk through him, convinced all beholders that that incomparable animal had no more power than the speaker of the House of Commons has over its members, to prevent his being on his legs; and then added a verbal commentary by saying, "Besides, I'm not skeeled in equestrian exerceeses."

"On the contrary," replied Marmaduke, remounting Kicksywicksy, whose extraordinary lungings, plungings, and caprioles convinced Cecil that Miss Manners's warning had not been given without cause, "on the contrary, I should say you appear perfectly grounded in them."

Off trotted Kicksywicksy, on trudged Mr. M'Phin, who, before he had advanced a hundred yards, had occasion to turn round and level the muzzle of his double-barrelled Manton at the heads of the canine triumvirate that were assailing his heels.

"Hold! hold, M'Phin!" cried Marmaduke, reining in Kicksywicksy, and making a sudden somerset in his saddle, which brought him exactly opposite to Mr. M'Phin's face and Kicksywicksy's tail; "hold! if you must drive them away with the gun, do it with the butt-end."

"Eh, and so I would, had they run at me with their tails; but it's their domned muzzles that have been at my heels ever since we set out," replied M'Phin, thereby evincing his strong sense of retributive justice.

As everything at Bubble Hall seemed to be organized on an inverse ratio of other people's habits and hours, after breakfast the whole family repaired to the chapel to prayers, Sir Romulus officiating as chaplain on account of Mr. M'Phin's absence. To gratify Miss Lucretia's nice sense of propriety, the men occupied one side of the chapel and the women the other; for, as there is "neither marrying nor giving in marriage in heaven," she did not know what might be the result of masculine and feminine prayers ascending in couples. Farther distinction Sir Romulus very properly would not allow to be made, as he thought, with truth, there is no aristocracy of souls, though there is of sanctity; and, therefore, servants and all knelt as they came, which caused Mr. Howard to disapprove of Mrs. Nettletop the housekeeper's taste in dress, and wish she would not wear such a high-crowned cap, as it rose

like a fog before the bright face of Theresa Manners; while Bridget Bond the dairymaid's ample green-quilted petticoat equally shared his animadversions, from the fact of its forming a complete screen to that young lady's figure. It was very wrong, and I'm sure I don't attempt to defend it; but, as Cecil looked towards the spot where Theresa knelt, the following four lines came into his head:

"On dit que deux âmes qui prient,
L'un pour l'autre en même foi,
Dans l'éternité se marient,
Quand vous priez, priez pour moi."

Oh! mystery of mysteries! what is love? It is "poison in nectar;" sunlight to heaven; perfume to the rose; the music of sound; the poetry of feeling; the "madness of many;" the "gain" of "but few." It is more than all these: it is an especial Providence. Only let us feel convinced of its existence, and we care not how improbable the chances may be of our happiness, still we are happy. It is the opium of nature, that conjures up dreams so intoxicating that they distance, and make us independent of all realities; it is a creator, who makes everything out of nothing, and out of whose chaos is formed the universe of the heart; it is a chameleon, that lives on air, and whose ever-changing hues are derived from the atmosphere of the one being in whose presence it exists; it is a giant to dare, and a child to fear; it is a spendthrift to give, yet a miser to hoard; it is an abject slave, yet, like all such, in its turn a fell tyrant; it is a magician, who in a desert can raise up an Eden, bright, beautiful, and pure as the primeval one; but it is a serpent to tempt, and woe to those who live to find that it has lured them to

"Pluck the one blossom that grew on earth's tree!"

CHAPTER IV.

"Le souvenir d'Adèle se mêlait en effet à tout ses pensées. Il avait beau dire mille fois par jour qu'il fallait l'oublier!"

ADELA DE SENANCE.

"As vain is the hope of retreating
From peril that lurks in the eyes,
When glances too frequent are meeting,
And sighs are re-echoed by sighs;
When thus with two hearts that are tender,
The folly so equal hath been,
'Tis meet that they both should surrender,
And share the soft bondage between."

LOVER.

MR. HOWARD IS SEIZED WITH A COMPLAINT IN THE HEART, WHICH PROVES CONTAGIOUS.—CATO—A PREVENTED TRAGEDY.—A WORTHY WOMAN SUFFERS A FINE, AND RECOVERY.—REMEDY IS IN SOME INSTANCES WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.—OUT AND COME AGAIN, OR A FATAL WARNING TO ALL GOOD HOUSEWIVES TO KEEP THEIR KNIVES WELL SHARPENED.

It was about a month after Marmaduke Bubble and Mr. M'Phin had returned from their shooting expedition, their only trophy of which was a solitary crow, that bore evident marks of having been defunct prior to coming into their possession—though whether it had or had not for a long time afforded a crow to pluck between them—that Cecil Howard was guilty of asking himself the impertinent question of what he meant by thinking of no other human being from morning till night, and night till morning, but Theresa Manners? He had nothing, and she had nothing; two sums which, when joined together in holy matrimony, make a great deal—of misery. He could not think of laying himself and his father's debts at her feet; and yet he felt an irresistible curiosity to know whether they would produce the same effect upon her that they had done upon Lady Annette Lovell: but this was selfish and dishonourable; and Cecil Howard being neither, then began playing the Mentor to his own Telemachus. "Yes, Theresa is certainly a charming girl, a very charming

girl ; but do I not overrate her from seeing her among her awkward, vulgar, and, above all, ugly cousins ! amid whom she certainly is a diamond among pebbles." Then he would shut his eyes, and, pressing his hand tightly over them, a whole phalanx of the most attractive London beauties would rise up with "wreathed smiles" before him, and he would open them again, exclaiming, "No, no, Theresa is more beautiful than all of them put together. She is so clever, too : and I hate fools ; they fray one's temper, as a burn does one's clothes : then her conduct to these people is so exactly what it ought to be, it would be impossible for them, do what they would, to turn her into an humble dependant, for she never shows, but always proves her superiority. Still I cannot quite make her out : at one moment there is a depth of feeling in her eyes, and a softness and gentleness in her manner, that is perfectly infectious ; yet, no sooner has it become so than it changes. She bounds off, as it were, into another self, and seems as though beyond mirth and laughter she had no existence. Can she be a coquette ? no, for she would not coquette with Marmaduke, and sometimes he may beg in vain for a song, while at others she will for hours read to him the dullest books, or enter into philosophical discussions with him, and foil him at his own weapons ; while to those stupid cousins, she is taste, hands, and understanding, crowning the whole with the rare art of making every one do exactly as she pleases, leaving them under the pleasing delusion that they are having their own way. She seems to me to manage everything, where there is any management about this place. What a wife she would make if we were married ! Lord John must do something for me ; besides, when one sees the trash that sells, I'm sure I could write. Theresa is an encyclopedia in herself. Ah ! if I could but earn a reputation worthy of her ! women, love, fame, and

'Digito monstrari et dicier hic est,'

has won many a heart, but"—here his soliloquy was interrupted by the appearance of the subject of his thoughts, in the same avenue where he was walking.

"Here is a letter for you, Mr. Howard," said she, laughingly, holding up a despatch about the size of a glove-box, but with a proportionately large seal ; "and,

were it not for its being redolent of tobaccó, I should say it was a love-letter from the seal. I know not which is most original, the device or the motto. It must be owned the lady hath a nice invention."

"Lady!" repeated Cecil, taking the letter, and vexed, he knew not why, at Theresa's manner. "She does not care for me," thought he, "that's plain, or she would not treat the matter so lightly if she thought it was a love-letter." So thinking, he was about, in his usual impatient manner, to break open the seal.

"Nay, nay," said Theresa, placing her beautiful little hand on his, "for once let time yield to taste. I must intercede for that exquisite seal." At the touch of her hand Cecil trembled violently, and the letter dropped from his. Theresa stooped to pick it up; her glove dropped as she did so; and while Cecil involuntarily concealed it as she secured the letter, their hands again met.

"Good heavens! that is—you—I—Ther—Miss Manners, I beg your pardon," stammered Cecil; "I hope your letter is not injured."

"Then do you mean to give me the whole letter, as well as the seal? before you've read it, too! Well, come, that really is generous," laughed Theresa, holding the letter above her head.

Cecil was just beginning to acquire the pleasing consciousness that he was looking exceedingly silly, and therefore, making at one and the same time a snatch at the letter and an effort to rally, said, "Nay, that's asking too much, before I've even seen the seal you admire so much."

"Well, I think so too," said Theresa, giving him the letter, "for it certainly is unique."

Cecil took the letter, and had no sooner examined the seal than he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, as well he might. In the centre of a very large and well-fed looking heart was a Cupid, that certainly did not look as if he had come out of a union workhouse; his face was turned inward, and on his hands were a pair of boxing-gloves, with which he seemed to be thumping at the heart for admittance! The motto round this charming device was,

"With love my heart is beating!"

"Who on earth can this be from?" said Cecil, as he opened the letter. Why, who could such a seal come

from but Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson! The letter began: "My dearest friend," was very closely written, and was crossed and recrossed in every direction. Even under the seal were some very small characters, which Cecil at length deciphered into "Pretty, isn't it! my own invention." The letter ended by requesting that his "dearest friend" would answer it by return of post, under cover to his friend, at whose house he was then staying, O'Gander Braddle, Esq., M.P., Bally Braddle, county Wicklow. What more the letter contained, Mr. Howard, to his shame be it said, is to this day ignorant, as he put it in his pocket without farther scrutiny, it being the second letter he had received in answer to an answer which he had written to Mr. Simpson's first epistle. "It is from my Yankee friend that I met in the coach," said Cecil; "and he has certainly lost no time in fulfilling his threat of corresponding with me."

"And did you never see him before?" inquired Theresa.

"Never," replied Cecil.

"Then he has certainly lost no time, either, in becoming your dearest friend; but I suppose the Americans apply steam to their friendships, as they do to everything else."

Here they came to the end of the avenue, and Theresa stopped as though she expected Cecil would leave her. "Will you allow me, Miss Manners," said he, "to accompany you in your walk?"

"Certainly," replied she; "but my walk will only extend to the dairy. Bridget has sent for me, touching some special misdemeanor committed by a feline protégé of mine, named Cato: he is addicted to astronomy; but, unfortunately, all his researches are in the milky way, to Bridget's infinite annoyance, who depreciates his talents by insisting that he only skims the cream of her labours."

"I hope," said Cecil, smiling, "that he is not to be sentenced to condign punishment merely for his epicurean propensities?"

"That's exactly what I'm going to prevent," replied Theresa, "for he's as clever as Houlglass; and I think a cat of such genius ought to be exempt from the penalties attached to the peccadilloes of subordinate grimalkins. If talents in men are sufficient to procure them a

'carte blanche' for every villany, meanness, and vice, I don't see why capacity in a cat should not secure him the one immunity of cream!"

"Very logically argued," laughed Cecil, as they reached the dairy door; "and such philo-feline feelings do you infinite credit."

Bridget Bond was busily employed churning; but her face was so like a thunder-cloud that all the cream in the pans was visibly turning.

"Oh, miss!" said she, desisting from her labours, and dropping a courtesy as Cecil and Theresa entered, "I should be very sorry to do anything to vex you, but I must kill that villain Cato: neither butter nor cream can I keep for him; and it's not only his stealing, but he's so oudacious when he's done it—no sense of shame-like—but there he'll sit before my very eyes, licking his paws, and staring me in the face, as bold as brass, as though, instead of lapping up a whole pan of cream, he had only killed a mouse. Oh! miss! depend upon it, he's a hardened wretch."

Here a low rumbling wail, like that of a cat in custody, stole upon the air. "Ah," resumed Bridget, "he's hid himself; but if I once find him, his days are numbered, that I've sworn," said she, with the air of a Lady Macbeth, as she seized the churn dash and vehemently resumed her occupation.

"Then you must unswear, Bridget," coaxed Theresa, who, hearing another low, melancholy squall, raised her eyes to a walnut-tree opposite the dairy door, and amid the friendly shelter of its umbrageous leaves there beheld the large, round, verdant, disconsolate orbs of Cato tenderly and imploringly fixed upon her, while his tail wagged languidly to and fro round his fore paws, in affectionate recognition of his patroness. "You know," resumed Theresa, "that I promised you a new gown. I cannot break my word; but if you do anything approaching to murder on that poor cat, I here make another promise, that I will faithfully keep, which is, that it shall be the ugliest gown that I can get in all Shrewsbury."

"Oh, miss! sure you wouldn't be so hard on me!" said Bridget, relaxing into a smile, as she put her hands before her very flat, broad waist, and smoothed down her apron.

"Yes, indeed, but I will though, unless you promise not to harm a hair of Cato's whiskers."

"Well, but, miss, I must correct him in some way; for my lady do scold so about the cream, and Miss Lucy do want such a load to take off the freckles, and there's never none set by for her but what that villain of a cat comes and takes it; and if he does not have some sort of eddycation, there'll be no bearing on him."

"Well, send him to school, if you like," laughed Theresa; "but remember, hurt he must not and shall not be."

"I think," said Cecil, slipping a sovereign into Bridget's hand, "Cato would have even more respect for a new cap than a new gown; so try what effect that will have on him."

"La, sir!" exclaimed Bridget, opening her eyes with delight as she courtesied down to the very ground, "I'm sure you be too good; and Cato is a most fortunate cat to have so many friends among the gentiefolks. I'll not hurt him, Miss Theresa; only I raley must do something to bring him to his senses the next time I catches him."

"Do what you like," said Theresa, as she left the dairy, "provided you don't hurt him; but," added she, raising her finger, and flinging an arch look at Bridget over her shoulder, of which poor Cecil had the full benefit (and which made him think that she had no business to look so provokingly beautiful as long as he was obliged to keep at arm's length, and call her Miss Manners), "remember the ugly gown."

No sooner had they left the dairy than Theresa put out her hand to Cecil and said,

"Thank you, Mr. Howard, for helping me to bribe that bondwoman not to kill that poor cat."

Cecil took the proffered hand, attempted to speak, coloured, and remained silent; but, like "the stupid young gentleman," thought the more. What an infectious mystery is love! I maintain that it is born a twin, and never can exist, at least for any length of time, singly. The "*besoin d'aimer*," under which all labour, more or less, may indeed be a sort of impetus that sometimes impels the heart towards an object that feels no reciprocity for it; but all such are mistaken missions that soon terminate. Just as we often enter a room in quest of some particular person, and, not finding him

there to meet us, quit it instantly, so it is with the affections. No heart ever lingers on another that has no corresponding sympathy to greet it. A freemason would hardly repeat the sign of his order where he found it was not understood; and the freemasonry of love requires an equal return, for which reason no love that is not mutual can be either deep or lasting. That great theologian of the heart, poor Maturin, who had genius enough to have founded a dozen reputations, has beautifully remarked, "How much more delicious is the first inarticulate murmur of love, with all its feebleness of expression, its poverty of words, and eloquence of blushes; its feelings that disdain the medium of language, and trust their rich secret to the *respiration of the eyes*; how much more powerful is its silent expression than all that words can utter or volumes contain." And how is this silent language to be understood, unless through the electric medium of mutual feeling? The great difference between the dawn of love and its meridian is, that in the former words seem a sort of sacrilege that would dispel the hallowed mysteries of its faith; while, after its revelations have once taken place, vows and protestations are necessary to the assurance of its worship; for there is a prodigality in the wealth of love that needs exaggeration to satisfy it.

Why did Theresa blush when Cecil released her hand? She knew not. Had it been to do over again, she could not for worlds have offered it to him; yet she felt intensely happy. Why then should she be so confused as to be utterly unable to break a silence that every instant became more embarrassing? Theresa knew not that, at the birth of love, Fate suspends her balance beyond our reach, lest a breath should turn the scale, till she has meted out to us a destiny over which we have no control.

They had reached the end of the avenue when they were startled by loud sobs proceeding from a person apparently in great distress, and, on approaching the house, they descried a woman standing under the library windows, crying bitterly. No sooner did she perceive Theresa than she advanced towards her, and, clasping her hands imploringly, said,

"Oh, Miss Manners! I've had such a misfortin! My husband! my husband!—I'm worse off than ever. If Sir

Romulus would but see me! but he won't, and I don't know what to do."

"I hope, Mrs. Fine, he has not been ill-using you again?"

"Oh, miss, it's worse than ever, and I've no ope unless Sir Romulus will do something for me! If you would get him to see me this once, I'd never tease him no more."

"Well, I'll see what I can do," said Theresa; "but, really, you come with such incessant complaints, that I don't wonder at his refusing to see you."

"God bless you, miss!" sobbed Mrs. Fine; "indeed, I'll never trouble his worship again."

"That woman," said Theresa, as she and Cecil entered the house, "is the landlady of a small public house called the Pug and Primrose, about five miles off. She is afflicted with a drunken husband, and they indulge in the luxury of quarrelling to a degree far beyond what becomes people of their humble sphere of life. My uncle, from having given her so many sovereign remedies for scratched faces and bruised arms, has been so pestered by her that he has at length refused to see her; but, if I can prevail upon him to relent for the nonce, you may perhaps be amused at the dignified manner in which he performs his magisterial duties."

Cecil smiled as he followed Theresa to the library door.

"Come in," cried Sir Romulus, in reply to Miss Manners's knock. He was busily employed in poring over and misunderstanding Mr. Tristram Town's plan for a submarine railroad, and looked altogether most portentous.

"I beg your pardon, dear uncle," said Theresa, "but poor Mrs. Fine is here in such terrible distress—"

"Oh, the Algerine!" interrupted Sir Romulus, "I'll take away her license if she annoys me any more. Tell her to get about her business directly."

"I really think something worse than usual has happened," resumed Theresa, "for she seems in such terrible affliction; do, dear uncle, see her this once—only this once. You know you promised me the other day, that, if I found your spectacles for you, you would grant me the first favour I asked you—and I ask it now."

"Um—um—um," bumble-bee'd Sir Romulus. "My

dear, I meant for yourself, and not for such an Algerine as this."

"Well, uncle, but what does it matter, as long as it is to please me! So I may bring her in—"

And, without waiting for farther permission, she left the room.

"That young Algerine does whatever she pleases with one," said Sir Romulus to Cecil, precipitately taking a pinch of snuff. "One might as well be henpecked by a *calamity* as have that little jade to coax one into and out of everything."

"A great deal better," *thought* Cecil.

Marmaduke Bubble (who, since Howard's arrival, had, out of compliment to him, taken to *early rising*, and, as it now wanted a quarter to four, had just come down), meeting Theresa at the door, went with her and Mrs. Fine into the library; for he was fond of throwing oil on the troubled sea of his brother's inflexible justice, during which process he never sat still, but invariably walked up and down, with his hands in his pockets.

Cecil leaned against the mantelpiece, and Theresa seated herself on the sofa, while Mrs. Fine, with her apron in both her hands, before both her eyes, advanced with loud sobs, and placed herself before the awful tribunal of Sir Romulus Bubble's library chair.

"Um—um—um," commenced the worthy magistrate, taking off his spectacles and leaning back in his chair, while he gracefully crossed his right leg over his left knee, thereby displaying a considerable portion of his white cotton sock, with an insertion of bare skin, rendered visible by his blue cloth trousers rising higher in the world than the tailor, in his most sanguine moments, ever could have anticipated. "Um—um—um—I suppose the Pug and Primrose is no more; that you are burned out, and are come to tell me that, from pipe to puncheon, all is demolished; for nothing else can have made you infringe my positive commands by coming here again, Mrs. Fine."

"Oh! oh! oh! worse than that, your worship. My husband—"

"What of him, the Algerine?" asked Sir Romulus, resolutely buttoning up his pockets as he spoke.

"Se—se—such a misfortin."

"The old story—drubbing and drinking, eh! but it won't do; I've no money to-day, Mrs. Fine."

"Oh, sir, he te—te—tookt a carving-knife and cut his throat yesterday!"

Sir Romulus unbuttoned *one* pocket: Marmaduke came to a full stop: Cecil shuddered: Theresa groaned and covered her eyes.

"That is certainly very shocking," resumed Sir Romulus; "but still he was such a bad husband, that you must look upon it as a release, after all."

"Oh, but, your worship!" cried Mrs. Fine, wringing her hands and bursting into a fresh roar of genuine and unrestrained regret, "they te—te—tookt him to the hospital and sewed it up again, and he's now doing as well as ever! Oh! oh! oh! my art will break!"

"Serve you right!" said Marmaduke, rummaging in his pocket for a five-pound note; "why don't you keep your knives properly sharpened?"

"I will for the futer, sir," sobbed Mrs. Fine; and it is but justice to add, never was promise made with more sincerity.

"So he is recovering," said Sir Romulus.

"Oh, yes, sir; there is no ope! no ope! He drank half a pint of brandy this morning, and he'll soon be as well as ever."

"Well, that's as God pleases," said Sir Romulus, "and I can do nothing in the business."

"I thought perhaps your worship might be able to get him kept longer in the hospital, or sent to prison for attempting his own life."

"The attempt was very bad, certainly," said Marmaduke; "he should have done it effectually, or let it alone."

"That's just what Patty said when she was scrubbing the boards after it; for you've no idear what a mess he made in the bar. But lor, sir, that's the way he bungles everything; never does nothing properly."

At this juncture the door opened, and Lady Bubble put in her head, inquiring if Theresa was there.

Bourdaloue says, "On voit des femmes qui se sentent chargées d'elles mêmes, jusqu'à ne pouvoir en quelque sorte se supporter, ni supporter personne." Lady Bubble was one of them. She thought there was some hitch in nature whenever her business or pleasure was at a stand. She had lately taken it into her head that a Colonel King, quartered at Shrewsbury, might, with proper management, be got to take her

daughter Lucy for better for worse; and that even, from the force of example, his friend Captain Russell might convert Miss Betsy Bubble into Mrs. Russell. These two gentlemen, with Lord Francis Fitznoodle, Mr. Tristram Town, Lady and Sir George Langton—a newly-made baronet—and some other persons in the neighbourhood, were that day to dine at Bubble Hall, and Theresa, who, upon all such occasions, was expected to perform miracles upon her cousin's appearance, had, as usual, promised to give Miss Lucy some hints about her dress. But Lady Bubble, who, whatever the result might be, was never satisfied unless her niece was victimized at least two or three hours longer than was necessary, now came to know why on earth she was idling away her time, instead of showing Stephens, as she had promised, how to make the Gabrielle rosettes for Lucy's dress.

"Dear aunt," said Theresa, rising to leave the room, knowing that from her aunt's fiat there was no appeal, "it is now only four o'clock, and we don't dine till seven."

"You are a terrible procrastinator, Theresa," said her ladyship, following her out of the room. "People of much mind never put off what must be done, because it causes a confusion of idayas. Dear me, three excuses!" cried Lady Bubble, opening three notes the servant had just brought her; "but not of any consequence."

Whether Cecil had put off doing anything that he ought to have done, I know not; but certain it was, that, when Theresa left the room, he was labouring under such a confusion of ideas that he did not perceive the graceful farewell courtesy Mrs. Fine dropped before him as she quitted the library, with five pounds (a much larger sum, it must be owned, than husbands in general, and her husband in particular, was worth) on the part of Marmaduke, and a promise from Sir Romulus that he would exert his influence to keep Mr. Fine in the hospital till his health was perfectly re-established. It suddenly occurred to Mr. Howard that Miss Manners might be in Mademoiselle Perpignon's room, alias the schoolroom: no, this was not what occurred to him; he merely recollected that he should like to borrow the "Bibliothèque des Romans" from mademoiselle. So he left the brothers together and repaired to her apart-

ments ; but, not finding Miss Manners there, strange to say, he forgot what he had come for ; and hearing at the end of the corridor a colloquial duet between Cosmo and Mr. M'Phin, he retired till dinner-time to the solitude of his own room.

CHAPTER V.

" *Touchstone.* Lovers are given to poetry,"
As *You Like It*.

" " Cinna cédait le pas à l'odorant Jeannot, et le misanthrope reculait devant l'inépuisable cadet Roussel."

" Why am I left here alone to be undone ?"
Soliloquy of a Safely Delivered Parcel.

" I'll pond—I'll tail him ! in a voice of thunder
He recommenced his fury and his fuss,
Loud, open-mouthed, and wedded to his blunder,
Like one of those great guns that end in buss."
T. HOOD.

A DINNER-PARTY.—LOVE—PAST—PRESENT—AND TO COME.—
" MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ARE DREAMED OF IN THEIR PHILOSOPHY."—MR. M'PHIN, IN AVOIDING SCYLLA, SPLITS UPON CHARYBDIS.—A CATASTROPHE.—THE DANGERS OF A LONE WOMAN, OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER.

How very restless some persons are—Cecil was one of them ; and had, therefore, wandered into the drawing-room a full hour before dinner, and, finding no one there, he took up an old volume of " The Literary Souvenir," which opened at those exquisitely beautiful lines of Alaric Watts's, on the picture of a girl in a Florentine costume ; he thought, or, rather, felt every line was applicable to Theresa, and therefore read them three times over :

" Art thou some vision of the olden time,
Some glowing type of beauty, faded long ;
A radiant daughter of that radiant clime
Renown'd for sunshine, chivalry, and song ?
Was it for thee that Tasso woke in vain
The love lorn plainings of his matchless lyre ?
Was thine the frown that chill'd him with disdain,
Crush'd his wild hopes, and quench'd his minstrel fire ?

Or art thou she for whom young Guido pined ;
Whom Raffaele saw in his impassion'd dream ;
The ray that flash'd in slumber on his mind,
And o'er his canvass shed so bright a beam ?

No, no—a masker in its gay attire,
A breathing mockery of Ausonia's grace—
Thine is a charm as fitted to inspire
With more than all the sweetness in thy face.

I see thee stand in beauty's richest bloom,
In youth's first budding spring, before me now,
A shade of tenderest sadness, not of gloom,
Tempering the brightness of thy jewell'd brow !

Thy dark hair clustering round thy pensive face,
Like shadowy clouds above a summer moon ;
Thy fair hands folded with a queenly grace ;
Thy cheek soft blushing like a rose in June.

Thine eyelid gently drooping o'er an eye
Whose chasten'd light bespeaks the soul within ;
Lips full of sweetness ; maiden modesty,
That awes the bosom it hath deign'd to win.

There stand for aye ; defying time or care
To make thee seem less beautiful than now !
Years cannot thin that darkly flowing hair,
Nor grief indent thy pure and polish'd brow.

While unto her for whom those lines had birth,
A briefer span, but brighter doom is given ;
To wane and wither like a thing of earth,
And only know immortal bloom in Heaven."

Cecil had read over this gem for the third time when the door opened : it was only Marmaduke !

"What ! are none of those girls down yet ?" said he : "it is quite shocking the time their foolish mother makes them spend in decking themselves out for a husband-hunt, the moment an unmarried man is expected to dinner. The way English girls are trained for this chase always reminds me of a trifling diversion Sir Anthony Sherley relates, as being followed by the Persian kings, which he calls *hawking in miniature*. Sparrows instead of hawks are reclaimed, as the term is, or broken in, and taught to fly after butterflies, and bring them to their masters. And are not those human sparrows, English young ladies, duly instructed by their mammas in the same papilionaceous pursuit, while their wings are *impeded* with every possible folly, the better to ensure success ? I tell you what, Howard, politics are all humbug ; there can be no such thing as national improvement till the

women are first made rational beings, and then treated as such. It is a disgrace to us that this should be the only country in Europe where there is not a single law for woman. And let us rant and cant about liberty and independence as we will, this savours strongly of a degrading remnant of savage barbarism, as it is a self-evident proposition that the world cannot go on without them. What earthly good can accrue from first making women fools, and then treating them accordingly? It is a futile argument to assert that those poor scarecrows, *honour* and *public opinion*, keep men in order: they do not, nor ever will, as long as falsehood and hypocrisy can circumvent them; besides, if they did, it's wrong, all wrong. Why should there be laws which, if they possess a corrupting influence even on the minds of men who administer them, though their characters may have been improved by a liberal education, and elevated by nobler views, how much more baneful must they be to the mass of mankind, who can resort to them as a protection for vice in their own sex, and a warrant for cruelty and injustice towards the other? As the law now stands, it is a Catholic sanctuary for all iniquity, making villany secure and punishment impossible. 'Oh! it is villanous!' and they should 'reform it altogether.' Luckily for themselves, half the women in the world, as society is now constituted, are so ignorant and so silly that they do not see all the misery and injustice of their position; and they are too foolish to see or feel for it in others, as long as it does not come home personally and individually to themselves. As for the Miss Bubbles, I have no doubt they will get through the world very well, for they have no hearts to break; but I grow cross and uncomfortable when I think that there is even a chance of a high-minded, clear-headed, deep-feeling woman like Theresa Manners being subjected to what there is no law to redress."

"I quite coincide with all you have said," replied Cecil; "but, with regard to Miss Manners, surely the world does not contain a wretch that would be base enough to treat her ill!"

Marmaduke turned suddenly round, and eying Cecil from head to foot with a glance of mingled scrutiny, surprise, and contempt, said, or rather thundered, "Sir, you talk like a fool, or a man in love, which is the same thing. Are you in love, sir? were you ever in love?"

Luckily for Cecil, who, at this abrupt and unwarrantable interrogation, felt as if the room was being swallowed up by an earthquake, Marmaduke did not wait for a reply, but went on to say, as he paced hurriedly up and down the room, "If you were not, sir, I was! and with a woman worth a whole wilderness of Theresa Manners! (Here Cecil thought he had gone mad in good earnest.) Yet she married a brute: there was no law, no redress, no divorce for her. She'd have taken me, then, if there had been, but I wouldn't have taken her: no, no, no, anything second-hand but a second-hand wife! Pshaw, one must be like other people in this world;" and to prove the assertion, Marmaduke threw up one of the windows, and, though a distance of five feet from the ground, jumped out into the very midst of a parterre, ankle-deep in clay, and then cooled himself by going up stairs to dress over again! While Cecil stood rooted to the spot with amazement, the door again opened, and Miss Manners appeared. She never wore anything but white muslin; not from choice, but necessity; but then her muslin always looked whiter, and softer, and finer than any other muslin in the world; and her bouquet was always so fresh and so "recherché," that it gave to her appearance as much brilliancy as diamonds generally give to that of others. She looked like some fair northern spirit emerging from a drift of snow. Cecil actually forgot that she was human, and gazed upon her as though she had been some beautiful statue; but, not to lose time, contrived to make the valuable discovery that women should never wear anything but white. Seeing that he had no idea of being guilty of the civility of addressing her, Theresa broke the awkward silence by saying, "I thought I heard my uncle Marmaduke's voice here!"

"No—yes; that is, he was here just now," said Cecil, at length finding the power of speech; "but I fear I said something that annoyed him;" and here he related the scene that had taken place, up to Marmaduke's lover's leap from the window.

"Poor uncle Marmaduke!" sighed Theresa, "you wouldn't suppose it, but he was—nay, I verily believe is to this day—madly, romantically in love; and I'll tell you who it's with, that you may not mention her by accident: Lady Mornington."

"Indeed! Well, but she's been a widow these two years."

"There it is," replied Theresa; "he won't even go to London for fear he should meet her. She was his first, indeed, his only love. Her father, Sir Headworth Clavering, first encouraged it, and then Lord Mornington having just arrived from abroad, and falling in love with her, her father thought it a better match, and insisted upon her marrying him. She did so, and he made her a most atrocious husband."

"I have often thought," said Cecil, "how very handsome she must have been. Her son, Lord Erdly, or Lord Mornington I should say now, was at Eton with me, and an uncommonly nice fellow he is: poor Marmaduke!"

"Poor Marmaduke! indeed," sighed Theresa; and then added, with one of her sunniest smiles and most tantalizing looks, "but how silly people are to be in love—are they not, Mr. Howard?"

Cecil pressed his hand tightly over his eyes, and had got as far as "Oh! Miss Manners," in a reply, when, luckily for him or for her, or perhaps for both, the door opened, and the old lady, with her usual supporters, Miss Lucretia and Miss Prudence Bubble, entered; and immediately after Sir Romulus "pas de zephyr'd" into the room, inquiring if his "calamity" and those two "Algerines" were not down yet; and, having been answered in the negative, he turned to Mrs. Manners, and asked her if she had been reading any new books lately.

"Oh, indade, Romuluth," replied she, "I don't much care about rading now; but talking of books reminds me of wantht (once) when I wath a girl, I wath reading of Claritha Harlowe, and a lady who came to call upon my mother said, 'Ma'am, I think it ith bad for Mith Nelly to be rading thim thort of dull books; why don't you let her rade Tom Jones, Peregrine Pickle, and the rest of the British clathics (classics).' Oh, and I'll tell you, Romuluth, another book that wath a great book in my day—the British Apollo; there wath all thorts of divarting and plathing (pleasing) information in it. They don't write thim thort of books now; but, indade, everything ith grately fallen off to what it uthed to be. I don't think the pape are near ath good-looking either ath they were when I wath young; and I often think I'm greatly altered myself since I have bane in England: thereth thomthing in the air that preventh my

being ath active or ath sprightly ath I uthed to be. I remember, before the rebellion (but then that wath in Ireland), I uthed to think nothing of walking ten miles, and wontht I walked thirtane with Lord Edward Fitzgerald."

The old lady might have talked thirteen more, had not Lady Bubble, her daughters, and Marmaduke now made their appearance, the latter looking as calm and collected as a fresh pair of nankeens and blue-ribbed silk stockings could make him, and, to all appearance, having forgotten that there was such tender ground as mud and Mornington in the world. Mr. Town was the first to arrive, with an apology from his wife, who was exceedingly sorry, but she had to remain at home to see her sons take a lesson in pugilism. Next came Sir George and Lady Langton: good practical illustrations of the force of contrast; she being a very handsome woman, with a dazzling complexion, and beautifully fair and rounded hands and arms, while he was thin and dark, bald, beaky, and bare-looking, like a half-fledged snipe. Lord Francis Fitznoodle was the third arrival, accompanied by his nephew, Mr. Stuart Vernon, a remarkably handsome young man; so handsome that, while Lord Francis was apologizing to Lady Bubble for having taken the liberty of bringing him, Cecil thought it was exceedingly impertinent his having done so; nor did his going on to say that he had arrived unexpectedly, and that he (Lord Francis) neither liked to forego the pleasure of his nephew's company, nor that of his friends at Bubble Hall, induce Mr. Howard in the slightest degree to change his opinion. At length, to Miss Lucy and her sister's great relief, Colonel King and Captain Russell were announced. Colonel King was remarkably tall, and stiff in proportion; his face, as well as his figure, was in uniform, being red all over; his hair was brown, and, though bald at the top, was exceedingly bushy at the sides; his eyes were gray and small, his nose long and aquiline, his whiskers very redundant, and his teeth very white, which he kept continually before the public by means of an incessant grin, that accompanied his favourite exclamation of "A—just so—just so—a," which formed his universal answer to every observation. Indeed, there was a story current among his brother officers, that, upon one occasion, at the mess, a man had said to him, in the heat of argu-

ment, "King, you are a confounded fool!" and that, prior to the ceremony of calling him out, he had acknowledged the fact by replying, "A—just so—just so—a." Captain Russell's beauty was of a less commanding order, being dark and short, with rather Calmuc Tartar features, strangely relieved by remarkably blue eyes, while his head was undeviatingly kept in a perpendicular position by a Jack Ketch sort of black stock, that always appeared in the act of strangling him.

"I began to fear," said Sir Romulus, as soon as these two heroes appeared, "that the Chartists had abducted you."

"A—just so—just so—a," replied Colonel King, as he seated himself in a vacant chair next Miss Lucy. There was also a seat on the ottoman, next her sister, perfectly at Captain Russell's service; but he held his head so high that he could not see anything but the gilding on the ceiling and the drapery of the curtains. Marmaduke was standing with his back to the fire and his hands behind him, occasionally snubbing his sisters, and shaking up the old lady's sofa pillow. Lady Bubble was all dignity and diamonds, seated on another sofa, talking to Lady Langton. Lord Francis, Sir Romulus, and Mr. Town had formed a button-hole alliance in a corner to themselves, the better to discuss railroads and beer bills; and Mr. Stuart Vernon, having entered into conversation with Miss Manners, through the Oriental medium of her bouquet, was gracefully bending over her "Prie Dieu," uttering, she and himself alone knew what, in so low and musical a voice, that it caused Mr. Howard to feel so exceedingly uncomfortable, as he sat at a distant table, turning over H. B.'s last new caricatures, that he bit his nether lip; which, strange to say, did not in the least add to his comfort. The half hour had long expired; Sir Romulus had already rung and ordered dinner, which, nevertheless, not being announced, he at last, in despair, turned to Lady Bubble, and bumble-bee'd

"Um—um—um—my dear—my dear, this is really too bad! that Algerine ought to be transported!" Having passed this sentence by no means "sotto voce," Lady Bubble thought it better to reply, in the same "pro bono" voice, "Why, my dear, there is some excuse for Leslie to-day; her child is so ill, it is not expected to live."

"Ah," growled Marmaduke, in his peculiar, short, paradoxical manner, "that is the most sensible thing in Homer, when Achilles, in the last book of the Iliad, moved by the distress of Priam, endeavours to give him consolation, in order to tempt him to partake of some refreshment, he says to him, 'Now let us think about supper; for the fair-haired Niobe did not forget her meals, although she had a dozen children lying dead in her palace.'"

"Yes, but the dark-haired Leslie seems to have forgotten ours," said Sir Romulus, taking three consecutive pinches of snuff. Dinner was at length announced. Cecil cast one hasty glance round the room, and had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Stuart Vernon offer his arm to Miss Manners, although he had actually advanced two steps, with the velocity of a snail, for that purpose. No wonder, then, that he should feel ill-used and indignant, and with a "sans souci," nay, almost with a triumphant air, offer his arm to Miss Lucretia. On entering the dining-room, she was afraid of being too warm, and therefore, to Mr. Howard's great annoyance, seated herself at the centre of the table, where the plateau preserved an impervious "incogniti" for Mr. Stuart Vernon and Miss Manners. Nevertheless, he found nothing particularly reprehensible in the soup; but Miss Lucretia had a disagreeable trick of scratching her knife against her plate; and, as the dinner progressed, Mr. Howard's sensitive nerves discovered that steel and silver coming in contact formed a peculiarly inharmonious sound. Mr. Town, who was a dark, pale, fattish, dingy-looking man, with a nose big enough to have colonized half a dozen physiognomies, very short and thick-necked, with a white cravat that evinced a proper fear of apoplexy, by keeping several inches respectfully aloof from his throat, and who had, moreover, a most impertinently confidential manner of poking his head into people's faces, and saying everything in a whisper, had seated himself next to Marmaduke, to whom at all times he was obnoxious, but doubly so at dinner, when he invariably preferred eating to talking. Becoming every moment more irritated at Mr. Town's confidential whispers, in order to screw his ire, as it were, to the sticking-place, he deluged everything he eat with Cayenne pepper; and then, drinking off a glass of Madeira, so effectually inflamed both his throat and his temper,

that he turned suddenly round in the midst of one of Mr. Town's most mysterious murmurings, and said, "*à haute voix*,"

"Sir, as you appear to eat both '*en amateur*' and '*en connoisseur*,' I should particularly recommend to your notice the excellent advice old Bulwer gives to all gastronomes, in the quaint pages of his '*Anthropometamorphosis*,' in the three following rules: '*Stridor dentium—altum silentium—rumor gentium*;'* for this, as he most truly observes, '*adjourns discourse till the stomach is full, at what time men are at better leisure, and may more securely venture upon table-talk; the observation of which natural rule might have saved Anacreon's life, who, endangering himself this way, died by the seed of a grape.*'"

"A—just so—just so—a," chimed in Colonel King.

"Indeed, sir," said Mr. Town, guiltless of understanding one word Marmaduke had uttered; and then relapsing into his former mumbleiana, added, "I was going to say, my dear sir, when you interrupted me, that I should be so grateful—so very grateful, and I'm sure Mrs. Town would also—if you would use your influence with Lord John Bubble to try and get a place for my youngest boy Cadwallader; as Mrs. Town says, '*he has a vast deal in him*'—indeed, she makes the observation every day after dinner. But then he is a peculiar boy, sir; a very peculiar boy, and it is difficult to get it out of him."

"Humph! Champagne! how old is he?" asked Marmaduke, as soon as he had drank his Champagne.

"Fifteen the twenty-fourth of last May, sir."

"Humph! never knew a boy of fifteen fit for any situation but that of dry nurse to the monkeys at the Zoological Gardens, or scarecrow in a cherry orchard."

"A—just so—just so—a," again assented Colonel King.

"Sir!" said Mr. Town, turning full round upon the gallant colonel, and for the first time speaking above a whisper, "had you any knowledge of my Cadwallader, or of the feelings of a father, you would think differently."

* Which have been thus facetiously translated:

"Work for the jaws,
A silent pause,
Frequent ha' ha's!"

"A—just so—just so—a," which acknowledgment on the part of Colonel King seemed to appease Mr. Town. Marmaduke, who, in spite of himself, never could bear to hurt people's feelings, also made the "amende honorable" by saying aloud to Mr. Town,

"No wonder your sons are paragons, though, when I believe all antiquity does not furnish an example of such a matron as Mrs. Town."

Mr. Town bowed in silence; for a well-regulated husband is sure to be silenced by his wife, be she absent or present. Sir Romulus, who could not distinctly hear what was going on, but feared, from the loud tone of his brother's voice, that he was waxing angry, and might be uncivil to his "friend Town," whom he would not for worlds offend, having many shares in the Submarine Railroad; and, just catching the words "matron" and "antiquity" in Marmaduke's last speech, called out from the foot of the table, "a glass of wine with you, Town!" and then added, "I suppose Marmaduke is riding his favourite hobby, about the moderns having invented nothing, and the ancients having possessed, not only all that we have, but a great deal more. However, one thing is certain, they had not a Submarine Railroad—eh, Town?"

"Oh dear," squeaked Miss Prudence, turning from Lady Langton, to whom she had been talking and speaking in the highest pitch of her ghost-of-a-penny-trumpet voice, "Oh dear, I can't think how Marmaduke can be so silly, when there's such a many things the ancients knew nothing about—plum-pudding and iced 'soufflés,' for instance; and Lady Langton has just been telling me that the hailstorm last night broke ever so much of the glass of her conservatory; and I'm very certain that the ancients had neither conservatories nor green-houses."

"Pardon me," said Cecil, who was determined that Theresa should hear the sound of his voice, "Martial has two epigrams, which clearly prove that they had; don't you remember?" said he, turning to Marmaduke, "in the 14th epistle, I think, of the 8th book:

*'Pallida ne ciliacam timeant pomaria brumam,
Mordeat et tenerum fortior aura nemus,
Hibernis et objecta notis specularia pueros
Admittunt soles, et sine face diem.'*"

* Lest wintry frosts should blast the shrinking fruit,
Or winds too piercing nip the tender shoot,

"And again, which is plainer still :

'Invida purpureas urat ne bruma racemos,
Et gelidum Bacchi munera frigus edat,
Condita perepicula vivit vindemia gemma,
Et tegitur felix, nec tamen uva latet.'"^{*}

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Prudence, pettishly, "I *do* dislike Latin and Greek beyond everything, particularly at meals."

"Well, never mind, Prudence," pacified Lady Bubble : "it was the moderns, at all events, who discovered America ; neither Mr. Howard nor Marmaduke can take *that* from them."

"Still they were beforehand with us even there," said the provoking Marmaduke ; "for Seneca most clearly prophecies the discovery, in his chorus to his Medea, when he says,

'Venient annis
Secula seris quibus oceanus,
Vincula rerum laxet et ingens
Pateat tellus, Tiphysque novas
Detegat orbes.'

Which is obviously and undeniably fulfilled by the invention of the compass and the discovery of America."

Sir Romulus, seeing the case was hopeless, made another effort to turn the conversation, by asking Lord Francis if he expected his brother, the Duke of Arling-ton, down.

"Not unless there should be a dissolution," replied he, "which, however, is loudly talked of."

"It is astonishing," added Lord Francis, "how pertinaciously *your friends* the Whigs keep in, let what will happen."

"Ah!" said the incorrigible Marmaduke, who was the only Conservative of the family besides his cousin Howard, "when Tully declared that the lasting good fortune of Harpalus, the pirate, bore testimony against the gods ; and Seneca said of Sylla,

'Deorum, crimen, Sylla tam felix,'

Through lucid walls that check cold Eurus, play
Sol's purest rays, the genuine warmth of day.

* On Bacchus' gifts lest envious winter prey,
And blast the purple produce on the spray,
Beneath the crystal roof the vintage glows,
And screen'd, not hid, the happy cluster grows.

what *would* they have said to the prosperity of the Whigs?"

"Why, that Providence had made them his especial care," crowed Sir Romulus, taking what he considered a conclusive pinch of snuff.

"To talk of them and Providence together," retorted the *unstoppable* Marmaduke, "reminds me of an anecdote of old Lord Holland and Dr. Campbell."

"A—just so—just so—a," acquiesced Colonel King, "but a—what was it? Pray favour us with it."

"Why," recommenced Marmaduke, too glad to talk his brother down at any time, "Lord Holland was sitting one morning with Dr. Campbell, condoling with each other on their mutual infirmities, and lamenting, with a considerable degree of petulance, the inconveniences to which ill health subjected people in advanced years, when the door opened, and a well-known knavish paymaster and contractor entered the room, florid and full of health. They congratulated him on his sanguine looks. 'Yes,' said he, 'Providence has been very kind to me, for I have never known a moment's illness in the whole course of my life.' This declaration by no means softened the asperity of Lord Holland's countenance. The contractor saw all was not right, and took his leave. 'There now, Campbell,' said he, 'there now,' pointing to the door, 'you see what Providence has been about! taking care of that scoundrel's health, forsooth! and not minding what became of your dropsy, or of my d—d ringworm!'"

The universal laugh that followed this story had scarcely subsided, or Colonel King's "a—just so—just so—a," ceased to vibrate above it, ere it struck Sir Romulus that he might steer through the safe course of asking Lady Langton to take wine; and, bending across the table for that purpose, addressed her as Mrs. Langton. "Hang those foundation titles," thought he; "one never can remember them;" and, without knowing it, he sympathized with the French herald's compassion for Adam, who, being the first of his race, could not possibly amuse himself by tracing his genealogical honours! Dinner was scarcely over before Marmaduke darted out of the room to take his nocturnal ramble. The old lady soon fell fast asleep, and announced the fact audibly. The subject of trains and tuckers was exhausted by the other ladies. Captain Russell had responded to Miss Betsy's

warm eulogium upon the fascinations of a military life by helping her to an iced peach. Colonel King had for the fiftieth-time said "a—just so—just so—a," in answer to one of Miss Lucy's original observations upon the weather. Mr. Town was, with fingers that considerably "dimmed the brightness of the crystal flood," pressing walnut-shells down to the bottom of a finger-glass, no doubt in commemoration of his submarine railroad. Sir George Langton was abstractedly looking at the crimson reflection a glass of claret threw over his hand as it rested on the table, which could not fail to remind him of his new-blown honours. Lord Francis Fitznoodle had his right hand gracefully placed in his bosom, while with his left he raised his wineglass to the scrutiny of the light. Even Sir Romulus was evidently paying his "devoirs" to his snuff-box; and, although Mr. Stuart Vernon had done his uttermost to play the agreeable, Miss Manners was beginning to think it was the longest dinner she had ever sat out, when Lady Bubble bowed to Lady Langton, and gave the signal for the ladies to adjourn. Cecil rose to open the door, the old lady was gently awakened and escorted out of the room by her usual "garde de corps." The rest followed in succession; but Theresa, as she passed, dropped her handkerchief. Cecil, of course, stooped to pick it up; and whether it was the tone in which she said "thank you," or the look that accompanied the words, I know not, but Mr. Howard felt so gratefully happy, that, in the prodigality of his gratitude, he would have even signed a compact, making over all the rest of Miss Manners's looks and words "for that night only," as the playbills say, to Mr. Stuart Vernon, and even condescended to seat himself in the chair she had occupied next to him, as soon as the door had closed upon that young lady.

Upon returning to the drawing-room, they found it occupied by Mademoiselle Perpignon, Mr. M'Phin, and Cosmo, who were, however, antipodically dispersed at the greatest possible distances from each other, like the three legs in the Isle of Man arms. Cosmo was unbending his intellectual bow with the innocent recreation of cup and ball in one of the windows. At the far end of the room, mademoiselle was sitting on one sofa, ostensibly netting a purse, but, in reality, gazing upon—not, indeed, Mr. M'Phin's face, for he had taken the precau-

tion of spreading his pocket-handkerchief over it, and was performing a loud and evidently artificial sleeping aria, by way of giving notice to his "vis-à-vis" that he was not to be disturbed; but upon his elongated limbs and white cotton stockings she was wasting innumerable looks of love and admiration! However, upon the arrivals from the dining-room, Mr. M'Phin was instantly "on his legs," and his pocket-handkerchief as instantaneously returned to his pocket.

"Cosmo, my love," said Lady Bubble, "you may go to your papa in the dining-room; and, my dear," added she, calling him back as he was leaving the room, "say we are going to have a little music. I know Colonel King is very fond of music," continued she, turning to Lady Langton; "and Sir Romulus has no idaya how long he sits after dinner, unless he's told of it. Mr. M'Phin, have the goodness to ring for coffee."

"Hole up your head," whispered mademoiselle to Lucy; "'tenéz comme ça,'" continued she, drawing herself up to her full height as she spoke, and gazing upward at Mr. M'Phin as he walked over to ring the bell; "Monsieur le Colonel he is tal; how should I evere see Mistere M'Pheen, if I stoop and poke my head as you?"

"It is better not to look so high," giggled Miss Betsy.

"Ah, que c'est mauvais ton les calembourgs," shrugged mademoiselle, lowering the corners of her mouth as she threw up her hands. But Miss Betsy little heeded the reproof, as she turned away to select from a pile of music "The Soldier's Tear," with which she intended to commence the evening's attack.

Mr. Howard and Mr. Stuart Vernon were the first to make their appearance in the drawing-room; Mr. Town and Captain Russell followed; and, not to lose time, the former was almost instantaneously overpowered with "The Soldier's Tear," which he repaid with the soldier's smile, as the peacock-tones of Miss Betsy's voice grated on his ear.

Mr. Town had whispered Mr. M'Phin into a corner, and a nice observer might have discovered that his communications had cast a shade over that worthy man's countenance, especially as the words "impossible; indeed, I can do no more," floated on the air, though instantly hushed into silence by Mr. Town.

"Theresa, my dear," said Lady Bubble, "do sing that

pretty French thing you were singing the other day—oh, ‘*Tourment de*’ something—what is it?”

“Oh, ‘*Tourment de Veuvage*,’ is that what you mean?” asked Theresa.

“Yes, that’s it.”

“I shall be very happy, by-and-by, but I have just taken some coffee, and, my dear aunt, I can never sing immediately after.”

“Well, then, Mr. Howard, you must sing, for I won’t let you all be idle,” said Lady Bubble. “Mr. Stuart Vernon, do you sing?”

“In a way,” laughed Mr. Stuart Vernon.

“Then we must hear in what way,” said Lady Bubble, actually forcing him to the piano, where he good-humouredly sat down and sang that beautiful Pretender ballad of “*Prince Charlie*” most exquisitely, and acceded to an encore.

“Now, Mr. Howard, you have no excuse,” cried her ladyship. “I delight in his voice; you have no idaya, Mr. Stuart Vernon, how well he sings.”

“After such a formidable announcement, I don’t know whether I shall have courage to sing at all,” laughed Cecil; “perhaps Miss Manners will have the goodness to accompany me?”

“With pleasure,” replied Theresa, taking off her gloves and placing them on the piano.

Cecil turned over a book full of songs till he came to that most exquisite of all Beethoven’s compositions, “*Adelaida*,” or rather “*Rosalie*,” for it is nothing as “*Adelaida*,” and the most beautiful thing that ever was conceived as “*Rosalie*.” There was a triumph in Cecil’s deep and beautiful voice as he burst into the opening lines,

“Oh thou wert bright, wert bright as opening day,
And blooming as the rose of May,
When first I yielded to thy sway,
Fair, fair *Rosalie*!”

which subsided into the softest tenderness when he came to the refrain of

“Dear, dearest *Rosalie*!”

and sunk almost into a whispered echo at the line,

“And when I breathed, I breathed the vows of love,
Thine answers whispered, whispered like the dove,
Softly murmuring in a shady grove,
Sweet, sweet *Rosalie*!”

While his *acting*—for it was more than singing—was perfectly electrical in the mad *scena* at the end, beginning,

“Oh fickle, fickle as the changing wind!
I'll tear thine image from my mind!
Broke is thy chain! its spell is gone!
The links are severed, one by one,
False! false Rosalie!”

till he came to the last cadenza of all, when the exhausted, subdued, relenting, yet *still* adoring tone in which he gave the final words of,

“False! but *dear* Rosalie!”

was perfectly overpowering, and Theresa fairly burst into tears, in which, strange to say, her cousins joined. Theresa, who, from the consciousness of all she felt, was ashamed of showing any particle of feeling, dried her eyes, and, by way of apology, stammered out,

“That song is so very beautiful that I never can hear it without making a goose of myself.”

“How can you say so?” said Lucy. “I'm sure, Theresa, I don't think you ever shed a tear at it before; but then, indeed, we never heard it sung as Mr. Howard sang it, so we may all be forgiven.”

As far as Cecil was concerned, he was perfectly willing to forgive the Miss Bubbles their tears; nay, more he would even have excused them; but for Theresa's! *could he ever forget them?* There are moments in existence that condense a whole life of happiness, and this was one of them. Not even the hand Mr. Stuart Vernon had stretched out for Miss Manners's gloves could crumple the rose-leaves upon which Cecil's heart at that instant reposed, nor the sigh that escaped him as he presented them to her, leave one breath to dim the mirror of bright dreams Howard's imagination had conjured up; for Hope was the ministering angel that presided over them. Alas! what are hopes but the falling stars of the heart, which, if they wander from out the heaven of imagination, are dashed into nothing the moment they come in contact with the realities of earth. It was on that evening that Cecil proclaimed his love for Theresa, and that she confessed hers for him; though it was not for a considerable time after that his proclamation or her confession found their way into words.

When Colonel King made his entré, he had paid so much attention to wine that he was incapable of paying any to women. And Sir Romulus, who was a great fabricator of wonders, requested they would all adjourn to the hall door, to see a most extraordinary appearance in the heavens; "something quite out of the common—like a globe of fire!"

They needed no second invitation, but rushed (all except the old lady, who was again asleep) simultaneously into the hall. Poor, short-sighted mortals that they were; though it must be confessed

"Their stars were more in fault than they."

No sooner had Sir Romulus, who led the advanced guard, opened the hall door, than in rushed a something with fiery eyes, howling, yelling, and hissing in a most awful and unearthly manner; but whether it was man, beast, or devil, remained to be proved. As far as the panic its appearance excited among the assembled group allowed them the use of their eyes, it seemed to each person as if the apparition was making towards them individually, and "*sauve qui peut*" became not, indeed, their general cry, but their general conduct. Colonel King being instantly sobered, in default of a sword seized the poker, determined to show fight, were it man or devil; while Captain Russell armed himself with the shovel, which served the double purpose of weapon and shield. Mr. Town, with more prudence than any of them, acquired, no doubt, from his deep-laid calculations touching the submarine railroad, retreated back into the drawing-room, and double-locked the door. Lord Francis Fitznoodle made instinctively for the back staircase, leading to the maids' dormitories; while Mr. M'Phin rushed in the opposite direction, to the inner hall, followed by Mademoiselle Perpignon. Cosmo, with greater genius than any of them next to Mr. Town, had rushed out at the hall door when the mysterious intruder had rushed in. Cecil and Theresa had got upon a table, and Mr. Stuart Vernon on a window-seat, where Miss Lucretia and Prudence both threw themselves into his arms! Lady Bubble had scrambled up the back of the porter's chair, where, holding on, might and main, she hung over in front till she was nearly black in the face, her feet kicking vehemently all the while on a balance of pow-

er principle. Sir Romulus had taken shelter on a marble slab; but, unfortunately, from jumping up too nimbly, his wig had caught on the branch of one of the antler's that graced the wall, where it now hung, leaving his organs more fully developed than ever; while the two young ladies, by dodging after Colonel King and Captain Russell, wherever they moved, seemed to be performing a sort of variation upon puss in the corner. To complete the tableau, the hall door again opened, and Marmaduke, lantern in hand, and his hat carefully tied down, entered. After looking round at the scene before him for about a minute, in perfect amazement, he exclaimed, "Eh! what the d—l, are you all mad?"

"Don't talk of the d—l, Marmaduke," gasped Sir Romulus, fanning himself with his pocket-handkerchief; "I believe the Algerine is actually here." Hiss, squeak, yell, waugh, waugh, and something nearly flew in Marmaduke's face, and darted off again in a circular direction, yelling horribly.

"Why, it's a cat!" said Marmaduke, looking after it. "What a set of fools you must be," added he, walking over to the bell and ringing it violently.

"A—just so—just so—a," corroborated Colonel King, which was the first intimation he had given of a lucid interval. "Horrible creature! how its eyes glare upon me!"

"Well, if they do," said Marmaduke, with provoking sang froid, "I suppose a cat may look at a king."

"The creature is mad," cried Sir Romulus, retreating so far back into the wall that he completely hid the head of the stag, by placing his own before it, immediately between the antlers; so that, being a sort of buck in his way, they had all the appearance, pro tempore, of belonging to him. "Ring again, Marmaduke; I'll have the Algerine instantly caught and killed."

Here a momentary pause ensued, when Mr. M'Phin's voice, in accents of the wildest despair, was heard exclaiming in the inner hall, "Oh! oh! oh! was ever mon so persecuted? will no one take this inferenel old cat from my throat before I die of it?"

Marmaduke, with his lantern, rushed to the rescue, followed by the rest of the party, who, to their credit be it spoken, forgot their own personal fears at this heart-rending appeal. On reaching the spot, they beheld Mr. M'Phin in the dark, at the foot of the stairs,

more dead than alive, leaning against the banister for support; while Mademoiselle Perpignon's arms were clasped so tightly round his neck, that, from the fact of his pulling one way as fast as she pulled another, the poor man was nearly strangled.

"Save me! save me!" panted he, making sundry lunges with the fore-finger of his right hand towards mademoiselle. Marmaduke took the hint, and dragged her by main force from the throat of her victim; when, seeing Mr. Stuart Vernon standing sufficiently near for the experiment, she fell back into his arms, darting a fine last-scene-of-the-fifth-act look at Mr. M'Phin as she did so, and exclaiming, "Vit-il encore!"

"No encores, mum, if you please, or I'm a dead man!"

"Dead—mort! et pour moi! oh, he is too much!" shrieked mademoiselle, letting her head fall gracefully on Mr. Stuart Vernon's shoulder, and closing her eyes once more on the by-standers.

"Sir Romulus! Sir Romulus!" called Lady Bubble from the outer hall, "you have no idāya what I'm suffering; do come and help me down, or I shall expire."

"Bless me! only think of my leaving my calamity in such suspense," said Sir Romulus, as he tripped into the front hall, facetiously adding, "I'm coming, 'ma chair amie,' as the French say."

Scarcely had Lady Bubble been got safely down from the top of the porter's chair, before the same awful feline sounds were again heard; and Cato, for it was no less a personage, seen darting once more up and down, to and fro, in every direction. All the servants had by this time assembled, and, by dint of throwing cold water on the unfortunate hero, and then flinging a napkin over his head, he was at length secured; when Bridget Bond acknowledged that, by way of a slight punishment, she had left a quantity of butter in the dairy (knowing he would pay his nightly visit to it) well kneaded with Cayenne pepper.

"For shame! Bridget," said Theresa; "do you call driving the poor animal mad a slight punishment?"

"Lor! miss, I humbly beg your pardon, but I had no idear that it would do any such thing."

"Why, you must have known," said Marmaduke, "that such a quantity of pepper is the right way to make a devil of anything."

"At all events, the Algerine shall be hung up, neck

and heels, to-morrow, for giving us all such a fright," said Sir Romulus.

"Hush! listen! what's that?" cried Lady Bubble. Every ear was now on the "qui vive," and they soon heard the drawing-room door violently shaken, as though some one was trying to burst it open from within. They all, with one accord, advanced towards it, when they distinctly heard, between the interstices of the assault and battery on the door, Mrs. Manners's faint lisp pouring out the following eloquent appeal to the besieging Town: "Ah, can't you let me out! ith dithgrathful to you to shut me up in thith way, when I tell you that I never wath, in the whole coorth (course) of my life, locked into a room alone with a man, except wantht (once) in the rebellion, and then I had loaded pistols; and, though I have no fire-armth now, I assure you I know Pamela by heart, and, if you were to keep me here a wake (week), I'd never lave off screaming; tho you'd better let me out at wantht."

"Ma'am," said Mr. Town, audibly retreating as he spoke, "my revered friend, Sir Romulus, knows me so well to believe me capable of any impropriety of conduct towards you; and I hope I know my distance, and am but too well inclined to keep it, to detain you here against your will, could I find the key of the door, which, in my fright, I unfortunately dropped."

But the old lady, who, from the tittering without, did not hear one word of all this, merely replied, "Oh! indade, nothing you can thay will juthtify your conduct. You mutht be a motht artful, designing villain to contrive to get them all out of the room."

"Sir Romulus, Sir Romulus, for Heaven's sake break open the door from without!" cried Mr. Town, applying his mouth to the keyhole. "I cannot by any possibility make Mrs. Manners understand the nature of the case; for, waking up and finding herself alone with me, and the door locked, she has gone back fifty years, and come to a wrong conclusion."

One of the housemaids having been sent for some other room-door keys, they were alternately tried, till one was found to fit, when the prisoners were released.

"I thuppothe," said the old lady, seizing Sir Romulus's arm for protection, "I might have lived in Ireland for a hundred years longer, and no man would have thought of offering me thuth an affront."

It took a whole fortnight to make the old lady comprehend the cause of her "tête-à-tête" with Mr. Town; therefore, this chapter being already of the longest, we will not now relate the process by which she was eventually convinced of the erroneousness of her suspicions; suffice it to say, that, as soon as Lord Francis Fitznoodle could be excavated from the attics, and Sir George and Lady Langton had emerged from the dining-room, where they had taken refuge and remained the whole time, the party, after reciprocal hand-shakings and adieus, separated, to dream over the wonders of this eventful night, Sir Romulus winding up with one of his usual jeux d'esprit by saying, or rather singing to the old lady, as he lighted her hand-candle and offered his arm to escort her up stairs,

"Oh Nelly (not Nanny) wilt thou gang with me,
Nor sigh to leave this flaunting Town,"

pointing to that gentleman as he was terminating his Mackintosh in a red-worsted comforter.

CHAPTER VI.

"Honour and honesty must not be renounced, although a thousand modes of right and wrong were to occupy the degrees of morality between Zeno and Epicurus."—JUNIUS.

"Gorgon, Icon, et Amazon!"

Propria quæ Maribus.

"C'est le sort des amours,
De se plaindre toujours."

LE CHEVALIER DE MENILCLAISE.

MR. HOWARD MAKES A RESOLUTION WHICH HE FINDS IT DIFFICULT TO KEEP, BUT KEEPS IT NEVERTHELESS.—BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.—SHOPPING.—HUSBAND'S TEA.—THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO MRS. WHABBLE.—MR. M'PHIN ADVOCATES THE JEWISH MODE OF DIVORCE.—SHABBY CLOTHES.—A MYSTERY.

It is strange, yet no less strange than true, that men in all ages should have done their best—namely, their worst—to vilify and depreciate women; always taking

care, from the ancient Egyptians downward, to offer the degrading, would-be compensation of false compliments for real defamation. "We should," says Junius, "guard against the folly of accepting trifling or moderate compensation for extraordinary and essential injuries." Had women always done so, or could they be got to do so, the flattery they received might certainly be less, but their fates would as certainly be better. It is with individuals as with nations; solitary and unorganized efforts can only come under the head of, and meet with the punishment of treason; it is the united and unanimous struggle of the mass that can alone work a salutary revolution and retain a victory. From time immemorial, whether in the mythological and imaginary world, or in the moral and material one, men have *first made* the characters they have afterward condemned. No modern genius could treat women in a more unjust and unmanly style than Virgil did; therefore, though Dryden is right in saying that Venus is too impudently presuming in expecting that her husband, Mr. Vulcan, should make armour for Master Cupid, the son of her lover, Mr. Mars; yet was it not the education and attributes she had received at the hands of men that was the cause of it all? The women of Plutus are almost invariably bad, and those in Terence a perfect match for them; nay, the only one among them who stumbles upon a good action by accident—that of saving her child from being murdered, as her husband and its father had ordered—humbly asks pardon of that husband for her *disobedience* in the following submissive confession:

"Mi Chreme, peccavi, fateor, vincor."*

Now what a high and pure morality is here inculcated; nothing less than that every crime should be committed to gratify a husband's pleasure, and every virtue avoided that may cause his displeasure! fy on it! fy on it!

As for Horace—that very clever and agreeable ancient Roman "man about town"—in all his ladies, he has fully proved Pope's assertion, that "most women have no character at all;" to be sure, he has been pleased to pay Livia, the wife of Augustus, the following compliment:

* "I was *wrong* / my Chremes, I own it—I am *convinced* of it!"

"Unico, gaudens mulier, marito."

But, had he had the patience to have lived till now, I could have found him hundreds of women who distance Livia hollow; from the well-authenticated fact that they would be *more content* to have *no husband at all!* and Horace evidently only condoles with Neobule on her uncle's cruelty in forbidding her a lover and interdicting her the use of wine—in which the ladies of her time were wont to indulge so freely—because it put a woman the less in his power to abuse. As for Juvenal, Miss Squeers's plan of pitying and despising is the best that can be adopted towards him; and the prose libelers of the Augustan era may share it with him if they please. Even my favourite Seneca, the virtues of whose wife ought to have pleaded for her sex, has behaved shamefully to us. And St. Clement, if he is not greatly belied (in two letters published at Leyden in 1754, in Latin, with a Syriac translation, and said to be written by him), indulges in a strain of selfish, exclusive, and slave-driving impertinence towards women, that could not be equalled by an English political, club-going husband of the nineteenth century.

Among modern antiques, Shakspeare has behaved *rather* more justly to us; but then he had too much of the god in him to do otherwise. The lugubrious impertinences of old Antony à Wood are too contemptible to notice; and as for the beneficial effects produced on Selden by his learning, no one will attempt to dispute it who reads this memorable assertion of his: "It is reason, a man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey, it is fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks." Now the foregoing part of this aphorism is sensible enough; but some persons, when they attempt fine perorations, never know where to stop, and the learned Selden appears to have been one of them. To a man in love, the woman he is in love with is "the sex;" consequently, it may be inferred that Cecil Howard was *Eve-angelical* in his creed of them at this period of his life. Yet he was but a man, and, whenever those superior beings contemplate the slightest meanness, they are so shocked at it and themselves that they settle the question instantly by rechristening it magnanimity! Were he at once to declare his love, what opportunity could he have of test-

ing the depth and sincerity of Theresa's! Nay, more, did she accept him, he could not marry upon nothing; no, that would be selfish, and was not his intention. He must first secure the means of supporting her; yes; but, in order to do so, he must, for a time, leave her, and that was disagreeable. Besides, he was not yet quite sure that she did love him; true, he had thought it, dreamed it, hoped it; but oh, how delightful if her uncertainty about his feelings towards her should be the means of surprising her into revealing her feelings for him!

"Hang these razors! what the deuce makes Giourette sharpen them so confoundedly?" was the exclamation that broke in upon the above revery, as some drops of blood fell on the toilet; for, shall we confess it, Mr. Howard had indulged in it while shaving. As heroines, however redundant their ringlets may be, never require to go through the vulgar process of having their hair curled, doubtless heroes, by a parity of reasoning, however smooth-faced they may be, should never be under the disagreeable necessity of shaving; but so it was in the present instance, and I can't help it. If the blood fell on the table, it also mounted into Cecil's cheek at the declaration he had planned for Theresa to make to him. So, putting down the razor, and abstractedly passing a comb through his very beautiful hair, he again exclaimed aloud in answer to his own thoughts,

"No, hang it! that would be base and unworthy, which I will never be to her! No, no, I have no right to aspire to her. That legion-curse, poverty, extends even to the heart, and denies the luxury of love! Stuart Vernon evidently admires her; he is rich—handsome, too. I wonder if she likes light hair?" Here the hair he had been unconsciously combing over his eyes was as consciously strained back, so as to display his own magnificent forehead as he added, "and a low forehead? If he does love her—if—oh, who can help it!—he will not, that is, he cannot remain a month without proposing for her; and should she accept him? Well, if she does, why she will be rich and happy, and I shall have done my duty instead of entrapping her into uniting her fate to a beggar's!" Here "all the blood of all the Howards" again mounted. "At all events, I'll try it."

"What will monsieur please to try—de coat dat come

down from Staub yesterday!" asked Girouette, as he entered with a pair of boots.

"Yes—no—that is—what's o'clock?"

"He is half ten of de past, monsieur."

"No one down, I suppose?"

"Personne, monsieur, que la belle Demoiselle Manners."

"Oh, then I need not hurry," said Mr. Howard, with a "nonchalant" look, intended to mystify Girouette and all the world had they been there to witness it. But Girouette was a Frenchman; and, however deficient his talents might be for seeing into a millstone, he could see as far into an "affaire du cœur" as any one; and while he came to his own conclusions, and mixed some arquebusade and water for his master's teeth at one and the same time, Mr. Howard, as he progressed in his toilet, qualified his magnanimous resolves by the consoling reflection, that

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

Upon descending to breakfast, he descried Theresa, through the half-open door, in the breakfast-room, and therefore stoically determined upon not entering it till some of the rest of the party had come down; but, as he had been in the habit of gathering Miss Manners a bouquet every morning, he did not see why he should desist from so laudable a practice, and therefore repaired to the garden to gather the happy flowers that were to grace the most beautiful bosom in the world. If lovers had but the power of transforming themselves into things, what strange metamorphoses there would be in this world! and what a beautiful sprig of "Love lies bleeding" Mr. Howard would have become as he entered the breakfast-room and presented the bouquet to Miss Manners, whom "he hoped was not the worse for the panic Cato had caused the night before."

"Not in the least," said she; "but all the better, as he and I drove to Shrewsbury this morning, where, poor fellow, I have placed him beyond the reach of pepper and persecution."

To Cecil's surprise, Marmaduke was already down, and apparently in a very bad humour, pshawing and fudging over a newspaper, or rather over the inordinate puffs of a new play, the extracts from which by no means justified the praise.

"It is perfectly disgusting!" said he, flinging down the paper, "the purchased and concentrated puffing that goes on nowadays!"

"Yes, certainly; never was there an age when cliquism and critical prostitution were at such a pitch," replied Cecil.

"And yet I don't know," said Marmaduke; "human nature has been always the same, and no pinnacle in the temple of Fame seems high enough to exclude the meanest vanity. Cardinal Richelieu, when at the zenith of his glory and power, wrote a tragedy entitled 'Europe,' and brought it on the French stage; but, as the piece was neither more nor less than a political dialogue between the European nations, in which the comparative state of their revenues, forces, commerce, &c., &c., was brought forward, it was barely heard from respect to the writer; but when it was given out for another representation, a murmur of disapprobation arose, and the 'Cid' of Corneille was loudly demanded by the audience; which so hurt the vanity of this great statesman and little man, that he actually contrived to get a long and regular critique written by the academicians of Paris, throwing ridicule on the ill-fated 'Cid' which had been set up as a rival to the progress of his tragedy. Again, too, when a friend wrote to the elder Scaliger to tell him that he should mention him in a work he was about to publish, and therefore wished to know what he should say of him, his well-known reply was, 'Endeavour to collect your best ideas of what Massinissa, what Xenophon, and what Plato were, and your portrait will bear *some*, although an *imperfect* resemblance of me!' No, no! as usual, the moderns have hit upon nothing new."

"Except, sir, strangling a mon to prevent his being scratched by a cat," said Mr. M'Phin, as he entered the room and seated himself at the table; for he was to go with Sir Romulus immediately after breakfast to attend Mr. Town's submarine railroad committee. Such was the lachrymose look and tone of Mr. M'Phin, as he uttered this assertion, that it set every one laughing.

"Really," said Marmaduke, "after such an unequivocal display of affection as she made last night, I think you are bound in honour to convert Mademoiselle Perpignon into Mrs. M'Phin."

"Never, sir! never!" exclaimed Mr. M'Phin, ener-

getically, thumping the handle of his knife on the table, "unless augh could get the Jewish divorce-bill carried into execution the next minute."

"And, pray, how may the sons of Levi manage those matters?" laughed Cecil.

"Augh, copitally, sir! copitally! So much to the purpose, and no delay. They merely appear before a rabbi, and, stating their grievances, demand a writ of divorce, which he instantly hands to them; whereupon they mutually advance with great alocrety, as it is for the last time, and, spitting in each other's faces, exclaim with heartfelt sencerity, 'Accursed be he who shall ever attempt again to bring us together!' Augh, sir, it's a monsterous good law—monsterous good."

As soon as the laugh had subsided which Mr. M'Phin's energetic manner had given rise to, Marmaduke said,

"Well, but I don't understand how that tallies with the discovery of the Cabalists, who have found out that in the two Hebrew words signifying 'man' and 'woman' are contained two letters which together form one of the names of 'God;' but if these letters be taken away, there remain letters which signify 'fire.' Hence, argue they, we may find that, when man and wife agree together, and live in union, God is with them; but when they separate themselves from God, fire attends their path."

"All thot thot proves, sir," cried the unconvincible M'Phin, vehemently breaking the top of his third egg, "is, that St. Paul was wrong, and thot it's better to burn thon marry."

The rest of the party now arrived, all except the old lady, who declared "she was ashamed to face the servants after Mr. Town's conduct on the preceding night, especially in times like the present, when, from everything getting into the Sunday papers, no woman's character was safe!" This fact Sir Romulus announced with a laugh, which was echoed by every one present. Seeing him equipped for riding in a spenser and a pair of Hessians, Lady Bubble inquired, if he was going to ride with the girls, who were to ride with Colonel King and Captain Russell at half past one.

"Um—um—um, my dear, I can't; I have to attend that Algerine of a committee at two. We'll all be millionaires by-and-by, and, as soon as Town's submarine

railroad is finished, the struggle will be for people—not to keep their heads above water—but to get them under water.”

A groan from Mr. M’Phin.

“M’Phin,” continued Sir Romulus, “if you’ve a pencil about you, put that down; it will make a capital hit for my speech at the mayor’s dinner, where I intend to bring in Town’s plan.” And here Sir Romulus repeated slowly and sonorously, that a syllable might not be lost, waving his hand oratorically as he spoke, and finally clinching it, in order to conclude with a thump on the table: “Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen of the Corporation: the struggle will then—be—not—for—people to—keep—their—heads—*above*!—water—but—to get—them—*under*—water! Have you written it?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Very well; then just put ‘Cheers’ after it; it gives one spirits to go on; and, by means of a little wit and humour, I can make these Algerines do whatever I please!”

“Well, then, as Sir Romulus can’t ride with the girls, you will drive with me, Prudence; for I don’t like to let them ride with young men quite alone.”

“Oh dear! it surprises me beyond everything that you should ask me to do such a thing,” said Miss Prudence, twisting her fingers with a forty-fidget power, “when you know what to-morrow is!”

“No, I don’t; I’ve no idaya what you mean,” replied Lady Bubble.

“Oh dear! it’s perfectly ridiculous. I think some people would forget their mouth if it was not for their dinner!”

“What will to-morrow be, then?” asked Cecil, “for I don’t know either.”

“Oh dear! you are perfectly excusable in not knowing, for you’ve never been told: I’m confident, if you had, it’s not a thing you’d forget. But Lady Bubble does surprise me beyond everything! Why, I’ll tell you—to-morrow is the 29th of September, and my birthday; and it’s now three-and-twenty years—no, two-and-twenty—let me see—no, it is three-and-twenty years since I’ve always made it a rule to give myself a present on my birthday. Oh dear! I should now think it so unlucky if I didn’t. I assure you I mean what I say, and Lady Bubble knows I always buy it the day before;

therefore I am so surprised that she should think of asking me to drive with her in the pony phaeton, when she knows I'm going into Shrewsbury."

Cecil was almost suffocated with suppressed laughter at the idea of Miss Prudence's affectionate remembrance of herself, and anticipating precautions about her own birthday, which reminded him of a certain Queen Aterhatis who forbid her subjects ever to touch fish, lest, as she observed, with an uncommon degree of calculating forecast, "there should not be enough left to regale their sovereign!"

"I quite forgot that it was Prudence's birthday; so perhaps you'll drive with me, Lucretia?" said Lady Bubble.

"I shall be most happy," replied the amiable Lucretia; "for, on a fine autumnal day like this, with me,

'Excursive Fancy's even on the wing.'

"Augh'll trouble you for the other wing of that chicken then, mum, if you please," said Mr. M'Phin, holding out his plate, which was already like a miniature panorama of the Isles of Bones in China. Just as it was finally arranged that Lady Bubble and Miss Lucretia should chaperon the young ladies at an obliging distance in the pony chaise, and that Theresa, Cecil, and Marmaduke should accompany Miss Prudence in her shopping expedition to Shrewsbury, to assist her in choosing a birthday gift that should be worthy of herself, the letters and papers arrived.

"Oh! I'm so glad," cried Lady Bubble, announcing that she had had a letter from her brother, Colonel Manners, in India, whom she had not seen since he was twelve years old, and who was a rich bachelor, and brother to Theresa's father, Percy Manners, whose picture, dressed as Hamlet, hung on the stairs.

"Here's a letter from Lionel: he says he should so like to have one of his nieces sent out to him: he does not say which, as he writes in a great hurry, but promises to write again by the next ship; and that there are some Delhi scarfs and Bangolas lying for me at the India House. Will you write about them, dear?"

"Um—um—um, my dear," said Sir Romulus, taking a triple pinch of snuff, and looking up from the letter he was reading, "I can't be thinking of womankind and rattle-traps when the fate of the nation is at stake.

Here's a letter from Lord John; he says there must be a dissolution in the spring, and that it will therefore be better to begin canvassing, as it were, immediately, as it will seem more disinterested, and be infinitely more secure; he also says that the Algerine Whabble has been wavering for some time, and that I must try and clinch him by all means, as he can command four-and-twenty votes. I wish, my dear, you would call upon his calamity, and don't forget to say to her that a brevet will be out immediately, and that Lord John mentions it almost as a certainty that that distinguished officer, Major Whabble, will be included in it. Don't forget the word distinguished, because one must do things a little out of the common at election times; and let Nettletop know that Lord John comes down on Saturday."

Cecil did not know why, but he felt annoyed and uncomfortable at the idea of Lord John's arrival; for, independent of the way in which he knew he would drive him about to electioneer, a letter he had just received from his sister threw out a hint about Lord John's intending to make him his private secretary. This, were he ten times worse off, Cecil was determined to decline, as from his own political views he could not with honour accept such a post, because he could not conscientiously fill it. Gertrude ended her letter by saying that she had been up late at a ball at Lady Mornington's at Richmond, and that she had danced chiefly with Lord Mornington, on the strength of which Lady John had driven her into town that morning, and given her a new ball-dress at Devey's, trimmed with blush roses. Under the seal was written, "You never told me that Lord Mornington was at Eton with you; what sort of person is he?" Cecil was disappointed that he had not got a letter from another friend and schoolfellow of his, Frank Greville; he might have written to him at the present crisis, if it were only to tell him what was going on; but then he was a great deal with old Dragglesfar, and no doubt he had turned, with that respectable time-server, against him. Alas! Cecil had yet to learn, and a most disagreeable study it is, that half we ascribe to enmity in this world should be attributed to indifference; people are not thinking or troubling their heads about us; knowledge of the world does not so much prove to us that we have many enemies, as convince us that we

have few friends. Hundreds of persons, we are continually told, "speak most kindly" of us, who, nevertheless, would not walk across a room to serve or to right us; indeed, the great difference between friends and foes appears to be this: friendship, in nine cases out of ten, seems to act upon the worthy individual who professes it as a sort of moral paralysis, which prevents their stirring one inch to evince it; while, on the contrary, enmity contrives to strip both Mercury and Time of their wings to carry its feelings into action.

Sir Romulus and Mr. M'Phin having taken their departure for Mr. Town's committee, Lady Bubble having gone up stairs to get ready for her drive, and the carriage having come round to convey Miss Prudence, Theresa, and Cecil to Shrewsbury, while Kicksywick-sy was in attendance for Marmaduke, they also adjourned to put on their things, and shortly after set out, accompanied by Cosmo, who had begged to be of the party.

"Oh, dear! what should you advise me to get?" asked Miss Prudence, as soon as she was seated in the carriage.

"That depends upon what you yourself like," smiled Theresa.

"Oh! but I should like your opinion: I assure you I mean what I say: but I don't mean to go beyond twenty pounds. Now I've been thinking of a teapot."

"Why, the house positively swarms with teapots," said Theresa.

"Yes, but I think the tea would taste better if I had one of my own, you know. Oh! 'tis so different from other people's things; and Sampson has such a pretty one; I'm sure I should enjoy my tea out of it beyond everything! What do you think, Mr. Howard?"

But Mr. Howard, who was sitting opposite Miss Manners, with his arm listlessly slung through one of the holders, and his eyes riveted on that young lady's face, had to be appealed to twice before his understanding was sufficiently awakened to give his vote in favour of the teapot.

"And what do you think I'd better get, Cosmo, my dear?" said Miss Prudence, bending forward, and spreading her hands out over her knees, while the unfilled finger ends of her tea-coloured leather gloves wriggled about like the tails of lively leeches.

"Why, I think, aunt," drawled Cosmo, as if just

awaking from a profound sleep, opening his eyes very wide, and dropping his jaw, "I think, aunt, that you'd better get the most you can for your money."

"Oh dear! 'tis such a comfort to find him so sensible at his age! don't you think it is, Mr. Howard?"

"Very tormenting, indeed," said Cecil.

"I didn't say tormenting; I said it was a comfort; but you're like me, a little hard of hearing in a carriage; oh dear! I can feel for you there."

Cecil's martyred face looked as if it said "I'd rather you'd feel for me here, and let me alone."

Miss Prudence now began to fumble in her pocket, and at length withdrew from it a Russian-leather purse with a steel clasp, and, diving to the bottom of it with her finger and thumb, addressed her nephew with, "Cosmo, my love, what's the Latin for sixpence?"

Cosmo opened his mouth, but did not speak.

"What did the ancient Romans call it, my dear?" reiterated Miss Prudence, propounding the query in a more intelligible form.

"Oh," said Cosmo, "they had no sixpences."

"Nor mince-pies, I dare say, nor nothing; and yet, to hear Marmaduke talk about the ancients, oh! it provokes me beyond everything. Well, never mind, my dear; even if you can't translate it, you shall have the sixpence all the same." But Cosmo took the sixpence, and did translate it into—his pocket.

"Oh dear! now, I wish you would decide, Theresa," said Miss Prudence, as the carriage drove into Shrewsbury.

"I thought you had decided on the teapot," replied Theresa, with a smile.

"Yes, but I don't like to have all the responsibility on my head—oh dear! nor all the mud in my face!" cried Prudence, applying her pocket-handkerchief to remove a large splash of mud that Kicksywicksy had deposited on her nose as she galloped past the carriage, which drove to the Talbot to put up, as Miss Prudence preferred walking, that she might not, as she said, be hurried in her shopping. Cecil could not help thinking of the ostler and boots that had been hurled downward in Mrs. Jinks's "decline and fall," and inquired of the waiter how they were; the ostler was quite well, but boots was still lame.

"Are you going to the library, or are you coming
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with us?" said Cecil to Marmaduke, when he had finished giving his microscopic orders about Kicksywick-sy's comforts, gastronomic and personal.

"I mean to-day to devote myself to the 'mundus muliebris,' and go with you," replied Marmaduke, as he offered his arm to Prudence, to Cecil's great relief. The finest day that ever issued from the heavens, Miss Prudence never ventured ten yards without an umbrella; with the assistance of which and her brother's arm, she now trudged on to Mr. Sampson the jeweller's, while Cosmo brought up the rear, carrying a paper parcel, containing a cap of his aunt's, that she was going to leave at a milliner's to be altered; for, though she wore an Urling's lace sculcap of a morning, she always, as the Roman poet describes it, "built a head" of an evening, and wore a cap with a rampant border, which looked like half a sunflower endeavouring to imitate the Tower of Babel. In one shop the good lady had a paper of pins to buy, in another a yard of riband, in a third a sheet of sticking-plaister, and in a fourth a black-lead pencil, with which her nieces might have supplied her; but, "oh dear! she so much preferred having things of her own." All these important purchases, as the intelligent reader may easily suppose, took up a considerable time; but at length the Philistines appeared before Sampson, and every teapot in his shop was examined and re-examined ere Miss Prudence made up her mind to select the ugliest—a plain, unembossed one, strongly resembling an octagon box! Having desired Mr. Sampson to engrave her initials in cipher on it, and also the following inscription:

"THE GIFT OF PRUDENCE SOPHIA BUBBLE
To Herself, on her Birthday,
September 29th, 18—,"

she turned to Marmaduke and said, "Now I think you ought to give me a motto for it."

"Why, you hate Latin, or I would."

"Oh dear! I don't mind it on a teapot; it's very well in its place, you know; only I dislike it, beyond everything, to be talked about at meals!"

"Well, then, Mr. Sampson may engrave this upon it," said Marmaduke, writing on the back of a letter the following line from Terence:

"Tædet harum quotidianarum formarum."

Seeing Cecil laugh as he read it over Marmaduke's shoulder, Miss Prudence inquired what the meaning of it was.

"I fear," said he, "it would lose all its beauty if translated."

"Oh dear! but how am I to know what it's about."

"Very true," replied Marmaduke; "it means, I'm sick of this dull dose of daily trash."

"Oh dear! that will never do, 'cause 'tis so very false; for I enjoy my tea beyond everything!"

"Well, then, if you don't like that," said Marmaduke, "put 'Cupping done here' on it."

"Oh, how can you be so silly! 'tis such a bad example to Cosmo, to be sure. No, don't put anything, Mr. Sampson, if you please, only the inscription I told you."

"Very well, ma'am," bowed Mr. Sampson, as the party left the shop.

"Now, my dear," said Miss Prudence to Cosmo, "you'd like to go to the confectioner's, shouldn't you, to buy some kisses?"

Cosmo assented, with a look that clearly proved he would all his life have to purchase any kisses he might want; so, accordingly, to the confectioner's they proceeded. Mrs. Stafford, the confectioner, also sold Howqua's tea; and, at the time Miss Prudence and her party entered the shop, a tall, raw-boned, Amazonian-looking woman, in an expensive but much soiled silk dress, an Indian shawl equally ill used, and a flaunting scarlet-velvet bonnet, with a black feather in it, was making the following complaint, in a high-toned, vulgar voice, to Mrs. Stafford.

"Oh, Mrs. Stafford! that last tea which you sent over to Gorget Cottage was so bad that it was perfectly undrinkable."

"Indeed, ma'am! I'm very sorry for it: it must be a mistake: I'll change it with pleasure."

"Oh no," said the first speaker, "it's not worth while to do that, for it will do very well for the major and the children; but let me have some better now."

"Oh dear! well, now, that is really what I call a remarkable coincidence: you are buying tea, and I've been buying a teapot! now isn't it?" said Miss Prudence, as she walked up to, and shook hands with, Mrs. Whabble, for such the lady proved to be. Mrs. Whab-

ble was every inch an officer's wife; she talked barracks and looked bayonets; drilled her children daily, and cashiered her cook weekly; knew to an hour when Jackson "joined" or when Smith got a "step;" could tell to a bottle how many dozens of wine were drank at the mess, and to a whiff how many cigars were smoked in the barrack-yard. She never allowed a very smart dress or bonnet to remain in single blessedness more than three days among the female part of the corps, before she invariably appeared in a similar one; and though she took annual precautions to prevent the house of Whabble from becoming extinct, yet she was always declaring that she could not conceive how Nixon could allow his wife to go on so with Brown, or why Grabham did not insist upon Snooks marrying his daughter. Her maternal feelings were all wrapped up in swaddling-clothes. While her children were babies, Mrs. Whabble thought the sun ought to stand still, and the world retrograde on its axis for them; for she was a woman (and many such there be) who never cared to encounter "a grown up idea;" but, the moment they arrived at six or seven, to all except the pride of the family, her son James, kisses were exchanged for cuffs, and sugar-plums for scoldings. She was very fond of asking Lord Linden and Colonel King, the colonel and lieutenant-colonel of the regiment (the —— Lancers), to dinner; and, with genuine hospitality, thought nothing of giving four guineas for a haunch of venison on such occasions, which, with equally laudable economy, she made up for by keeping the major and the children on hashed mutton and rabbits for three weeks after. The only person she could not thoroughly conquer was Lady Linden, a beautiful, high-bred woman, who was content to encounter everything for her husband's sake except an intimacy with Mrs. Whabble. But for this Mrs. Jinks had a panacea, by telling her daughter to hold up her head, and not mind Lady Linden's airs; for one of these days she'd be a "colonel's lady too, and then she'd be as good as her." The only speck on the horizon of this bright vision was a doubt that would occasionally obtrude itself into her mind as to whether both nature and art had not made a marked distinction between majors and colonels, and whether she could put a colonel off with the scraps, cracked looking-glasses, and weak tea that did very well for a major. At all events, it

was a paradox; for, in this instance, the major was the minor consideration.

"How d'y'e do?" said Mrs. Whabble, returning Miss Prudence's salutation; "how is Lady Bubble, and Sir Romulus, and the young ladies?"

"Quite well, thank you. Oh, I enjoyed that cold pig at your house, the other day, beyond everything! I assure you I mean what I say."

"Ah, Mr. Bubble and Miss Manners—delighted to see you. What a handsome man, my dear! Is he an officer?"

"No," said Theresa, into whose cheeks Mrs. Whabble's exclamation had whispered the "eloquent blood."

"Then I'm sure he deserves to be," rewhispered Mrs. Whabble, looking field-marshal's at Cecil.

"Oh dear! Romulus has had a letter from Lord John this morning, and there's a message for you in it; but I've quite forgot what it is. Let me see—" continued Miss Prudence, looking down, and pausing in the very act of breaking a bun in two.

"For me?" said Mrs. Whabble; "impossible! for I have not the honour of knowing his lordship." (Mrs. Whabble always talked *Morning Post* and wrote *Court Journal*.)

"Oh, not to you, but something about you, or about the major, same thing, you know—man and wife's one flesh—Dr. Damnemall told us that on Sunday. Oh dear! he is such a good man! But how stupid I am, to be sure. Marmaduke, what was it that Lord John said in his letter about Major Whabble?"

But Marmaduke, who could most probably have described the exact thickness of Cicero's sandals, or, to a nicety, the shade of purple in Cæsar's toga; to a mullet what Horace had for supper; and to a drop how far the Nympha extended in the old Greek epigram on Bacchus, never could remember what had taken place within two hours, therefore veraciously replied,

"I don't know what you allude to."

"Oh dear! how can you say such a thing! Theresa, what was it Lord John said in his letter! Something about clinch—clinch votes; no—let me see—that was not it."

Now Theresa knew very well that Lady Bubble liked to do all the electioneering herself, and would be very angry if any one forestalled her in the flummerizing

department; and, not being malicious enough to let Miss Prudence "betray the secrets of the prison-house," by telling Mrs. Whabble that her husband was to be courted and coloneled in order to clinch his four-and-twenty votes, she replied that she too had forgotten; but that she knew her aunt meant to have the pleasure of calling upon Mrs. Whabble to-morrow.

Mrs. Whabble, of course, was always "proud" and "delighted" to see any of the Bubble family, which she perorated with another whisper in Theresa's ear, to beg she would introduce that handsome man to her, as he would be such an ornament to her party, and she meant to give one soon.

No sooner had the introduction taken place, than Cecil, not knowing well what to say, said he believed he had had the honour of travelling with two members of her family; he hoped Mrs. Jinks had recovered from the effects of her fall, and that Master Whabble had got rid of the cold in his head; which last hope was perfectly sincere, as the electioneering might, and most probably would, again bring him in contact with that interesting youth. From the grateful compliments that issued on the part of Mrs. Whabble, capped with a regret that Mr. Howard should have found James so backward in arithmetic—which she hoped would not always be the case, as a friend of hers, Mrs. Town, who was a great phrenologist, assured her that he had the organ of calculation very fully developed—Cecil perceived that she mistook him for Mr. Simpson; and, however flattering such a mistake might have been to his vanity, the integrity of his character prevented him from ever taking credit upon false pretences. He therefore lost no time in undeceiving her; whereupon Mrs. Whabble revealed that James had confessed that he liked the other gentleman much the best, as he had not teased him by talking to him. Cecil begged of Mrs. Whabble to convey his assurance to her son, that, should he ever again have the happiness of meeting him, he should carefully pursue the same line of conduct, in the hope of retaining his good opinion; which Mrs. Whabble said she was sure James must be most grateful for and flattered at; after which the party separated. But "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and again, in the street, Miss Prudence reiterated her grateful reminiscences of the cold pig; but, unfortunately, as she

did so, standing on the edge of the pavement, her foot slipped, and occasioned her the bore of falling backward into the mud. Now Junius has very truly observed, that "it is only the partiality of friends that balances the defects of the heart with the superiority of the understanding." With equal truth it might have been said, on the present occasion, that it was only the partiality of the friends that balanced the superiority of the heart with the defects of the *understanding*; for, although Mrs. Whabble fully appreciated the gratitude of Miss Prudence's heart in again alluding to the cold pig, still the little boys, yea, and the little girls too, who witnessed her "*faux pas*," set up an unfeeling laugh at the weakness of her ankles.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed she, when she had regained her equilibrium, "I do dislike stumbling, especially in the mud, beyond everything."

Mrs. Whabble endeavoured to console her with the assurance that she never should find Gorget Cottage without a pig whenever she honoured it with her presence. Whatever put it into Mr. Howard's head to make such a remark, I know not, but he, "*à propos des bottes*," exclaimed,

"Then it is not your intention to send Master Whabble back to school again?"

"Oh yes it is, poor dear," said his tender mother; "he's only at home for a short time. He spent the Midsummer holidays with his grandmamma in London; and, getting the measles, I thought country air would be good for him; but he returns to town in a fortnight. Dear me, perhaps you may be going back about that time, Mr. Howard! If so, it would be delightful for James and my mother—"

"No, no," said Cecil, with a mental "thank God!" "I have no intention of leaving Shropshire just yet."

As he said this, his eyes and Theresa's met; and whether from that circumstance, or from what he had said about remaining in Shropshire, he knew not, but he thought the blush on her cheek looked a peculiarly happy one. Ah, happy age! ere the feelings have shared the fate of the German wanderer,* and lost their shadows; those shadows which make the faces of the young so beautiful, when the heart is

* Peter Schlemel.

"Like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or wo,
And, turning, trembles too!"

Mrs. Whabble had walked on a few yards, when Miss Prudence followed her, and, again standing on the edge of that dangerous precipice, the pavement, assured her that she should be most happy to give her tea, any evening, out of her new teapot; and then added, "Don't have a pig roasted this week, because I promised to go and dine with Dr. and Mrs. Damnemall, in the family way."

Now it so happened that, while Miss Prudence was making this interesting communication to her friend, a drove of the swinish multitude, whose roasted infancy she so much delighted in, passed close behind her, and one of them, grunting up to her, and poking its head between her heels, would again have occasioned her an epileptic fit, had she not, in falling backward, come in contact with her nephew, who pushed her forward against Mrs. Whabble. Nevertheless, the mob, especially the pig-driver, began to laugh and hiss most vociferously.

"Never mind," laughed Marmaduke, "it is only your initiation into the classics, my dear Prudence, for you are now fairly enrolled among the 'epicuri de grege porcos' of Horace."

"Claudian has described the scene," whispered Cecil, smiling, "in his account of the combats of the wild beasts and gladiators; don't you remember,

*'Illa pavet strepitus, cuneosque erecta theatri
Despicit, et tanti miratur sibila vulgi!'*"

"Ha! ha! ha! exactly so; or, as Colonel King says, just so—just so—a," said Marmaduke.

"Oh dear! how can you both be talking Latin," whimpered Miss Prudence, "when I've been so nearly rolled in the mud by those horrid pigs?"

"Why, it is throwing pearls before swine, certainly," replied Marmaduke.

"Oh dear! it is your coming out with Greek and Latin on all occasions, let what will happen, that makes me dislike it beyond everything. Oh dear, dear! how very tiresome! I'm all over mud!"

"Never mind," said Marmaduke; "you are not the Roman Senate, which Cicero said 'should be pure from

all blemish, and an example of manners to all the other orders of the city.'”*

“And I’m sure you are no example of manners,” replied Miss Prudence, tartly, “to be always talking about the Romans—a set of people no one knows anything about. Oh, dear! ’tis so different from Dr. Damnemall, who must know more of the Romans than you, on account of having to abuse the Roman Catholics professionally; and yet no one ever hears him say a word about them, except in the pulpit, when he gives out the lessons, if they happen to be one of Paul’s Epistles to the Romans.”

The conclusion of this lecture from Miss Prudence found them at the gates of “The Talbot,” where Marmaduke put an end to all farther discussion by ordering Kicksywicksy and the carriage round immediately.

As they were entering the house, a poor, miserable, half-starved looking man, dressed in rusty black, which, though threadbare, was, nevertheless, scrupulously brushed, was standing against the doorway. His cheeks were hollow, and his features and eyes very handsome, although the charnel hues of death seemed already glaring in them. Notwithstanding the squalid poverty of his appearance, he was evidently the dregs of a gentleman. He cast an eager yet furtive glance at the party, and seemed watching till they had all passed but Theresa, when, in a hurried and mysterious manner, while a crimson spot suddenly glowed in one cheek, he put a note into her hand, and Cecil distinctly heard him say, in a low and hollow voice,

“If you refuse, my life is not worth a pin’s fee!”

“Go,” murmured she, hastily, and in evident confusion; “I’ll send you an answer.”

The man instantly obeyed and vanished, but whether through the earth or wall, Cecil knew not; for all he saw was the nervous, excited embarrassment of Theresa’s manner, who seemed not to have even the presence of mind to utter a single word. Here, then, was a whole year’s misery and mystery, ready made for his use, without Mr. Howard’s having the trouble of inventing or imagining a single particle of it. What clandestine intercourse could Miss Manners (for she

* “*Censores probrum in senatu ne reliquant, Is ordo vitio caret. Ceteris specimen esto.*”

Cic., de Leg., iii.

was no longer even thought of as Theresa) have with such a disreputable-looking man! Alas! with the best and kindest of us, poverty and disreputability are often confounded, and what wonder when poverty is (both on vice, its paternal, and misfortune, its maternal side) first cousin to suspicion; and, to Cecil's heated imagination, the keenness of famine, which had glared in the stranger's eyes as he fixed them upon Miss Manners, seemed the look of authorized and exacting love! Then her unconcealable confusion; her hurried, "Go; I'll send you an answer." Oh, yes, it was all clear as noonday! the young, the beautiful, the clever, the apparently ingenuous Theresa Manners, was, in reality, an artful, designing, degraded woman, carrying on a clandestine engagement with some low man, unknown to her family. Thank Heaven! he had not played the fool by declaring his love, which might have had the honour of playing second to that of the person he had just seen. Here, then, was poor Theresa invested with a very tolerable catalogue of crimes, by Mr. Howard's vivid imagination, in the short space of half a minute. Dear reader! I can only hope that you have not joined in the conspiracy against her; as, indeed, she does not deserve that you should. Tears in her eyes, too! What deceit! what wickedness! She is capable of anything!

"Mr. Howard," said Miss Manners, in a voice that sounded as innocently as though she had been the best person in the world, "may I trouble you to tell one of the waiters to bring me a pen and ink and some paper—into this room," added she, turning into a small room off the passage, the door of which was open.

"Oh, certainly, certainly! Perhaps you'd like me to take it to him!" replied Cecil, in a dry, deliberate, sarcastic tone, his arms folded, and his eyes glaring fearfully as he spoke, while his cheeks and lips were perfectly bloodless.

"Take what? Good God!" said Theresa, raising her eyes to the wild, haggard face before her, "you are not well!"

"Ha! ha! ha! perfectly well. I have come to my senses, and never was better. What may I have the honour of doing for Miss Manners?"

"Dear Mr. Howard! indeed you are not well; do sit down, and let me send for a physician!" and Theresa drew a chair, and, placing her hand upon his arm, en-

treated him to take it. Cecil recoiled as though an adder had stung him; and then, looking for a moment at her anxious, nay, almost agonized face, he flung himself into the chair, and, burying his face in his hands, stammered out,

"Oh! Miss Manners! can you forgive me? I am a wretch—a madman—a brute!"

"You are ill—very ill," said Theresa; and, as she spoke, one large hot tear fell on Cecil's hand.

"Oh, this is too much," cried he, kissing it off; "will you—can you ever—"

"Theresa! Theresa!" called Marmaduke, at the foot of the stairs; and, two minutes after, he entered the room, followed by Prudence, who expressed all sorts of wonders at her not having followed them up stairs.

"Mr. Howard was taken very ill," said Theresa, with a deep blush and much confusion of manner; which, strange to say, Cecil did not think argued the slightest deceit or want of candour.

"I am much better now, thank you," said he, still retaining a languid air, to confirm Miss Manners's statement.

"My dear fellow!" said Marmaduke, feeling his pulse as he spoke, "you'd much better let me send for Churchill, for you appear to me to be in a high fever; your pulse is going a sort of railroad pace."

"No, it's nothing—indeed, I'm quite well now," replied Cecil, rising, and walking hastily over to the window; from which he returned, however, almost as hastily, to ring the bell for the pen, ink, and paper Miss Manners had requested him to order some time before, and which had been the innocent cause of all his recent indisposition.

"Oh dear! you do look prodigious pale," said Miss Prudence. "I'll tell you what, I'm confident it arises from fasting so long; now I'm sure, if you'd have a couple of dozen of oysters and some bottled porter, you'd feel quite different in yourself: I always take them every day before dinner to give me an appetite; and, I assure you, I enjoy them beyond everything!"

As an oyster may be crossed in love, why should not an Oxonian? Cecil, half sighing, half swearing, thanked Miss Prudence for her advice, but declined it.

"Well, if you won't let me send for Churchill," said

Marmaduke, "the carriage is at the door, and Kicksywicksy don't like to be kept waiting."

"I must keep you two minutes longer," said Theresa, "while I write a note."

"Make haste, then," said Marmaduke; "and, waiter, let my pony be put up again till I ring—and send Master Bubble here."

Cecil, despite his momentary contrition and self-reproach for his late suspicions, would have given the world, had such things been admissible, to have looked over Theresa's shoulder to see how she began her note, who it was to, and what it was about: but this being impossible, he came to the resolution that "to-morrow" should, "*conte qui conte*," decide his fate; that he would declare his love, his poverty, and his prospects, his hopes, his fears; and then he would have a right to ask, and, what was infinitely more to the purpose, to know, who the man in black was; and what that odious note was about; and, in the mean while, not to worry himself, if possible; yet the very next minute he asked Miss Manners if he should take the note out for the waiter to send, and felt exceedingly doubtful and indignant when she thanked him, and said she would do it herself.

As Miss Prudence got into the carriage, she declared she was half starved, and should enjoy her dinner beyond everything! after which she closed her eyes in quest of sleep. And, as Cosmo followed her example, Mr. Howard had a good opportunity (as far as the twilight would permit him to see it) of gazing on Miss Manners's face; which, from sundry anxious looks she bestowed on him, he thought had never looked more lovely.

On arriving at Bubble Hall, she contrived, however, to commit a fresh misdemeanour; for, upon looking at the cards upon the hall table, and seeing Mr. Stuart Vernon's among them, she said, "Oh, so Mr. Vernon has been here! he's rather an agreeable person."

"So you appeared to think," replied Cecil, in a voice whose asperity was nothing softened by the sudden recollection of the man in black. Neither was his troubled spirit at all allayed at hearing that it was so late when the young ladies returned from their ride, that Lady Bubble had asked Colonel King and Captain Russell to stay dinner, as he felt by no means inclined

to endure a sitting with them afterward. However, as no animal in the creation but a husband can be always out of humour, he rallied during the evening; and when Theresa, at Lucy's request, sang "The Bashful Lover," as a hint to Colonel King, she sang the two lines,

"Though I swear to adore her each morning I rise,
Yet, when once I'm before her, all my eloquence flies!"

so harshly, that Mr. Howard took it as a personal reflection on himself, and doubly resolved that it should lose its application by to-morrow.

CHAPTER VII.

"Dormez-vous, monsieur? pour moi je ne ferme pas l'œil, et cette manière d'alonger ma vie me déplaît fort."

Lettres de MADAME DU DEFFAND.

"With so high reverence and observence,
As well in speeche as in his contenance,
That Gawain with his old curtesie,
Though he were come agein out of faerie,
Ne coude him not amenden with a word."

CHAUCER.

EARLY RISING NOT ALWAYS THE WAY TO GROW HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO THE NINTH PART OF A MAN.—MR. M'PHIN MEETS WITH AN INEXPRESSIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.—ILLNESS, ITS EFFECTS ON DIFFERENT PERSONS.—MISS PRUDENCE EVINCES WONDERFUL FORESIGHT IN THE CELEBRATION OF HER BIRTHDAY.—A LETTER—HOPES AND FEARS.—MR. HOWARD UNEXPECTEDLY OBTAINS A PRIZE.

WHEN once a man, or woman either, are fairly "in for it," their thoughts find that their hearts, like the enchanted mule in the fairy tale, are sure to carry them, without guide or rein, unerringly to their destination. When Theresa went to bed on the night of her return from Shrewsbury, she could not sleep; her thoughts were continually reverting to Cecil's evident anger and agitation at her meeting with the stranger at the inn. "If," said she, "he did not care for me, what could I

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be to him who I met or what I did! But why was I so silly as to cry when I thought he was ill! How contemptible I must have appeared to him! yet no: his manner changed, and became kinder afterward. To-night, too, when my aunt asked him to sing, he refused; yet, the moment I asked him, he did so;" and with this reflection she became perfectly happy.

When the Hindoo girls invoke the Indian Cupid, Man-maden (a very appropriate name, by-the-by), they float rose-leaves down the Ganges, and augur their future weal or wo, that is, their chances for or against propitiating the god, in proportion as the current impels the leaves forward or drives them back; and do we not all test the wayward deity after the same fashion! for, from the moment we upraise an altar to him in our hearts, is it not the merest trifles floating on the surface of life's current which furnish our stock of hopes and happiness, or misery and despair, during every day and night of our existence! When once a woman has made the discovery that she loves, her only goal—the one point she steers to—is the affection of her lover. Having discovered and explored this new and mighty world, she has no room for monitory or admonitory calculations; after reaching the certainty of being loved, all else is a sort of moral polar boundary, beyond which the universe of her imagination cannot extend. Never, at the onset, does fear of the leper Poverty scare from the holy temple of a woman's heart those gentle spirits that preside over it; and when, towards the vespers of her worship, Reason points out the danger of its vicinity, it is always for another she dreads the contagion, not for herself. While at the first a man shrinks from it, till, impelled by a stronger feeling, he gradually contemplates it with calmness and resignation; till, after eventually inviting it to his home, he is often the first, and, it may be, the only one to complain of its presence and writhe under its effects. But, to return, all lovers, like Hamlet, eat of "the chameleon's dish, the air," and apparently it is a light and nutritious food for their complaint. But no sooner has that great homœopathist, Marriage, with its small daily doses of poison, wrought an effectual cure (as in nine cases out of ten it does), than the patient, or, more properly speaking, the impatient, requires more substantial fare; and wo to the time when sighs and sonnets are superseded by cross

looks and cold words, "vice" money and matton absent without leave.

However, all this never once entered Theresa's head; for she was too busy wondering whether Cecil was sleeping or waking: if the former, was he dreaming of her! and if the latter, was he thinking of her! These were difficult solutions to achieve; consequently, six in the morning found Miss Manners wide awake, in a burning fever, and with a violent headache. Poor Cecil! he had risen at eight, in order to brace his nerves with a sufficient quantum of fresh morning air prior to the portentous communication he had to make to her. Having stripped the gardens of the very few flowers which autumn had left them, and robbed the conservatory to better effect, he repaired to the breakfast-room, determined to meet Theresa, and decide his fate before any one else was down. Alas! breakfast was not even laid; to be sure, it was only half past nine, and the earliest breakfast ever remembered at Bubble Hall had begun at eleven. But still breakfast should have been laid; very tiresome if they came fussing in and out of the room with things when Theresa came down—servants are so confoundedly stupid!

Having uttered this truth aloud, Mr. Howard, being, like all clever people, a person of great resource, opened one of the buffets, and toiled away the time till half past ten by breaking an ostrich egg, indenting the filigree of a modest, unoffending little Turkish coffee-cup, that had ensconced itself far behind an Archangel bowl, hoping, no doubt, by so doing, to live and die in peace; cramming the bowl of a hookah full of mignonette; winding a curious old German hunting-horn, and violently bobbing the head of a China mandarin till it rolled at his feet. Just as this decapitation had taken place, Mr. M'Phin entered the room, his hands behind his back, his eyes bent on the ground, and, in short, looking so melancholy that Cecil could not but ask him if anything had occurred.

"Eh—no—yes—that is—no," replied Mr. M'Phin, without raising his eyes, but removing his hands from behind his back as he spoke, and mechanically putting them into the pockets of his trousers, and turning the aforesaid empty appendages inside out. "No, nothing, absolutely nothing," continued he; "thot's the order of the day, sir."

"By-the-by," said Cecil, "I think you mentioned, some time ago, that you had some Submarine Railroad shares to sell. Is it so? for a Yankee acquaintance of mine, upon my telling him of Mr. Town's plan as one of the European wonders, expressed himself, in a letter I got from him the other day, anxious to purchase them. Have you any?"

"Eh, plenty—he's welcome! Would all New-York like ony, think you?" cried Mr. M'Phin, with greater animation than he had yet evinced. "I neever knew thot the Americans were so easily—I mean to say, so enterprising, sir."

"Oh, they're the greatest vapourers in the world."

"Eh, then they are accustomed to have all their speculations end in smoke?"

"Of course, when steam is the aim and object of their lives," responded Cecil.

"I'll go and get the shares for you instanter," said Mr. M'Phin, about to leave the room for that purpose.

"Archy Dunn, the tailor, sir, if you please, from Dunderhead Common, is below, and says you appointed him to be here this morning," said Harding, opening the door as Mr. M'Phin was about to exit.

"Eh, and so augh did; but I've hod occasion to alter my intentions since; however, let him come up. Poor Archy Dunn!" continued Mr. M'Phin, turning to Cecil when the servant left the room, "he's a Perthshire mon, sir, a countrymon of mine; was starving when he came to this perts of the world, and I set him up in business on Dunderhead Common, just within a blink of the Pug and Primrose pooblic-hoose, where ye hard of Tony Fine, the londlady's husband, cutting his throat the other day. Well, augh assure ye, sir, Archy's by no means flagitious for a country proctitioner, as is proved by the great custom he has got. He maks for me, sir, three churchwardens, and the workhouses of two parishes; and Mr. Bubble was gude enough to get from him thot vary tasty shooting-jocket ye saw him in the first morning after yer arrival. If ye would employ him, sir, his fortune would be made; and I'm sure, after what I've told ye, ye cannot doobt his giving ye sotsifaction."

Whatever Cecil's doubts or certainties might be on this matter, he merely replied, with a smile, that he thought the very name of Dunn was detrimental to a

tailor. Mr. M'Phin was about to observe, that if he had been christened William, which, in the endearments of friendship, could not have failed to degenerate into Bill, and that, had it appeared in conjunction with the name of Dunn, it might indeed have proved a fatal barrier to his prospects of advancement as a decorator of the human figure. But, before he had time to shape this defence into words, the door opened, and the subject of their conversation appeared, bobbing his head up and down, by way of a bow, much after the fashion of that illustrious hero Mr. Punch, when he is successfully endeavouring to avoid the civilities of Mr. John Ketch.

Mr. Archibald Dunn, formerly of four pair of stairs, Mull Lane, Perth, and presently of No. 3, third and last house on Dunderhead Common, was rather below than above the middle size; his hair was sandy, his face long and pale, and much pitted with the smallpox. Whether panic-struck at the window-tax or from any other motive of economy, I know not, but nature had closed up one eye, whereupon the other thought it incumbent on it to be doubly vigilant, and blinked incessantly; his nose had also been suppressed, and, from being as flat as Salisbury Plain, was scarcely visible to the naked eye; his mouth was small and close, like one of his own button-holes, while his upper lip was long, and deeply indented like a water-spout; one ear was very large and very red (evidently having purloined all the colour intended for his cheeks); the other might have been large too, but that a considerable piece was missing from the top, which, from the triangular shape of the deficit, looked as if his own shears had snipped it off by mistake, that there might be no cause for jealousy between his figure and his face; one shoulder was considerably higher than the other; his chest sunk inward; his limbs were long, though his body was short; his knees always looked as if they were going to whisper to each other, and his feet (one of which was a club-foot) had, from the force of habit, acquired the same cross look, whether standing or walking, that they had when reposing on his own workboard. To add to the grace of his appearance, he wore a white beaver hat, much too small for his head, very round, and embellished with a piece of black crape, which did for all family mournings as they occurred; a pepper-and-salt jacket, with very short skirts, and large, plain, bright, flat silver

buttons, like unstamped shillings; a white *Marshall* waistcoat, with black sprigs upon it; a blue bird's-eye handkerchief round his throat; the sleeves of his coat always very short, as he said it left his hands more liberty to take patterns; an example, without the same motive, which his brown corduroy trousers followed, to the full display of a very thick pair of half boots, laced up the front with the same material. Now it so happened that Mr. M'Phin, in the liberality of his heart and zeal to serve his "protégé," often ordered articles of dress which prudence afterward, in the attenuated form of an empty purse, compelled him to counter-order; on all such occasions he was particularly affable and complimentary to Archy, endeavouring, at the same time, to heal the disappointment by procuring him another customer. Indeed, if the truth must be told, many was the inkstand he had upset accidentally on purpose, prior to these counter-orders, over Cosmo's unoffending nankeens and white waistcoats, in pretended violence at some expediently got up piece of stupidity on the part of that exemplary youth; but such was Mr. M'Phin's innate sense of justice, that, no sooner was the ink safely deposited, than he would discover his mistake, and instantly apologize and atone for his error by "prating of the whereabouts" of sundry orchards to the west of Dunderhead Common, or roundly assert his knowledge of the locale of three owls' nests, assuring Cosmo that, if he could but contrive to eat three owls' eggs a day for a month, he would rival Solomon in wisdom!

Cosmo was determined to try the experiment; the only difficulty was in getting the eggs; were they but once obtained, he would commence wiseacre "ab ovo."

The cause of Mr. Archibald Dunn's present appearance arose from a determination formed by his patron the day before, to celebrate Lord John Bubble's advent with a pair of black kerseymere epigrams, which he had resolved to impress upon Archy should be fine, soft, and elegantly turned—why or wherefore, Heaven only knows; but Mr. M'Phin had taken it into his head that it would be disrespectful to appear before a cabinet minister in any other costume. Perhaps his prophetic spirit whispered that the best way to get on with the Whigs is to show as much of the calf as possible; be this as it may, he had resolved that Archy should be the

favoured master of the ceremonies that should have the honour of introducing him to Lord John; and nothing but some very untoward pecuniary intelligence which he had received that morning could have caused him to curtail his intentions, instead of his garments.

"Eh! Archy, hauld up yer head, mon. Augh've been recommending ye to this gentlemon, Mr. Hooard. Augh hop ye've hod an eye to the poor-law commeeSSIONERS' coats when they've been at Dunderhead; for, coming from London, Mr. Hooard is opt to be particular."

Archy replied with great modesty and truth, blinking and bobbing all the while, "that he did not know what Mr. Hooard's expectations might be, but three lods hod been possed from London to the Dunderhead union-workhouse lost week, and they declared they hod never been fitted sae weel before, os his were the first clathe gear they'd ever hod. But, sir," added Mr. Dunn to his patron, "as in duty boond, I must tak your orders first, and then I shall be hoppy to sarve this gentlemon;" and, as he spoke, he drew from his pocket an interminable measure, and threw it out behind Mr. M'Phin, as though he was going to harpoon a whale.

"Ahem! ahem! oh Archy, ye see, augh won't have them just yet."

"What may ye hove been contemplating, sir?"

"Why, a pair of block smallclothes, Archy."

"Ond what pette of your dress might they be?" interrogated Archy, sending his one eye from the sole of Mr. M'Phin's foot to the top of his head, when, naturally tired after so very long a journey, it subsided into a blink, accompanied by a smiling elongation of his button-hole mouth.

"Archy! Archy! those may laugh that win," frowned his patron; "ond my winnings to-day are not sufficient to season the remembrance of the best joke that ever was heerd."

"Sir," said Archy, assuming a solemn look and tone, "it is not in mortals to command success, as my father, whom ye ken weel was a schoolmaster, used to observe; but you do mair, ye desearve it; and I can only say, win or lose, I shall be hoppy to mak for you at all times."

"Thank you, Archy, thank you," said Mr. M'Phin, walking away, much moved by Archy's disinterestedness, while Cecil resolved upon losing no time (through

Theresa's assistance) of finding out some man, poor enough and patient enough, to allow Mr. Dunn to exercise his talents upon him; and, telling Archy that "he should soon transmit some orders to him," the latter boo'd himself out of the room with many thanks.

"Mr. Dunn! Mr. Dunn!" cried Cecil, as Archy was leaving the room.

"At your sarvice, sir," said Archy, returning.

"Is not Gorget Cottage, where Major Whabble lives, near Dunderhead Common?"

"Ainly a motter of twa miles or thereaboot, sir, from it."

"Well, then," said Cecil, with a face grave and dignified as that of a judge, "I wish you would call there, ask to see Mrs. Jinks and Mrs. Whabble, and say that I took the liberty of sending you, merely to tell them that the pelisses mostly worn by ladies of fashion now in London are pepper-and-salt coloured cloth, like your jacket, braided with black. Lady Davenent," continued he, writing the names on a card as he spoke, "the Duchess of Honiton, Lady Mary Marsham, Lady Lucy Leitrim, the Duchess of Arlington, and the young Fitznoodles, her sons, all wear them, and I think they would be particularly becoming to Mrs. Jinks and Mrs. Whabble."

"Eh, sir," exclaimed Archy, throwing up his hands, and, at the same time, bowing down to the ground, "I don't doot but yer as gude os Miss Manners, God bless her! who got me to make a reegemental hobit for Mrs. Whabble; but I suppose she thinks it too gude to wear, as I neever see her in it."

"Well, I shall be sadly disappointed if I don't see her in the pepper-and-salt pelisse," said Cecil, "and you may tell her so."

"Mony, mony thanks, sir; I'll not fail." And this time Archy bowed himself out of the room in good earnest, delighted at the anticipated harvest he should reap at Gorget Cottage.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Cecil, flinging himself back in his chair as soon as he thought Archy was out of hearing; "Mrs. Jinks and her daughter will never be proof against all the duchesses and countesses I have traduced into pepper-and-salt cloth pelisses! and your poor friend will make his fortune."

"The Lord grant it may be so!" said Mr. M'Phin, ab-

stractedly, as he paced up and down the room, with his hands again behind his back, and his eyes again bent upon the floor; "but, eh! sir, fortunes are easier marred than made."

The servants now came to lay the breakfast, and, seeing that Mr. M'Phin had no intention either of conversing or of leaving the room, Cecil recollected that Theresa must pass through the hall, and therefore repaired thither, and began pushing about the billiard balls; but, strange to say, one after another appeared, but Theresa did not appear. Cecil was growing almost angry from disappointment: she should have known by intuition that he had been up since eight o'clock, and meant to propose for her. At length, as much to avoid Miss Prudence's remonstrances about remaining in the hall when breakfast was ready, as to pursue a dignified line of conduct, he returned into the breakfast-room.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Prudence, as soon as she was seated, "how very late Theresa is this morning; I never knew her so before; I take it particklar unkind of her not to be up in time to wish me joy on my birthday; I assure you I mean what I say. Now I should have been down half an hour ago, but that I always say an extra prayer for myself on my birthday. Oh dear! I think it is only what is due to the Almighty. I'm confident, Mr. Howard," continued she, looking virgin-thorns at poor Lady Bubble, "that you won't forget my birthday, Michaelmas day, 29th of September; every one celebrates it; always a goose at table, you know, on Michaelmas day; so it's nonsense, people pretending to forget it. Now 'tis a most remarkable circumstance, that we are all born on a particklar day: I on the 20th of September; Romulus the first of April; Marmaduke on Christmas day; Lucretia on the anniversary of the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. Doctor Damnemall explained to us how this was. Lucy on the 29th of May: King Charles and the Oak, you know; Betsy on Shrove Tuesday, pancake-day; and Cosmo on St. Swithin's day; which I've always maintained, and always shall maintain, in spite of all the faculty, is the reason why he cried so prodigiously when a baby. Oh dear! here's my new teapot; I shall enjoy my tea out of it beyond everthing; but I must say, 'tis remarkably remiss in Theresa not being down in time to-day, of all days in the year."

Cecil silently coincided in this opinion, and Lady Bubble told Fenton to send up word to Miss Manners that they were waiting breakfast. A message was instantly returned: "Miss Manners's love to her ladyship, and she had such a bad headache she should not come down to breakfast." It is to be supposed this intelligence made Mr. Howard very uncomfortable; for he certainly ate no breakfast, and continued silent. Mr. M'Phin was equally taciturn, though not equally abetmious. Marmaduke was not up. Miss Lucretia kept her room, to finish a birthday ode to her sister, which began,

"Joy to thee, dearest sister P.,
A gray-goose quill I pluck for thee,
To make your name on British shores,
Bright as your nice new teapot pours."

Sir Romulus was even more pompous and profound than usual, with innumerable slips of written paper attached together with red wafers, which he was bumbling over with much intenseness. The old lady was pocketing some dry toast, which she said agreed with her better at dinner than bread, and which she also declared she liked better out of that dimity oven than when fresh made! so that the meal passed off almost in silence, after Miss Prudence's harangue, except by a laugh created at Cecil's saying to Lady Bubble, when her sleeve was in her tea, "Lady Bubble, your Theresa is in your cup!" After breakfast, Cecil wandered from room to room, and from passage to passage, till at length he met Stephens, Lady Bubble's maid, of whom he inquired how Theresa was.

"Why, indeed, sir, I think she's very poorly—very poorly indeed, poor thing; she cannot raise her head from her pillow. I tell my lady that she ought to send for Dr. Churchill."

"Good God! and has she not?" said Cecil.

"Not yet, sir; she says she will by-and-by, if she don't get better."

Cecil waited to hear no more; but, rushing out of the house, was the next moment in the stable. Finding no one there, he himself saddled a hunter, and in less than twenty minutes was galloping through Shrewsbury, and never drew bridle but to ask where Dr. Churchill lived. Having been informed, and luckily finding the worthy doctor's carriage at the door, he hurried him into it, and

back to Bubble Hall immediately. Cecil, who had galloped on before, and left his horse in the stable, entered the house in a dreadful state of excitement at the snail's pace he decided the doctor was coming. If horses had but wings to their heels, made of lover's hearts, how they would fly! In the hall he met Lady Bubble sailing through it.

"You've no idaya, Mr. Howard, how ill Theresa is! I'm going to send for Dr. Churchill." But, as she spoke, the doctor's carriage drove up.

"Oh, Dr. Churchill," said Lady Bubble, "you've come at a most 'à propos' time; you've no idaya how ill poor Miss Manners is!"

Dr. Churchill was too much a man of the world to say he'd been sent for when he found that that fact was not known, and compared it with the agony of Mr. Howard's looks; but merely replied,

"Then, if your ladyship will allow me, I'll go to Miss Manners directly. Has she been long ill?"

"Only since this morning. She was perfectly well yesterday, but did not come down to breakfast to-day; and I have been with her just now, and found her in a high fever."

"Dear me! that's very sad," said the doctor, as Cecil mechanically followed him and Lady Bubble up stairs. Theresa's room was within three doors of his own; and, when the doctor and Lady Bubble had closed the door, he paced up and down the passage for a quarter of an hour, till they reappeared.

"Well, doctor?" said he, darting forward; and another word he could not utter, had worlds depended on it. But the doctor felt, from the tone in which those were spoken, that life and death hung upon his answer.

"Sir, Miss Manners is young, has a fine constitution, and I have no doubt, in a short time, we shall have the pleasure of seeing her perfectly re-established, and, indeed, better than before her illness."

"And what is her malady?" asked Cecil.

"Why, sir—but—I assure you—and I would not deceive you—there is no positive danger—it is the small-pox."

"Good heavens! the smallpox! How on earth could she get it?"

"Sir, Miss Manners is a very amiable young lady; spends half her time among the poor, rendering them

every service in her power; and it is to be feared that in some of her charitable visits she may have caught it. But," added the doctor, considerably, "having been vaccinated three times, I feel certain she won't be marked."

"The poor!" murmured Cecil; and he thought of the man in black, and hated and suspected him more than ever, thinking he was the member of the poor from whom she had caught this terrible malady.

"I shall send a nurse back immediately on my return home," resumed Dr. Churchill, "and I have no doubt that a few days will see her out of even the shadow of danger; but, at all events, I'll look in again myself this evening."

To judge from the cordial manner in which Mr. Howard shook Dr. Churchill's hand, it would have appeared as though he had been inoculated from Mr. Simpson in the art of forming sudden friendships, especially as he added, at the hall door, "I hope we shall see you early in the evening?"

Great was the commotion that Miss Manners's illness created at Bubble Hall when it was known to be the smallpox. Among the household it was unalloyed regret, and a fear that her beauty would be spoiled. Among the family—all except Marmaduke, whom nothing could keep out of Theresa's room, and Mr. M'Phin, who offered, with tears in his eyes, to sit up with the poor dear young lady all night, and even to co-operate with Mademoiselle Perpignon in attending her, if such a sacrifice were necessary—an unmitigated fear of infection was the only feeling displayed. Sir Romulus instantly wrote to put off Lord John, especially as he had again written to say that he should bring Lady John and their little girl with him. Lady Bubble, her daughters, son, Miss Lucretia, and the old lady, lost no time in conveying themselves down to the steward's house; but, as it was only two miles at the other end of the park, neither Sir Romulus nor Miss Prudence (following her name) thought that far enough removed: so he resolved upon a fitting to Mr. Town's, while Miss Prudence selected Dr. Damnemall's hospitable roof as her sanctuary, having a vague and unacknowledged superstition that so orthodox an atmosphere would exorcise anything like infection.

The Tartars have a ridiculous superstition that the

world is supported upon a golden frog, and that the awkward attempts this animal makes to scratch itself is the cause of earthquakes! So, in like manner, Miss Prudence began oh-dearing, and wondering how Theresa had caught the smallpox; and at length ended by roundly asserting that she was "confident it was that horrid drove of Irish pigs that had upset her, that had brought the horrid disorder all the way from Ireland, and given it to her!! But," said she to Cecil, when she was getting into the pony phaeton to go to Dr. Damnem-all's, and poking her new teapot between the cushions, observing that, now she had got it, she should not enjoy her tea out of any other; and placing a basket of sandwiches and a flask of wine and water at her feet—a necessary precaution, as it was two hours since she had breakfasted, and had a long journey of four miles to go—"But what does Dr. Churchill say of Theresa, Mr. Howard!"

Cecil, who felt a sort of consolation and reassurance in repeating the doctor's words in the same confident tone he had uttered them, replied,

"Why, he says there's not the least danger, and that he thinks Miss Manners's health will be better after this illness."

Now Miss Prudence never liked any one to be too comfortable or happy, and therefore exclaimed, as she tucked up her black silk gown, pinned it in front, spread a black and white blanket-shawl over her knees, carefully tucking it in at each side, and stowing away her umbrella in front of the phaeton, "Oh dear! I don't hold with what the faculty say, for they always tell people there's no danger when there's the greatest, and that there is danger when there's none at all. Oh, 'tis just to make much of themselves, and get money out of people's pockets. Now, George," added she, turning to the groom, "you may go on—oh stop, though. Did Leslie put up the goose I ordered? not that I think it likely Mrs. Damnemall should be without a goose to-day! yet sometimes people forget. It would be different if they knew I was coming; for then I'm confident they'd make a point of having one, as it is my birthday! But I think it always the safest way to see to things of consequence myself."

George assured her that the goose had been put up; but, as she justly observed, "seeing is believing," and,

therefore, would not be satisfied till it was excavated from the well of the carriage and placed upon her lap! when she instantly assumed a most maternal look as she exclaimed,

"'Tis an uncommon fine one, to be sure!" and saying it would be safer if she carried it, desired the servant to drive on.

To describe the agony of grief and fear that depressed Cecil's heart the first night he passed almost alone in that deserted house, is utterly impossible. As he watched silently and breathlessly at Theresa's door, listening for every sound from within, sometimes he'd catch the low moaning of extreme pain, and could scarcely refrain from entering. At others he'd hear the whispered consultations of Marmaduke and the nurse, and wondered if they wanted anything; if he could but overhear that they did, it would be a pretext to him to go in; but suddenly the murmuring would cease, and all again was hushed into silence. Yet, when we listen with our hearts, we can hear what to the duller, outward sense can only be seen; and through that long and weary night, Cecil fancied he heard every time Theresa opened and shut her eyes. Night after night did he watch at that door, apparently independent of the ordinary laws of nature; for he literally neither ate nor slept till the ninth critical night, when he was in his own room in a state of mind almost bordering on insanity, waiting for Dr. Churchill's bulletin. How prophetic is even the echo of the footstep of a person who has good or bad tidings to impart! The buoyancy of Dr. Churchill's, as he entered the room, proclaimed, before his words, that a favourable crisis had taken place in the disorder, and that all danger was at an end.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Cecil, burying his face in his hands and bursting into tears as the doctor left the room in a pretended hurry, that he might have an opportunity of giving way to his feelings. Cecil was sitting by the bedside when Dr. Churchill came in, and no sooner had he gone than his head sunk on the pillow, and, for the first time for nine nights, he slept soundly for four hours, when he was awakened by hearing Mrs. Brand, the nurse, walking in the passage. He started up, and, opening the door softly, inquired what was the matter.

"Oh, nothing particular, sir; only Doctor Churchill

desired that Miss Manners should have some tamarind tea, and I've just been up to Mrs. Nettletop about it; and only fancy! there is not such a thing in the house! A pretty thing, truly, sir, a house like this without tamarinds, and a lady so long ill in it! But Mr. Bubble is going off to Shrewsbury himself for some."

"Don't allow him," said Cecil, clearing the first flight of stairs at one bound as he spoke; "tell him I'm gone, and shall be back before he could be ready."

Ever since Theresa's illness, a horse had been kept ready saddled, night and day. This Cecil was aware of, and, therefore, lost no time in preparations; for, although, upon opening the hall door, he found it was a deluge of rain, and thundering and lightening awfully, he would not turn back for a greatcoat, as he felt a sort of extravagant pleasure in braving and buffeting the elements for Theresa's sake; indeed, could he have had a choice of dangers, he would have preferred an earthquake to a tempest, as being the most formidable of the two; and, though all the dangers he could have encountered would have done her no earthly good (but a great deal of harm, had she known it, inasmuch as it would have grieved her sadly), yet who ever truly loved that did not take a prodigal delight in wasting even useless sacrifices on what they love?

"For love's deep thirst for age doth crave a draught,
Costly as that the enamour'd Roman quaff'd."

Love, having the whole world for his empire, can well afford that his extravagance should be boundless; but it is his poor subjects that suffer. How often do they find that, in order to do homage to a single visit from him, they run through their hearts, and have not sufficient feeling left to make a decent appearance for the rest of their lives; while others act more wisely, and make a hotel of theirs, to receive him as often as he pleases to come; for which they are amply repaid, and are sure never to break.

Saint Theresa describes the devil as "an unhappy being, who never could know what it was to love." If that was his only source of misery, I doubt his being so unhappy; but then, to be sure, I speak femininely; masculinely it may not be so. The Germans, according to Tacitus, believed that there was something divine in young women: "*Inesse quinetiam sanctum aliquid, et*

providum putant ;” and all lovers, of whatever country, seem of the same opinion : but no sooner are they transformed into husbands, than they appear to fly back to the council of the enlightened prelates of Maçon, in France, and question the pretension of women to be human beings ! nor do they always arrive at the conclusion that the learned prelates did at last, namely, that they are human beings.*

When Cecil arrived at the chymist’s, he rang so loudly and impatiently that he was not long before he knocked them up and obtained what he wanted ; and presented himself to Mrs. Brand on his return with the tamarinds, before, the hurricane and all other drawbacks considered, she thought he could have got half way to Shrewsbury.

Two hours after his arrival, she told him, with an air of mysterious importance, that Miss Manners was a deal better ; for that she had spoken, and asked questions ; and when told that Mr. Howard had himself been good enough to go to Shrewsbury in all the storm, she seemed so sorry, yet so grateful, and desired that the tamarind-stones might be taken care of, as she wanted them. Was not this an ample reward for all the storms he could have braved ? at least it was to Cecil, who once more laid down with a lighter heart, and slept a calm sleep, peopled with beautiful dreams of Theresa.

It was now about a month since Miss Manners had been taken ill : Marmaduke had scarcely ever left her room, or Cecil her door. Poor Mr. M’Phin had stolen up two or three times every day, to know how she was ; and Cosmo, who at length had actually got an owl’s egg, put his friendship to the test by sending it to his dear cousin Theresa ; though, as he gallantly observed at the time, “ she had no need of being wiser than she was.” Lady Bubble, her daughters, and Miss

* Lest this fact should be doubted, I shall quote the original passages in which the decision was given :

“ Cum inter tot sanctos patres episcopos, quidam statueret, non posse, nec debere mulieres vocari *homines*, timore Dei, publice ibi ventilaretur. Et tandem, post multas vexatas hujus questionis disceptationes, concluderetur, quod *mulieres sint homines*.—(Polygamia Triumphatrix.)

“ Extitit enim, in hac Synodo quidam ex episcopis, qui dicebat mulierem hominem non posse vocitari,” &c., &c., &c.—Gregor. Tur., lib. viii.

Lucretia were punctual in their messages of inquiry. Mademoiselle Perpignon had also begged of Mr. M'Phin (whose stolen visits she had discovered) to be the bearer of the new pattern for a nightcap which she had just got from Paris; Sir Romulus had called at the lodge twice a week to receive a bulletin; and, on one occasion, had left an affectionate message, to say "it was too bad of the little Algerine to get ill just as Lord John was coming down to settle the affairs of the nation!" and, within the last week, Miss Prudence had kindly sent over a message, through Dr. Churchill, to know if there was anything she fancied to eat, and whether Dr. Damnemall should come over and read a sermon, as he had lately purchased a very rare and excellent collection of old ones, of which she sent her a list, in case she should like to choose one out of them, and let the doctor know. The list was as follows:

"A Brieffe Polemicall Dissertation, concerning the true time of the Inchoation and Determination of the Lord's day Sabbath.

Wherein is clearly and irrefragably manifested by Scripture, Reason, Authorities, in all ages till the present: that the Lord's day begins and ends at evening; and ought to be solemnized from evening till evening; against the novel errors, mistakes of such, who groundlessly assert, that it begins and ends at midnight, or day-breaking; and ought to be sanctified from midnight to midnight, or morning to morning; whose arguments are here examined, refuted as unsound, absurd, frivolous.

Compiled in the Tower of London; and now published, for the information, reformation of all contrary judgment or practise. By WILLIAM PRYNNE, of Swainswick, Esq., London. Printed by T. Mabb, for Edward Thomas, dwelling in Green Arbour, 1655."

This brief dissertation contained twenty-two closely printed quarto pages. The next were,

"The Way to be Content, A Sermon appointed for the Crosse, but preached in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, in London, on Monday, in Whitson-weeke, being the 26th day of May, Anno Dom. 1634,

By JOHN GORE, Rector of Wenden-Lofts, in Essex.

Printed at London, by T. Cotes, for Thomas Alchorne; and are to be sold at his shop, in Paul's Churchyard, at the signe of the Green Dragon."

Next followed,

"Israel's Call to March Out of Babylon into Jerusalem, published by order of the House of Commons, 1645."

"A Sermon preached at Lincoln, July the 29th, 1683, by JOHN CURTIS, M.A. Published at the request of many loyal gentlemen who heard it preached."

"The Dean of Peterborough's Sermon, before the Lord Mayor, at St. Bridget's Church, in Easter-week, 1694."

"The Bishop of Bath and Wells's Sermon, before the House of Peers, on January the 30th, 1691."

and divers others too numerous to mention. I fear both Dr. Damnemall and Miss Prudence thought Theresa no better than she should be; but she civilly declined them all. Among the numerous inquiries for Miss Manners was a daily one on the part of Mr. Stuart Vernon. Theresa was now sufficiently recovered to sit up for about half an hour in her own room every day; and Cecil contrived to rob the conservatory of a bunch of violets daily to greet her rising, even when they had eluded the gardener's vigilance.

He was one morning returning from his usual voyage of discovery, when he saw Mr. Stuart Vernon ride up to the door, dismount, and order the groom to lead the horses up and down; which he had no sooner done than his master drew from his pocket two letters, which he gave with his card to the servant. Cecil did not know why, but he walked round to the back of the house to avoid meeting him, and got in by the conservatory through the drawing-room. He knew he should meet the servant with the letters as he crossed the hall, but he could not openly ask to see them, and therefore, with a deep sense of humiliation that flushed his whole face, had recourse to a subterfuge.

"Fenton," said he, "didn't I see Mr. Stuart Vernon at the door just now?"

"Yes, sir; he's this moment ridden away."

"Oh, indeed! did he leave any message, or—or—a letter for me?"

"No, sir; he left one for Sir Romulus, and one for Miss Manners."

Cecil bit his lip and walked silently away. When he reached his own room, he locked the door and flung himself into a bergère. "So," said he, folding his arms and grinding his teeth, "he has written to her: he has proposed for her: of course she will have him!"

And, having come to this conclusion, he paced up and down the room, tore his hair, dashed the tears indignantly from his eyes, and, in short, became as frantically and hopelessly wretched as if Theresa had not only accepted Mr. Stuart Vernon, but was to be married to him the next hour.

Some three hours had passed away, and Cecil was still trying to walk himself into resignation at the irrevocable loss of Theresa, which he had quite decided was to be his fate, when a gentle tap at the door asked admittance on the part of some one. He unlocked it, and tried to look as calm as possible. It was Mrs. Brand.

"I only came to say, sir, that Miss Manners is not quite so well to-day. She's not able to sit up, and is gone back to bed; but she asked if there were no violets, so I thought I would come and see if you had got her any."

"The delight of that letter has overpowered her," thought Cecil; but his words were, "Not so well! Has she over-exerted herself? has anything excited her? is she—"

"No, sir, nothing. She got a letter, to be sure, and reading it might have tired her; though I don't think it did."

"A letter! Did it agitate her? did she seem annoyed or pleased? happy or sad?"

"No, indeed! neither, sir. She merely threw the letter on the table, and told me to put it into her writing-desk, as she must answer it one day or other. So I don't think there was anything in that; but you know, sir, invalids will be better and worse from one day to another."

And, so saying, Mrs. Brand departed with the violets, and left Cecil to seek some new source of torment, which he speedily did. To any reasonable man (but when was a man in love reasonable!) it would have been sufficient consolation to have heard how carelessly and coolly Theresa had received Mr. Stuart Vernon's letter: ay, but was it his letter? Might it not as well be from any one else? and, even granting that it was from him, perhaps it was not a declaration, and from that might arise her annoyance! To a person so skilled in the art of self-tormenting, there is no knowing to

what lengths he might have proceeded, had not dinner at length put an end to his surmises.

After Marmaduke had, for the thirtieth time (it being the last day of the month), expressed his delight at the absence of the rest of the party, which he hoped would long continue, provided Theresa was soon able to form a triumvirate at their dinner-table, he drew a volume from his pocket and began reading.

"I don't think," said he, a short time after laying down the book, "that if Socrates, in the superabundance of his wisdom, did not trifle so flagrantly, I should be ever tired of 'Xenophon's Memorabilia.'"

"I don't know," replied Cecil. "I read them at school, in Greek, and thought them delightful; but whether it arose from reading them afterward in English, I know not, but I found them prosing and tedious, and in many parts vapid in the extreme."

"There may be something in that," said Marmaduke, "for we possess no equivalent style in English that could do justice to, or give the full change for his Greek. After all, it is to light literature, such as memoirs, comedies, and, in our own time, novels, that posterity should be grateful, for they it is which alone bequeath them facts. It is to Aristophanes, Plantus, Apuleius, and Terence, and not to Thucydides, Livy, or Cæsar, that we owe our knowledge of the private fashions, habits, and manners of the Greeks and Romans. One might as well fancy that one knew a man by seeing him on the stage, as suppose that we could learn the customs of a people, their character and bearing, from epic poems and tragedies, wherein human nature is always acting."

"Very true, but—"

"But me no buts," said Marmaduke, suddenly rising; "here am I talking away just as if that poor child was not lying ill up stairs. I don't know how it is, but I love her as well as if I really was her uncle. I suppose it is from her always calling me so;" and with this speech and another glass of wine he darted out of the room, leaving Cecil to dispose of himself as he thought best.

How many echoes and shadows there are that steal through the heart, which are neither audible nor visible to the external senses, and yet which act as internal forewarnings to our feelings! The whole of that evening, as Cecil kept his usual watch in the gallery leading

to Theresa's room, there was a sort of noiseless stirring, a gentle and voiceless murmuring at his heart that he could neither define nor account for. Towards midnight Marmaduke opened the door softly, and, stepping into the passage, whispered Cecil that the nurse was asleep, and that, feeling chilly, he wanted to go and put on his nightcap and dressing-gown. "Now, my dear fellow," continued he, "as Theresa is also asleep, and I fear to leave her alone, will you just sit by the bedside till I return?"

"Will I!" said Cecil; and, luckily, it was all he could say. Much as he had always liked Marmaduke, he now could have worshipped him, the more so that his room was a considerable way off, in the other wing of the house, and it would take him some time to go and return. He entered the room with a measured step and suspended breath. The firelight, besides the candles on the toilet, discovered Mrs. Brand in a profound slumber, and also fell full upon Theresa's pale but still beautiful face. Cecil had never once asked during her illness whether her looks had been impaired. He thought he should have loved her all the same; nevertheless, it was a relief to find that they were not. He stood for a few moments gazing upon her: one arm was under her head, the other hung listlessly out of bed. Cecil could not resist the temptation of kissing the beautiful little hand before him: gently as he did so, Theresa stirred slightly, and, in moving, a stray lock of hair escaped from under her cap and wandered down her neck. What an opportunity! should he ever again have such another? He walked over to the table for a pair of scissors, and in another moment the lock was severed

"From the lovely head where once it grew,"

and deposited safely in his bosom. If he had committed a murder, he could scarcely have felt more alarm as he replaced the scissors, and looked timidly round the room; but he saw nothing but his own pale and agitated face in the glass. Had he secured more than half the world, he could not have felt more elated as he reapproached the bed. Oh! it is a mysterious and a holy thing, to share singly with the unseen angels their vigils over the sleeping being that we love; to watch the helpless beauty of the form that is our all; to feel that its hushed spirit is cradled in our prayers; that it

is alone with God and us! and that we curtain it over with fond looks from the harsh glare of other eyes: if there be a moment of unalloyed happiness, it is this! As Cecil bent over Theresa, and felt her soft breath upon his cheek, he experienced

"A feeling yet without a name,
Each sordid thought of self above,
Warmer than friendship's wavering flame,
But softer than the fires of love."

The tone even of his imagination seemed lulled and subdued into unison with the calm music of the beautiful and passionless face before him. One unworthy, nay, almost one earthly thought, he felt would be a desecration of the shrine of purity and innocence at which his prostrate soul now worshipped. He did not even think of Theresa as his, he only thought of her as God's: a link between him and heaven!

CHAPTER VIII.

"Magazine: a repository of provisions, a miscellaneous pamphlet."
—*Johnson's Dictionary*.

"But by this roving meteor led, I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend."
CHRISTOPHER PITT.

MARMADUKE IS LED AWAY BY AN EASY-CHAIR INTO FORGETTING THE PERILOUS SITUATION IN WHICH HE HAS LEFT MR. HOWARD—AND CHEATS THE NIGHT OUT OF A GOOD HALF HOUR BY READING AND HAVING HIS FEET SHAMPOOED—"AY, THERE'S THE RUB!"

WHEN Marmaduke left Theresa's room and reached his own, he found his feet extremely cold, and the bright fire and the easy-chair both looking exceedingly inviting. He placed himself in the one before the other, and rang the bell for his man to rub his feet, which was a nightly ceremony with him. On the table beside him was a pile of magazines that had arrived that evening; and, taking up one, he began with the notice to corre-

spondents on the wrapper, some of which were as follows:

"A. Z.'s 'Ode to Solitude' had better remain in that state it so highly lauds.

"G. F.'s 'Invocation to Sleep' is duly attended to, for it comes on the perusal of his lines.

"The sonnet commencing,

'Her eyes they are as black as sloes,
And oh! so beautiful her nose,'

we fear would not interest the unimpassioned public, though no doubt it will produce a great effect upon the fortunate lady to whom it is addressed.

"Has A. S. S. no sincere friend who would throw his pens and ink out of the window, and burn his paper for him?

"The Essay on Indifference is too indifferent for our columns. We feel deeply for the afflicted author of the lines beginning,

'Dear miss, I hope that you will not refuse
To pardon this first effort of my muse;
I swear to you, by all the powers above,
That I am over head and ears in love!'

as, if his passion is not more eloquent than his poetry, the lady must be over head and ears in debt, for she never can repay it."

Marmaduke then turned over the leaves, and, as his right foot had still to be rubbed, read the following tale:

"THE KETCH FAMILY.

" 'I see you go as slyly as you think,
To steal away, yet I will pray for you.'

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

" 'Yet she that loves him best is Cleopatra.'—DRYDEN.

" 'Stulta est clementia perituræ parcere chartæ.'—JUV.

" 'What a handsome man!' exclaimed Miss Cleopatra Ketch to her sister, Miss Jemima of the same name, as they ostensibly sat at work in the bay window of their lodgings at Brighton, overlooking the Steyne.

" 'Who? where?' asked Miss Jemima, at once coming to the point by running the needle into her finger; while her equally agitated sister broke off the thread of her discourse and her work at the same time, and relapsed into silence, the more effectually to send her eyes on an embassy to some individual without the window;

in short, the one whom she had so complimentarily apostrophized at the commencement of this page, and who was a tall 'young man,' elaborately chained, ringed, waistcoated, gauntleted, and French polished, on a job horse, and in job mustaches; this latter Mezentius* proceeding being unfortunately but too prevalent among second-hand D'Orsays and free-list play-goers.

"'I should think,' resumed Miss Cleopatra, 'from his always looking so earnestly at all the houses as he passes, that he must either be in love or be a genius; an author, perhaps.'

"'No,' objected Jemima, pointing to a small drab-coloured pamphlet, with a white stripe across it, marked 2s. 6d., that lay on the worktable. 'No, he cannot be a genius; for, as this author says of himself, light hair is the indisputable badge of genius;' and, as she spoke, she complacently twisted her own hay-coloured ringlets.

"'Perhaps so,' responded Cleopatra, with a sort of 'vale Antoni' sigh, as she caught the last glimpse of the tail of the handsome man's horse, as he turned the corner of the Steyne; 'but dark hair is much handsomer for a man.'

"The paternal progenitor of these two interesting young ladies was a retired stockbroker: for many years had they 'wasted their sweetness in the desert air' of Gracechurch-street, with no more defined ideas of pleasure than a walk to Primrose Hill, or of 'fashionable life' than was afforded by an attentive scrutiny of the external forms of the gay bipeds that alighted from their carriages at the Zoological Gardens on a Sunday. But a little pleasure, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing, as it always engenders an insatiable thirst for more. Their case would have been a sad one, were not Ambition's wings always 'imped' with hope; and for once Hope did not tell a flattering tale; for 'one Monday morning, right early in the year,' their illustrious sire, Mr. Samuel Ketch, returned home, by a lucky chance on 'Change, the envied and enviable possessor of a hundred thousand pounds! That very day Mrs. Ketch discharged a slender youth of fifteen, with aventurine-coloured hair, and London-smoke-coloured eyes, hitherto the 'largo al factotum' of the Ketch family,

* Mezentius tied a dead body to a living one.

for incontinently propounding his usual post meridian question of 'if so be she would like the vest end buss stopped at four?' And despatching her son, Mr. John Ketch (who, from that hour, was never again called by his endearing, but, in this case, somewhat alarming diminutive of Jack), for a neat glass coach, and in it repairing to Long Acre, did then and there purchase a commodious family carriage, as smart as blue, bell panels and a butter-cup lining could make it. Miss Jemima, who was of a more aspiring disposition than her more ambitiously-named sister, strongly insisted that a carriage was nothing without very tall footmen; in short, they should be steeples in plush. Mrs. Ketch acquiesced, and promised to look out. In their way home there was, at the narrow door of a narrow street, a tempting tableau of all the burkers, surmounted by an announcement of the most wonderful Irish giant ever yet secured alive—all to be seen for sixpence!

"'Dear me!' said Mrs. Ketch, taking the precaution (there being no check) to let down the back window, and nearly pull the driver into the carriage as she spoke, in order to stop him, 'Dear me, girls, I'll treat you to this here sight.'

"'Exhibition, ma,' corrected Jemima.

"'I don't think it's genteel—do you think it is, Mima—to go to such places?' said Cleopatra.

"'Why, I don't know,' responded Jemima, divided between her love of amusement and her love of aristocracy; 'it's not as if we were in our own carriage yet, you know; that would be different, for then the carriage might be known.'

"'Ah, sure, Mima is right,' said Mrs. Ketch, tucking up her petticoats as she descended from the carriage; adding, in a loud voice to the driver when she reached the ground, in order to 'set on some few barren spectators,' 'I say, coachee, be sure to keep egzacly afore the door; for, not aving my hown carriage and osses to-day, I'm halways sadly afearod of strange osses.'

"The young ladies followed their 'ma' into a narrow sanded passage, where the fumes of Geneva and tobacco strove equally for pre-eminence. At the foot of a flight of stairs, not much wider than a worsted needle, stood a blind fiddler, his face intersected with the small-pox, and his sightless eyes Homerically raised to heaven, while he scraped indefatigably on his three-stringed

violin the very exhilarating country dance called 'Such a getting up stairs.' It was a getting up stairs! for before Mrs. Ketch and her double-refined daughters was a very greasy butcher, who was almost pressed flat in the narrow stairway, and every now and then stopped to smooth his hair down with a pocket-handkerchief containing a lilach representation of her majesty pro-roguing Parliament. To the skirt of his blue frock was tethered a skewer of a boy, who obligingly told his sire that 'them ladies wanted to pass.' The top of the staircase was at length gained, and a leopard-skin-patterned chints curtain was drawn aside by a very dirty hand, belonging to a man in a hat without a crown, mud-coloured brevities untied at the knee, and a pair of cotton stockings 'a world too wide for his shrunk calf,' to whom having paid the money, the ladies passed on through a concourse of wax effigies of Messieurs Hare, Burke, and other worthies.

"'And now, ladies and genlem,' said the man who had pointed out the waxworks with a long rod, which, as he spoke, he employed in drawing aside a green baize curtain, 'you'll please to hobserve the most wonderfulest gigantic-est giant as never vas seed in hancient or modern times; stands seven feet three hinchess without his shoes; eats ten pounds of solid meat per day, drinks in perportion, and has no parents to signify!' Here the undrawn curtain exhibited to the wondering and admiring eyes of Mrs. and the Miss Ketches, the butcher and his son, 'the gigantic-est giant of hancient or modern times,' dressed as the Grand Turk, who, having taken two or three turns to and fro, like a lion in his den, for the satisfaction of the spectators, gracefully reseatet himself in a large armchair.

"'Well, he is a prize beast! isn't he, Bill!'" said the butcher to his son, as he departed. But Mrs. Ketch still lingered, gazing on this truly great man. As soon as she perceived that the coast was clear, she said something in a confidential whisper to the showman, which was nothing more nor less than whether she could have a few moments' private conversation with the giant!

"'Vy, if you partiklar vishes it, marm, you can,' replied the astonished ciceroni; and then, turning to the giant, added, 'Mr. O'Sham, this lady vishes to speak to you.'

"'She's welcome,' replied Mr. O'Sham.

"'Ahem—ahem—' hesitated Mrs. Ketch, advancing towards the rising giant, whom she begged would remain seated, or she should never be able to make him hear what she had to say.

"'Jist as you plase, ma'am: for I niver stand upon trifles.'

"'Ahem—I was a thinking,' resumed Mrs. Ketch, 'that a heligable and permanent situation like would suit you better than this here promiscus sort of life.'

"'Maybe it's a swaddler you are, ma'am, and it's the life to come you'd be discoorsing me about!'

"'Dear! how funny he talks, to be sure!' tittered Mrs. Ketch. 'No, in plain English, should you like to be a lady's footman?'

"'Whisht! now you're laughing at me entirely; for how could I be a lady's fut, when there's seven feet five inches of me already; and sure no lady ever had a fut that size! for, if there was, no man in Ireland itself would ever get the length of it!'

"'I can't understand you, and it seems you don't understand me; but what I mean is, should you like to go behind a carriage?' said Mrs. Ketch.

"'I'm infinitely obliged to you, ma'am; but, if it's the same to you, I'd rather go inside it nor behind it.'

"'Dear, dear, how tiresome!' cried Mrs. Ketch. 'I mean, should you like to be a servant?'

"'Oh, your humble sarvant is it, ma'am?'

"'Yes; to come and live with me, and walk out with us!'

"'Oh, now, ma'am, dear, you're laughing at me again; for I'm sure you nor the young ladies would niver condescend to walk out wid the likes o' me.'

"'No, not with you, but for you to walk after us.'

"'What for, ma'am?'

"'Why, to protect us—to—a—take care of us.'

"'Oh indade, ma'am, if you're not ould enough to take care of yourselves, it's little care I could take of yez.'

"'Well, well, what wages would you expect?' said Mrs. Ketch, growing explicit from desperation.

"'Why,' replied Mr. O'Sham, pulling his left ear, raising his eyebrows, and protruding his lips, 'av coorse, as much as I could get, which is but reasonable.'

"'What would you think of thirty guineas?'

“‘Why, I’d think a great dale of it, ma’am; thirty guineas a week is a mighty purty little pittance.’

“‘Not a week—a year!’ almost shrieked Mrs. Ketch.

“‘Whew! lullibolero! that’s too little entirely for taking care of three of yez, and, maybe, tagging after you from morning till night.’

“‘Yes, but think of the ten pounds of meat you eat a day.’

“‘Oh, indade, ma’am, I think very little of that; for it’s nothing at all when one’s used to it; and I just trate my meals as some pable do their friends: never trouble my head about them when once they are *down*.’

“After a few more indispensable preliminaries, Mrs. Ketch became the joyful mistress of Mr. O’Sham; yet, like all who have much, she then wanted more, and therefore inquired if he had a brother; but he ‘had no brother; was like no brother; he was himself alone!’ not having, as the showman had already explained, even any parents to signify, which, being interpreted, meant that their stature did not exceed those of ordinary mortals. Shortly after the addition of Mr. O’Sham to the Gracechurch-street establishment, Mr. Ketch took a house in Gloucester Place; and the young ladies never even walked inside Portman Square without Mr. O’Sham walking after them, looking wistfully at all the passengers without, and thinking, with a retrospective sigh, of all the sixpences he might have earned had he remained among his friends the Burkers, which he calculated by analogy from all the looks he attracted. Six weeks after their removal to Gloucester Place, Mr. Ketch and his family left town for Brighton, accompanied by a maiden sister of Mr. Ketch senior, Miss Kitty Ketch, who was like all ladies, not withering, but withered on the virgin thorn; or, in other words, like what Baretti says of the vermin of Aldegallego, the pasquin-makers of Rome, and the monthly reviewers of England: she ‘would have done harm if she could,’ for she would have prevented her nieces spending so much, dressing so much, flirting so much, and talking so much; yes, all this the barbarous old woman would have prevented if she could, but she couldn’t. It was luckily for the Miss Ketches and for posterity, and, above all, for the readers of this periodical—and they are all the world—it was luckily impossible! So now let us go back to the bay window overlooking the Steyne.

“As we have before intimated, Miss Jemima was of an aspiring temperament, and therefore, in her matrimonial dreams, never succumbed to less than a marquis; while the highest summit at which the gentler Cleopatra aimed was a pair of mustaches! thus

‘Beauty drew her with a single hair,’

and caused her, in the present instance, to remain in the bay window, with her eyes riveted on the spot where she had caught the last glimpse of the handsome man’s mustaches. If Miss Jemima was less susceptible, she was more assured of her conquests; for, like the Athenian idiot, who fancied that all the ships that came into the Pyreum port belonged to him, so she imagined that all the looks men had to bestow were directed to her; while her more generous sister gave where she never received.

“‘John,’ said Cleopatra, raising the window, and calling to her brother, a roly-poly young gentleman, with a bay-window figure, and pale but cherubimical face, who was at one and the same moment smoking a cigar and looking powder-puffs at a pretty little ‘modiste’ that was ringing at the next door to the house of his respected parents; ‘John, I wish you would walk with me on the beach!’ (the mustaches had vanished marineward.)

“‘Well, I don’t care if I do; anything to oblige a pretty girl!’ and he cast another goose-down look at the little milliner, as Miss Cleopatra put down the window and the compliment together, declaring to her sister, as she left the room to equip herself for walking, ‘that really John had become quite polished since he had seen more of the world.’ They had been ten days at Brighton!

“Miss Cleopatra and her brother had just turned the corner of the Steyne, when they met Mrs. Ketch, followed by O’Sham with a cargo of novels. ‘Where are you going, dears?’ inquired the tender mother.

“‘Only for a blow-out upon the beach,’ replied John, ‘as the governor hasn’t given one at home since we’ve been here.’

“‘Why, you see, Jack—’

“‘Mother, remember! no more Jacks,’ interrupted Mr. John, making an allegorical slipknot on his pocket-handkerchief, and giving his revered parent a significant look.

"'Oh, hang it, I always forget; but,' resumed Mrs. Ketch, 'I was a going to say, that we don't know people enough yet; though the Wigginses did promise that they'd introduce us to a sight of fine people—three Irish members of Parliament, who, they said, would be happy to dine with us any day, or every day; Mr. Fibwell, the great attorney; Mr. Scrub, a first-rate literary gentleman, who writes for the noosepapers on both sides; Dr. and Mrs. Classicgander, who finish young noblemen and gentlemen before they go on the grand tower; and Sir Endymion Fribble, who was made a barrow-knight a few weeks ago, and, aying behaved ill to his wife, goes about, as Mrs. Wiggins tells me, trying to make himself populous.'

"'Popular, ma!' corrected Cleopatra.

"'Well, my dear, isn't it all the same thing!'

"'Not quite,' said Mr. John.

"'O'Sham,' said Mrs. Ketch, 'I'll walk on to the beach with Miss Cleopatra, and you may leave those books at home, and then go and ask how old Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins are.'

"'I shall, ma'am,' responded O'Sham, and strode away on his homeward mission. Miss Cleopatra could well have dispensed with this maternal re-enforcement; but out of every misfortune comes some good, as the termination of her walk on that day clearly demonstrated. As usual, it blew a hurricane on the beach; and Mrs. Ketch, as Mr. Liston truly observes, having, like all fine women, run to seed very fast, her ankles were like those of an elephant, and sunk to a proportionable depth in the sand every step she advanced. Now, although she had never read Junius, she was intuitively aware that 'we incline the balance as effectually by lessening the weight in one scale as by increasing it in the other,' and therefore ordered Cleopatra to leave her brother, and come round and give her the assistance of another arm. The Egyptian queen's namesake obeyed, 'mentally ejaculating,' as the war novels say, 'how very disagreeable if we should meet him!'—the mustaches understood. Mr. John and his sister had spent about a quarter of an hour in the filial exercise of towing their revered parent, when suddenly the echoes of a horse's hoofs were heard: the wind rose still higher, so did Miss Cleopatra's hopes: the handsome owner of the mustaches appeared. She had just time to untie her bonnet (a

'ruse' she had decided upon previous to leaving home), when on came the stranger's horse, and off flew Miss Cleopatra's bonnet, rolling in playful caprioles before the fiery Bucephalus of the handsome man.

"Miss Ketch had not read the whole of the *Minerva Press* without being perfectly aware that a scream was as indispensable to a heroine as a sword is to a soldier; accordingly, uttering one skilfully attuned to the right 'conquer or die' pitch, she faintly articulated, 'Oh, my bonnet!' and then clung to her brother in the most beautiful attitudes of feminine distress, so as effectually to prevent his moving one step in pursuit of it. What was to be done? Nothing but what was done: the handsome man reined in his steed, from which he dismounted, and, after a five minutes' fruitless chase after the truant 'capotte,' succeeded in securing it on the top of his whip, and, triumphantly flourishing it in the air, like a cap of liberty, gracefully advanced and presented it to Miss Cleopatra, who murmured something about 'gratitude to her deliverer,' and then cast upon his mustaches such a look of caloric circumvallation as must inevitably have melted the wax by which those capillary graces adhered to his upper lip, had he not instantly taken the precaution of pressing them down with his pocket-handkerchief.

"'I'm sure, sir,' said Mrs. Ketch, spreading out her left hand upon her hip, fanning herself with her handkerchief that she held in her right, moving her head from one side to another, and panting as she spoke, 'I'm sure, sir, both I and my daughter is ('*are*, ma,' whispered Cleopatra), are exceedingly obleeged to you for the courage you've displayed on this here occasion.'

"'Quite so—quite so—ha! ha! ha!' laughed Mr. John; 'and—'

"'My dear, let me speak,' said Mrs. Ketch, laying her white silk gloved hand upon the bottle-green sleeve of her son's arm. 'We shall be most appy, sir—Mr. Ketch, my husband, and I—to get acquainted with you. Praps, if you aint a going nowhere else, rather than stay at home by yourself, you'll come and dine with us to-day!'

"Never, according to Miss Cleopatra's judgment, had her mother uttered so much sense in such few words.

"'I shall be most proud, most appy,' said the stranger, bowing to Mrs. Ketch, but looking at her daughter,

whose cheek was slightly tinged at his repetition of the word 'appy,' which she had a misgiving was a quotation from her mother; but farther acquaintance convinced her that the whole family of the h's must have unaccountably offended him, as they never were, by any chance, invited to the intellectual feasts of his conversation.

"Ha! ha! ha! that's right!" said Mr. John. 'Here's my cord and address: may I ask the pleasure of yours!'

"Certainly," replied the stranger, withdrawing a slip of pasteboard from a cardcase, which he presented to Mr. John, which bore the inscription of

CAPTAIN FITZPRIGEM,
BERKELEY SQUARE,

an effacing line drawn through the Berkeley Square, and 'Dorset Gardens' written above it. When Mr. John had sufficiently spelled over the name to admit of audible and accurate repetition, he undertook the part of lord-in-waiting, and presented their new acquaintance in due form to his mother and sister.

"Captain Fitzprigem, my mother, Mrs. Ketch; my sister, Miss Cleopatra Ketch."

"Fitzprigem smiled and bowed, and bowed and smiled in couplets; and then, as the party walked on, murmured low in Miss Ketch's ear, while a kind of St. Antony's fire seemed to suffuse her face, 'Cleopatra! what a—a—celestial name; positively heavenly!'

"We are obliged to dine at the unfashionable hour of six, on 'count of Mr. Ketch's elth, sir,' apologized Mrs. Ketch, as they parted with their new friend at the corner of the Steyne.

"At five, mother," revised Mr. John.

"No, six, my dear; and I'm sure that is hairly enough," frowned Mrs. Ketch, with a little by-play that her son perfectly understood.

"I don't care what hour I dine at," said the gallant captain; 'hours were made for slaves, as the late Mr. Wilberforce used so justly to observe.'

"Used he, indeed, sir?" responded Mrs. Ketch; 'then I suppose he was a great West Ingeer perprietor!'

"Well, never mind if we do dine at six," said Mr. John, with an energetic slap on his right knee; 'we'll break into some of the governor's best claret.'

"At the phrase 'break into,' the refined Fitzprigem, no doubt shocked at its vulgarity, hurled a kind of Old

Bailey look at Mr. John, under which he might have felt disagreeably restrained, had not his mother come to his assistance by saying,

“‘My dear, I’m sure you can’t have any better claret than what we have every day.’”

“Mr. John looked oblivious and interrogatory, and Captain Fitzprigem took advantage of the pause to make his adieux, promising punctually to remember six.

“‘My dear Jack,’ said Mrs. Ketch, ‘you should not let out that we dine at five before such a fashionable man as Captain Fitzprigem, when you know none of the quality ever dines before eight.’”

“‘Well, but we do dine at five, mother, and one can’t always remember to tell lies; and I’m sure your memory is no better than mine; for, after all your promises, you will go on calling me Jack.’”

“‘I’ll never call you Jack again,’ said Mrs. Ketch, with tears in her eyes, ‘if you’ll remember not to be so free-spoken before strangers; and then talking of the best claret—enough to make people think that we hadn’t the best every day.’”

“‘No more we have,’ retorted Mr. John, ‘for we’ve no claret at all except when there’s company.’”

“‘Dear me!’ said Mrs. Ketch, as she knocked at her own door, ‘I hope your father is in a good humour, for I’ve three things to bring about: first, to tell him about having asked the captain; next, about having put off the dinner till six, which I know will make him very cross; and next, to get him to dress for dinner, which I’m sadly afeared I shall not be able to do. You must come and help me, Cleo, to talk him over.’”

“‘Indeed, ma, I can’t; for it’s now three, and it always takes Dumps three hours to plat my hair in a Grecian plat, and she says she can’t do it under.’”

“‘Then let her do it over,’ said Mr. John, who was the wit of the family.

“‘Well, I don’t wonder at your wishing to look well for the captain,’ cried Mrs. Ketch; ‘so tell Mima to come to me; and, John, remember, if nothing else can get your father to be grateful to the captain, and receive him in a genteel manner, we must make out that Cleo, but for him, would have been half drowned.’”

“‘Oh, half-seas-over, if you like, provided you put in for the best claret,’ acquiesced Mr. John.

"Upon reaching the drawing-room, they found Mr. Ketch senior seated in an armchair in the window, with his hat on his head and his spectacles on his nose, reading a newspaper. His dress consisted of a blue coat and buff waistcoat, mud-coloured unmentionables, and gaiters. His feet were stretched out horizontally, and his under lip in the same direction, as he held the newspaper at a respectful distance from him, the better to scan its contents. Mrs. Ketch knew, by the horizontal under lip, that she must at once resort to the worst. So, rushing into the room, and clasping her hands 'à la Siddons,' she exclaimed,

"'Oh! Samuel! my dear! our Cleo has had such an escape! must have been lost!! destroyed!!! drowned!!!! but for the gallant conduct of a young officer!'

"'Why,' said Mr. Ketch, 'has the girl been in the sea?'

"'No, my dear; but the sea was a coming to her as fast as hever it could, and all her things blew off, when a young man—'

"'All her things, Mrs. Ketch!' exclaimed Mr. Ketch, actually taking off his spectacles. 'All her things! how very shocking, scandalous, and improper!'

"'No, my dear, not all; but her bonnet and collar—only you're so quick, you never let one finish what one is saying—and, but for Captain Fitzprigem, she might have been brought home to you a dead corpse!'

"'And, pray, who is this Captain Fitzprigem?' inquired Mr. Ketch, still unroused into a proper degree either of paternal gratitude or hospitable feeling.

"'Why, my dear, he lives in Berkeley Square!' Still, even under that galvanic announcement, Mr. Ketch remained immovable. 'And,' continued Mrs. Ketch, fixing her eyes full upon him, 'he's quite the gentleman! has evidently moved in the first class!'

"'Humph! likely enough!' grunted Mr. Ketch. 'Since the railroads have been established, many people do move in the first class.'

"'Oh, my dear! how can you?' expostulated Mrs. Ketch; 'and, besides, he seemed so taken with Cleo.'

"'Did he?' said Mr. Ketch, instinctively buttoning up the pockets of his mud-coloured inconceivables; for, like every 'Faber suæ fortunæ,' he had an insuperable mixture of contempt and suspicion of all who could

give no proofs of being of the same genus. 'Did he! hope he won't be mistaken in her.'

"'He appeared a deused sharp, shrewd, clever fellow,' diplomitized Mr. John, who began to fear there would be no chance of the claret if he did not put in his oar.

"'Oh, indeed! and who do you say he is?' said Mr. Ketch, turning to his son, and for the first time condescending to interest himself in the business.

"'A Captain Fitzprigem—evidently, as my mother says, a gentleman—for he has very black mustaches, and—and—very bland manners.'

"'Fitzprigem! Fitzprigem! let me see?' mused Mr. Ketch, calculating on his fingers, during which (with him at all times solemn and portentous ceremony) Mrs. Ketch scarcely dared to breathe. 'Is there not a rich Lord Fitzprigem that lately bought a villa near Richmond?'

"'Surely,' said Mr. John, 'he bought it, if you remember, after making that immense speck in the Spanish Bonds.'

"'And is this man any relation to him?' asked Mr. Ketch, speaking energetically, and turning quickly round in his chair.

"'Most likely his son,' said Mr. John, in a confident and courageous voice; 'but we can ask him to-day at dinner; as my mother, you know, could not do less (nor more, according to English notions of gratitude), sir, than ask him to dinner after saving Cleopatra's life!' added Mr. John, walking with the air of a Jupiter up to the glass, raising his shirt collar about a quarter of an inch on each side, and then precipitately placing his hands on the hind pockets of his coat, as though to ascertain that all there was safe. His mother looked laurel-groves at him for his heroic conduct, while his father quietly said, without farther comment,

"'So he dines here, does he? I should like to know if he is that very clever man's son: Jack, don't forget to ask him.'

"'I won't, sir; but, in case he should be, as I've no doubt he is, don't you think it would be as well to have some of the best claret out?'

"'Well thought of,' cried Mr. Ketch, quickly unbuttoning one of the so recently buttoned pockets, and withdrawing from it the key of the cellar, with which

his son instantly quitted the room. Mrs. Ketch and her bosom's lord were now tête-à-tête; but one difficulty more remained to be surmounted, thanks to the enterprising conduct of her son; and, rather than do anything that could for a moment risk the newborn popularity of Lord Fitzprigem's son, with that real genius that is ever quick to decide and bold to undertake in cases of emergency, she resolved to calumniate the cook. This was bad, certainly; but to have had Captain Fitzprigem badly received would have been worse. So, advancing to the back of Mr. Ketch's chair, and leaning fondly over it, said, as she looked tenderly in his face, 'Really, dear, that cook is too tiresome; she says the venison came in so late, she cannot possibly get dinner ready before six; tiresome, isn't it, love?'

"Discharge her to-morrow!" thundered Mr. Ketch, which convinced Mrs. Ketch (who was a woman of great penetration, and, as soon as anything happened, always perceived exactly what it was) that it would have been madness to let Captain Fitzprigem rest under the odium of delaying the dinner.

"At half past five the young ladies were dressed and in the drawing-room, where they fidgeted from chair to sofa, and sofa to ottoman, in a state of strong nervous excitement, till six o'clock precisely, when a cabriolet—the cabriolet drove up to the door. The sisters were at the window instantly, peeping through the blind. 'Isn't he handsome!' asked Cleopatra.

"Why, how strange!" said Jemima; 'I do think I saw him shake hands with his groom.'

"Nonsense!" scoffed Cleopatra, with the look of a Zenobia.

"Whether Captain Fitzprigem heard the voices, if not the words, through the open window, I know not, but he again turned to his groom, and, placing his hand upon his arm, as though to enforce his directions, said, in an audible voice, 'Be sure you send those letters off immediately; and—a—Jenkins—the cab at eleven.' Two minutes after, Captain Fitzprigem was announced, and perfectly dazzled the young ladies with the gilt gingerbread gorgeousness of his appearance: he wore a pink satin waistcoat, and innumerable little shirt frills, like a cauliflower run to seed, and studded like a firmament with jewels; his coat was embroidered, and turned back, which gave him a magnificent spread-eagle

appearance; thick masses of curls graced each side of his head, resembling, from their rigidity, the stone representation of a Greek mask more than anything human; while his hands, from the quantity of rings he wore, looked like a diorama of a jeweller's tray; his voice was somewhat peculiar, as though he had plums in his mouth, that gave it a certain unintelligible thickness, which was not relieved by his smile, which was more muscular than mental, merely distending his mouth, without illuminating his other features. Such was the fascinating Fitzprigem as he entered Mrs. Ketch's drawing-room. Mr. Ketch had been prevailed upon to dress for Lord Fitzprigem's son, but could not be prevailed upon to deviate from his usual custom of never meeting his guests till he met them in the dining-room. Everything was beautifully arranged; for, although Captain Fitzprigem was obliged to take Mrs. Ketch down to dinner, Miss Cleopatra contrived that he should sit next her. Mr. Ketch received his 'distinguished guest' as though he had been drinking 'the glorious, pious, and immortal memory' in solemn silence; which awful pause continued for some seconds, till Mrs. Ketch (who was never ashamed to mention the Wigginses, because they were richer even than the Ketches, and, consequently, great people in her estimation) turned round to O'Sham and said, 'Did you go to know how old Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins were?'

"'I did, ma'am; and Mr. Wiggins is seventy-two, but they did not know how old Mrs. Wiggins was.'

"'Dear me, how stupid you are!' said Mrs. Ketch; 'I sent you to know how their health was, not what their age was;' and then, leaning over to Captain Fitzprigem, added in a whisper, 'What stupid people the Irish is—aint they?'

"'Why—a—yes; we find them great blunderers in our profession.'

"'Indeed! I always thought they were reckoned good soldiers,' ventured Miss Cleopatra.

"'Yes—a—I—a—believe they are,' said Captain Fitzprigem, abstractedly balancing on his fore finger a massive gilt fork. This was, in Cleopatra's eyes, a decided proof of his genius; for all geniuses are absent, especially when they are present.

"'Ave you been at the hopera, captain?' asked Mrs. Ketch.

"Cleopatra was in an agony whenever her mother opened her mouth for any other purpose than to eat her dinner; for, besides her feuds with the 'h's,' there were as many 'says I's' and 'says she's' in her conversation, as there are in Fontenelle's 'Plurality of Worlds.'

"To this last question Captain Fitzprigem not only replied in the affirmative, but ran out into such raptures about Taglioni, that Miss Cleopatra felt towards that divine danseuse with the epic feet and musical limbs almost as spitefully as Martial expresses himself about the Betic and Gaditon female dancers.

"'What I so particularly admire in Taglioni,' pursued Captain Fitzprigem, 'is the breathless attention with which she rivets all beholders. I really believe, while she is dancing, you might cut off people's heads, and they'd never feel it!'

"'I ax (e) your pardon, captain,' said Mr. John; 'ha! ha! ha!'

"'Pray, sir,' cried Mr. Ketch, tired of bursting in ignorance, 'may I ask if you are any relation of Lord Fitzprigem's?'

"'A no—a no—I—a—ave merely been at his house; ours is the elder branch of the family; we are lineally descended from an ancestor who suffered crucifixion in Tiberius Cæsar's time.'

"'Then,' said Mr. John, quaffing another glass of Champagne, 'I should fear there was a cross in the breed.'

"'Ha! ha! ha! deused good,' laughed Captain Fitzprigem; but Jemima frowned her brother into silence; while Mr. Ketch senior plunged into a revery not of the pleasantest kind at the idea of his best claret being drank by a man who was not Lord Fitzprigem's son! he even whispered Mr. John to know if there was not any other out; but Mr. John gave a shake of the head that assured him he was in for it.

"Each succeeding day Captain Fitzprigem ingratiated himself more and more into the good graces of every member of the Ketch family, except, indeed, Mr. Ketch senior, who somehow or other did not take to him, though the gallant captain assured him that his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had been closely 'liée' with a family of the name of Ketch; indeed, there had been such a friendship between them, that the Fitzprigems had been known to lay down their

lives for the Ketches. It has been truly observed, that 'one half of human life is made up of wasted consideration. The highways of the world are strewn with the sand of thoughts cast away. The events over which we have no control affect our destiny a thousand fold more than the few that we can govern; and while we ponder over our decision, Fate decides for us, and the game is played!' But Captain Fitzprigem eschewed this mode of proceeding, and wisely resolved to leave nothing to Fate that he could avoid. Accordingly, about a week after his début at Mr. Ketch's dinner-table, he determined to propose for Miss Cleopatra; and as genius always makes the opportunities it cannot find, he fabricated the following one for the medium of his proposal. Miss Cleopatra was sitting accidentally on purpose alone in the back drawing-room one Thursday morning, at the hour when Captain Fitzprigem was wont to call. After the first salutations, the captain sighed; Miss Cleopatra blushed; but, as a woman is always the first to break silence on these embarrassing occasions, she ventured to ask to what regiment Captain Fitzprigem belonged.

"'I am—that is, I was till I knew you!' replied he, flinging himself on one knee, 'unattached. Oh, Cleopatra!' Here Captain Fitzprigem buried his face in his handkerchief. Now every one knows who knows anything (and those who know nothing one can never enlighten), that oh, Cleopatra! or oh, Julia! or oh, Fanny! as the case may be, when coupled with a pocket-handkerchief to the face, is, or ought to be, a proposal. So, accordingly, Miss Cleopatra 'owned the soft impeachment,' and then suddenly recollected, as she raised her head from Captain Fitzprigem's shoulder, that she had a father, and that it was generally customary, on such occasions, to make him a party concerned; a custom, it is true, which she thought would be 'better honoured in the breach than in the observance;' but necessity has no law, while, on the other hand, law has so many necessities, that it is better, if possible, to comply with them.

"Mr. Ketch's first question when applied to was, what Captain Fitzprigem would settle on his daughter. Captain Fitzprigem looked as if he was willing to settle himself immediately, with a promissory look that he would settle his wife the moment they were married,

and then murmured something about writing to his agent for papers and title-deeds, trusting, in the mean while, to his Cleopatra's devotion, to allow no such mundane delays to retard their happiness. Mrs. Ketch was all point-lace and preparation, and Miss Jemima was in a perfect fever of reversionary tremours and trousseaus. Mr. John looked twenty per cent. fatter and fiercer. Miss Kitty Ketch, the maiden aunt, was alone calm, calculating, and cantankerous; and was even vindictive enough to beg Miss Cleopatra would peruse the following domestic epic she had just received from a friend:

“Fanny, bent on love and marriage,
Scoff'd at wealth, despised a carriage;
And took, as all young ladies do,
Advice like gall, because 'twas true.
'Pause, love,' cried her anxious mother;
'Weigh well,' urged her prudent brother;
'Fan, a cot is not a palace'
(This she thought fraternal malice);
'Then think how wretched is the life
Of a poor, lone, neglected wife;
And men, you know, are prone to range.'
'Yes, but my Charles can never change!
His eyes are like the star that throws
Its glance upon the Persian rose,
Brightest of all that's bright above,
The very cynosure of love!
His hands as lily bells are white,
His silken hair as black as night;
His flower-breath'd voice is silver sweet—
Nay, there's e'en music in his feet.'
'Fudge!' cried her brother, 'what's all this
To do with weekly bills, pray, miss?
His hair, though black, won't turn to coals,
Nor his white hands to penny rolls!
And though at you he casts sheep's eyes,
They cannot change to mutton pies!'
'George, how can you be so horrid?'
Fanny cried, and press'd her forehead;
'I'd rather live with Charles on beans,
Than, like Lord Melbourne, feast with queens.
For him I'd gladly beg, starve, die!'
'For shame!' frown'd George; 'oh, Fanny, fy!'
Just as George flash'd his angry glance,
An ancient dame call'd, fresh from France,
To see Fanny and her mother,
Who chimed in with her rude brother.
'My dearest child, mind what I say,
I know de men dis many day;
De dark, de fair, de short, de tall,
From nort to sout, I watch dem all;

And I have found, from west to east,
 Yes, 'pon my word, ALL MAN IS BEAST !*
 No sooner shall you be deir femme,
 Den dey begin deir prank Goat d——m.
 Despite this eloquent appeal,
 Fanny prepared to sign and seal.
 Wedded she was, and in a hurry
 'The happy pair' set off for Surrey.
 For the first month or thereabout,
 'Angels' and 'darlings' help'd them out;
 But full soon the moon of honey
 Turned to gall, for want of money !
 And oh ! must we own it ? Charles would chide
 To find 'the wife dearer than the bride !'
 He soon kiss'd less, and ate much more,
 Thought dining tête-à-tête a bore.
 Said rude things, half grave, half joking,
 Left off singing, took to smoking !
 Thought that Fanny was grown thinner,
 And apt to flush after dinner !
 As husbands love too well to flatter,
 He wish'd her, like Miss Vernon, fatter.
 Soon 'business' kept him long in town,
 Yet once a fortnight he'd run down,
 Just for to get a pipe or book,
 And give his wife a hasty look,
 Or say, 'he thought it very odd,
 She could not flourish like a sod,
 With fresh water and fresh air,
 And unmolested time to spare.'
 'Then back to busy life again,'
 With his enlighten'd fellow-men.
 He'd forget sorrow, care, and strife,
 Or, in one word, forget his wife !
 Poor Fanny's lot's by no means rare
 Amid what's call'd the 'British fair !'
 Through life's dull game they still must smart,
 Who vainly throw away their heart ;
 Still must wives weep in 'doleful dumps,'
 As long as clubs alone are trumps ;
 And Fanny be nor last nor least,
 To prove, indeed, 'all man is beast !'

* As it is only geniuses of the highest order that are entitled to the *dolce far niente* luxury of plagiarism, I think it right to state that this sublime aphorism, containing, as it does, the nucleus of all philosophy and metaphysics, was uttered by an old French lady married to a Dutchman. It was the result of seventy-two years' experience. This ornament to her sex had the face of a Bonassus and the courage of a Boadicea ; and this striking truth was elicited by hearing a beautiful young friend, recently married, ask her husband to go to the opera with another lady ; whereupon the wisdom of ages burst forth in the following sentence : " What for you let your husban go to de opera wid dat woman ? you young wife, I old wife, and I tell you, from experience, dat ALL MAN IS BEAST !"

"This charming poem (!) had no salutary effect upon the modern Cleopatra, who was resolved upon lavishing the pearl of single blessedness on the vinegar of matrimony. She and Captain Fitzprigem had got long past music and moonlight, and were progressing fast towards the almost conjugal state of tiffs and tears; he anathematized his agent's delay, she pleaded her father's authority. But what may not 'truths divine' effect when they come 'mended' from a pair of mustaches! father and agent were at length both forgotten, and Cleopatra promised to elope with Captain Fitzprigem on the following night!

"The following night at length arrived. Miss Cleopatra had received a note, early in the day, from her adorer, saying he thought it would be more prudent to defer their expedition till two or three in the morning, when the whole family would be sure to be fast asleep, in which she acquiesced. But sleep for her was, of course, out of the question. In all the novels in which there were any elopements, she knew it was 'de rigueur' for the heroine to leave a letter on the table prior to her departure, to inform her disconsolate parents of the event. Miss Cleopatra had just sealed and superscribed one to 'Samuel Ketch, Esq.,' that she had copied verbatim from the second volume of 'The History of Miss Emily D——,' and was descending with it to the library, which adjoined the dining-room, when she was startled by a sort of whispering noise. On entering the room, she perceived Mr. O'Sham at a table, with a book before him, out of which he was copying the printed letters on a sheet of blank paper; or, in other words, instructing himself in the art of writing and orthography.

"'Is that yourself, miss?' said he, dropping his pen, and blotting the result of all his labours at the apparition of Miss Cleopatra, who, instead of replying to his question touching her own identity, inquired what on earth kept him up till that time of night.

"'The butler's out, miss, and I promised I'd sit up and let him in.'

"'Very improper,' said Cleopatra, with a mistress-of-the-house air, 'to be up at such an hour!'

"While she spoke, O'Sham heard the butler's signal, and went to the door to let him in. Cleopatra left the letter, and was preparing to return up stairs, when the butler, who remembered he had left some gold plate on

the sideboard that evening, passed through the library into the dining-room, which he had scarcely done before he called loudly to O'Sham, who instantly came to his assistance, followed by his young mistress, who there beheld the butler in the act of tearing a black mask from one man's face, while O'Sham lost no time in securing the other, when—oh, horror of horrors!—she beheld the adored features of her much-loved Fitzprigem! Still she thought it was for her he had incurred all this danger, though the packets of plate he and his servant Jenkins (alias his accomplice) had brought up from the pantry might have instantaneously convinced a more suspecting person to the contrary. Mr. O'Sham, who never relaxed his grasp of the gallant captain, threw up the window, and invoked the aid of the police, who had no sooner come to his assistance, than they pronounced Messieurs Fitzprigem and Jenkins, alias Scott and Jackson, to be two of a gang of notorious house-breakers whom they had long been in search of. Miss Cleopatra fainted, but not before she had seen her once idolized almost husband dragged to prison. But one blow her too susceptible heart was spared—his mustaches were not of the party! * * * *

“The next day the Ketches left Brighton. Miss Cleopatra has never been a Ketch to any second Fitzprigem, shielded, no doubt, by the unalterable conviction that

ALL MAN IS BEAST!”

“Humph,” said Marmaduke, “that's not far from the truth: and I am one of the number; for here have I been all this time away from Theresa—and where the dense did I leave Howard?”

CHAPTER IX.

"Vous n'en penserez plus, et cela me console,
S'il a pu m'échapper un ordre, une parole,
Un regard qui vous blesse, il faut tout oublier."

C. DELAVIGNE.

"As I trembled, look'd, and sigh'd,
His eyes met mine; he fix'd their glories on me;
Confusion thrill'd me then, and secret joy,
Fast throbbing, stole its treasures from my heart,
And, mantling upward, turn'd my face to crimson."

BROOKE'S *Gustavus Vasa*.

A NEW EDITION OF THE REJECTED ADDRESSES.—EXPECTED ARRIVAL OF LORD AND LADY JOHN BUBBLE—HOPES AND FEARS RELATIVE THERETO.—MISS PRUDENCE ABLY VINDICATES DR. DEMETRIUS DAMNEMALL FROM THE ACCUSATION OF THEOLOGICAL INTOLERANCE.—MR. HOWARD BECOMES CONVINCED IN THIS CHAPTER OF WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN CONVINCED LONG AGO.

How different is admiration from affection. "We always admire what we love, but we do not always love what we admire," says La Bruyère, and he says truly. Admiration is a separate and distinct feeling. Affection is the only coin that can purchase affection. When we mourn for the dead, it is not so much the recollection of their great talents, their great services, or even their great virtues that makes us weep, for these were not so much ours as the world's and posterity's, and the world's and posterity's it is to mourn for and reward them. No, it is the remembered kind look, the soft word, the little wish anticipated, the fault pardoned or kindly reproved, the nameless attentions, nothing in themselves, but everything to those on whom they are bestowed—these are our own—these it is that we never forget, and the memory of which causes the tears that keep green the graves of the dead, and raise to them monuments that cannot perish and epitaphs that cannot flatter. We are told that the soldier's mistress was more grateful to Peter the Great for never forgetting that she was fond of wallflowers, and always bringing

her home some whenever he met with them, than for making her Empress of Russia. I can readily believe it. The works of God are alone sufficient to make us wonder, admire, and worship; but the Great Being, who knows the heart he has made, wins us to love him, by telling us to "cast our burden upon Him who careth for us"—he does not say on Him who is superior to us, and in whose power we are.

Mr. Stuart Vernon had, in a very disinterested, high-minded, and chivalric manner, proposed for Miss Manners during her illness; and, lest her delicacy should be shocked at the suddenness of the proceeding, he had, with the true honour of a generous mind, conducted the whole matter so as to exalt her in every possible way: first he had obtained the approbation of his father and mother, Lord and Lady Mendip, who had humoured their mutual idol, as they had given their consent by expressing almost as much anxiety for the match as he did himself; and, secondly, he assured Theresa that his motive for proposing for her thus precipitately was in case she should have lost her beauty by the terrible illness she had sustained. To convince her that, although it might, and certainly had attracted him, yet it was not for it alone that he loved her. If she did not already like him, he implored her to take time, and try and do so. All this was very "preux chevalier"-like, and uncommon, certainly, in the nineteenth century; and it was with real pain that Theresa was obliged to reject so much devotion and magnanimity. She admired so fine a nature as it deserved, yet she could not love him, for all her memories and associations were with Cecil, to whom, indeed, she had been so forward as to surrender her heart before he had even asked it; and not having a "*cœur d'hôpital*," she had no room for more. Poor Mr. Stuart Vernon! Horace, such a pretty name, too! but "what's in a name?" in any name except the name we love, and that, indeed, contains the "open sesame" to the most secret recesses of all that constitutes our world; another proof, by-the-by, were it wanted, that Petrarch did not love Laura, or he would never have changed her real name of Lauretta for the sake of harmonious versification. Had he loved her, were her name Judy, it would have seemed to him the most beautiful and the most poetical of names.

It was about a fortnight after the night on which Mar-

maduke had asked Cecil to watch in Theresa's room till his return, that she was sufficiently well to get as far as a pleasant up-stairs morning-room, with a southern aspect, at the end of the gallery. All the family had returned to Bubble Hall about a week, and had each, in their turn, paid Theresa a visit on that morning, announcing, collectively and individually, the to them elating tidings, that Lord and Lady John, and their only hope, Johndina (a name invented in the overflowings of Lady John's conjugal affection), were to arrive in a fortnight! Lady Bubble had expressed her wonder as to whether Lady John dressed well, and whether marriage had improved Lord John, and whether Johndina was fair like her mother, or freckled like her father. The young ladies had stated their hopes that Sir Romulus would ask some fashionable men to the house during Lord John's stay. Mademoiselle Perpignon had been undergoing a course of "Numa Pompilius" prior to his arrival, and vented some of its effects on Theresa. Cosmo hoped that Lord John would not presume upon his intimacy with the Latin grammar, so as to talk of it as a mutual acquaintance; and that Johndina was not a ticklish child, that screamed every time she was touched. Miss Lucretia wondered if Lord John had ever written anything for the "Antijacobin" at the time Mr. Canning wrote for it; and whether Lady John, having been nobody (she was the daughter of a respectable lead merchant, who had turned his lead to gold), was all soul. Miss Prudence wondered whether they liked French or English cooking best; and hoped they attended divine service punctually, or Dr. Damnemall would be so disappointed, as she knew he expected preferment upon Lord John's coming into Shropshire, and Sir Romulus had announced that he should spare neither turtle nor Tokay during the stay of his distinguished relative; to which Miss Prudence had replied from the very depth of her digestion, "Oh dear! I do think you are so much in the right of it, Romulus."

Theresa was half lying, half sitting upon the sofa, wrapped in a white cashmere shawl, her face partly shaded by the lace of a morning cap, which even Mademoiselle Perpignon had pronounced to be "charmante," and her head half buried in two delicately-trimmed pillows, that were scarcely whiter than the beautiful little hand that was placed between them and her cheek;

Miss Prudence, the last of her levée, sitting beside her on a chair, and helping to heighten the very becoming flush the others had talked into her face, when another knock came to the door: it was Marmaduke, followed by Cecil, who, however, did not advance till the former said, "Well, Theresa, do you feel sufficiently grand to receive another visiter to-day? But why have you not a warmer shawl? I thought you promised to buy one with the ten guineas I gave you on your birthday." All women are naturally coquettes, and Theresa's quick eye having caught a glimpse of Cecil's head, replied, as she raised herself to receive Marmaduke's salutation, without answering his question about the shawl, "Yes, quite well enough, dear uncle, to see any one you bring."

"Then, Cecil Howard, come into court."*

Every one knows that love's but a child, and they also know that children can't talk as soon as they walk. Accordingly, Cecil advanced, but did not utter one word. However, Miss Manners saved him the trouble by extending her hand and saying, "How can I ever thank you sufficiently, Mr. Howard, for all your kindness while I was ill?"

In his reply to which Mr. Howard could get no farther than a crimson glow, and an "oh! Miss Manners!" which might have appeared awkward on his part, had not Miss Prudence filled up the pause by working her fingers and turning round to her brother, on whom she opened the following battery:

"Oh dear! Marmaduke, 'tis so wrong of you never by any chance to call on Doctor Damnemall, and he saw Kicksywicksy standing at the door of the 'Pug and Primrose' the other day, and it is but a quarter of a mile from his house. He is such a good man; he's been so kind to Mrs. Fine in her late misfortunes; does everything he can to console her, and tells her she must be prepared, in case her husband should cut his throat again, when it might be effectually. And you can't think how resigned and comfortable she seems when he talks to her so. It shows what a good man he is."

"He's a rare old humbug, and a terrible old bigot—so horribly intolerant about Roman Catholics."

* An injunction which it will be found, in the course of this chapter, Mr. Howard appears, from his subsequent obedience, to have taken literally.

"Now I'm so glad you've said that, for I have it in my power to give you a proof to the contrary; for an Irish gentleman, a Mr. Bogbrogue, dined with him the other day: what's more, he brought him some whiskey from Ireland, and the doctor seemed to enjoy it beyond everything, and that gentleman was a Roman Catholic! there!! now, what do you think of that?" and, as she concluded, she gave the unoffending table before which she sat a very sharp slap.

"Why," replied Marmaduke, "I tremble for the Established Church, to think that one of her greatest pillars, Doctor Demetrius Damnemall, should sit at the same table with a papist, imbibing the very spirit of Catholicism!"

"Oh dear! no! there you're wrong again: I'm confident the doctor will never do that, for he's as staunch a Protestant as ever. I heard him tell Mr. Bogbrogue, with my own ears, that he disapproved of the fasts in the Roman Catholic Church beyond everything."

"I dare say he had no objection to the feasts, though."

"I did not hear him say anything about them, but I should think not; 'cause, of course, he'd not make too many alterations at once, you know. But, I assure you, Mr. Bogbrogue is an extremely agreeable man, and so well-informed! Now his learning is of some use. Oh dear! he related such an interesting circumstance, which was, that before the true cross fell into the hands of the infidels, all children used to have thirty or thirty-two teeth; but since that fatal time they have never had more than twenty-three.* Poor little dears! they must have enjoyed their dinners so much more, with such a number of teeth!"

"Humph! at all events, that accounts for their being so cross when they are cutting them!" said Marmaduke. "Come in," added he, in reply to a knock at the door. It was Cosmo.

"Uncle," said the latter, "papa wants to speak to you in the library;" and, as he spoke, he took up a silk-bound book, with very marbly-looking hands, and began looking over the plates.

"Cosmo!" said Marmaduke.

* A grave historian, Rigordus, who wrote a book in the thirteenth century entitled "*Gesta Philippi Augusti*," gravely asserts this as a fact; at all events, it must have been a sad disappointment to the infidels to find that people were converted to Christianity in spite of their teeth.

"Yes, uncle," responded Cosmo, looking incipiently frightened.

"I never can see you claw a book with those Ethiopian hands of yours, without longing to admonish you in the words of the American epitaph that Matthews tells us of, and cry out, 'Paws! reader! paws!'"

"Oh dear! you should not talk to a youth of his tender years of such dismal things as epitaphs—'tis so wrong of you."

"What! you think the subject too grave a one, eh?"

"Oh, decidedly; no doubt of that. Dear me!" continued Miss Prudence, looking on the blanched surface of a turnip-faced watch that she had first drawn from her pocket, and then from a chamois-leather case, "it's ten minutes past two, and the bell has not rung for luncheon yet! Now, do you know, I would not keep the best servants breathing if they did not ring the bell for meals punctually. I assure you, I mean what I say. Oh dear! 'tis so very wrong of Lady Bubble not to speak about it; but I don't think Irish people mind about having their meals comfortable. Cosmo, my dear, I hope you'll never marry a wife that don't attend to these things!"

"Why, as dinner-bells are the only belles he is ever likely to know anything about, he had certainly better be as attentive to them as possible."

"Yes, uncle, I shall know about other bells by-and-by—diving-bells, I mean—when Mr. Town's submarine railroad is finished."

"Oh, that will be a most desperate affair, as you'll most undoubtedly be over head and ears there."

"Well," said Miss Prudence, rising and following her brother and nephew out of the room, "I shall go down stairs to luncheon. As for you, Mr. Howard, I can't think how you live, for you don't seem to me ever to eat." So saying, she closed the door, and Cecil found himself alone with Theresa. If hypocrisy be the homage that virtue renders to vice, timidity is as certainly the homage respect renders to love. The moment that Cecil had looked for, longed for, preyed for, had now arrived, and yet he was silent! silent in words and in gesture. But the heart has a peculiar and separate eloquence of its own, and in looks Cecil's knelt to Theresa.

"May I trouble you, Mr. Howard," said she, in order
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to break what was to her an embarrassing absence of sound, that only made the deep pleading of Cecil's looks echo more audibly through her heart, "May I trouble you to light that taper, as I must send off this letter!"

"Certainly," replied he, starting from his seat. "Allow me to seal it for you," added he, seeing Theresa's hand tremble violently. "I fear you have exerted yourself too much—I mean, that we have all talked too much!"

"No—only I am still very weak," said Theresa, leaning back, after giving Cecil the letter.

When he had sealed it, contrary to every rule of propriety and good-breeding, he could not resist looking at the address, which was neither more nor less than

"THE HONOURABLE

HORACE STUART VERNON."

"Theresa—Miss Manners!" exclaimed Cecil, flinging himself at her feet, "all farther disguise is useless; all farther restraint is impossible! I love, I adore you! I have no thought, no life, no hope beyond you. For you I live, move, and have my being; with you it rests whether I shall continue to do so, or receive at your hands a moral annihilation. Theresa, mine is no passing fancy, born of a look and quenched at a word; no boyish madness, which time can cool into reason, or interest tame into subjection. You are my sun, my soul, without which my world is darkened, my existence ceases! At your mercy I place it—but be merciful—and if you do not, cannot love me, say so at once!"

"Not love you!" said Theresa, bursting into tears, as her head sank on Cecil's shoulder; "would that be possible!"

What a divine spirit seems to mingle with our clay when we hear for the first time that we are loved, and compass, with our single arm, all that we love on earth! It is then, and then only, we feel that Time has shaken from his glass over our existence the one moment which outweighs the misery of a world, by concentrating the happiness of a life! So at least felt Cecil and Theresa, as their tears mingled and their lips met; for theirs was

'A love which pure from soul to soul might pass,
As light transmitted through a crystal glass.'

For some moments they continued silent. Theresa could not, nor had she any wish to recall what she had said; and Cecil felt that any sound louder than the whispered murmuring of a kiss would displace those which had made him the happiest of created beings. At length, when they did speak, it was not as each had intended, to descant on their poverty, and honourably set forth all the disadvantages by which they were surrounded, but to ask how, and when, and where they had first loved. Then came Cecil's catalogue of all he had endured on such a day and in such a place; when he had been certain that Theresa did not care for him; not forgetting the torments the man in black had excited in him.

"Well, to punish you for such unworthy suspicions," said Theresa, smiling, "it shall still be a mystery to you, at least for a day or two." And here followed her reminiscences of Cecil's cold looks and variation of manner, which she could not understand beyond that they had the power of making her miserable or the reverse, just according to their different alternations. "And, pray," added she, playfully, "if you have loved me for the immense space of two months, how came you never to tell me so before?"

"Why," said Cecil, clasping her beautiful little hands in his as he again knelt before her and looked up into her blushing face, "I can only answer you in the words of Dryden:

'I knew 'twere madness to declare this truth,
And yet 'twere baseness to deny my love;
But such a love, kept at such awful distance,
As what it loudly dares to tell a rival,
Shall fear to whisper there! Queens may be loved,
And so may gods, else why their altars raised?
Why shine the sun but that he may be view'd?
But oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep, and close our eyes in darkness.'

And I felt, dearest, that you were all too bright for me. What business had I, with broken fortunes and not over fair prospects, to aspire to you?"

"Nay," replied Theresa, as a crimson flush suffused her face, "don't you know that I have nothing; and, worse than nothing—no prospects?"

"You have yourself," said Cecil, kissing her passionately, "beyond which earth contains neither wealth

nor fame for me ; besides, money may be made—I feel that wealth will yet be ours.”

Alas ! all lovers are like the Athenian youth who was the first discoverer of that exquisitely beautiful red called minium, and who had no sooner found it than he believed gold might be made from it ; for to them the blush with which love tinges the cheek of beauty always appears to indicate an embryo El Dorado.

“ I confess,” said Theresa, with a sigh, “ I dread the very natural, and, perhaps, very prudent objections of our relations, upon whom we are both too dependant ; and with your talents they will naturally persuade you to a more advantageous, if not more ambitious course.”

“ And with your talents and your beauty,” interrupted Cecil, “ they will, of course, forbid your throwing yourself away upon me : here, then, at least, we are upon equal terms.”

“ Ah, Cecil,” said Theresa (but it was the first time she had called him by his name, and a kiss was the result ; a barrier that for a few seconds prevented her finishing her speech)—“ I was going to say,” continued she, “ that you talk from the present without any reference to the future. From all I have heard of Lord John, he is not the sort of person to advance your fortunes if you married me ; and one daily and hourly sees how Love flags, and eventually flies from those who have to toil through this work-a-day world. He is an epicurean who only thrives on luxury and leisure ; and I frankly tell you, there is but one thing I could not bear for your sake : I could not bear to see and feel your regret at being pushed into a subordinate position through me : to know that the very struggles and sacrifices I made for you, by wounding your pride, would infallibly lessen your love ; for such, alas ! is but too often the result in such cases.”

“ Good heavens ! what a wretch you must think me ! You make struggles and sacrifices for me, and I requite them in any way but by adoring you, if possible, even more than I do at this moment. Ah, Theresa ! you do not, cannot love one of whom you think so unworthily !”

“ Not unworthily,” said Theresa, raising her eyes steadily to his ; “ but I have seen enough of the world, though little, to know the difference between men and

women's love. We only love the more those for whom we struggle and sacrifice. But in jostling through the intricate by-paths of life, the rivets of a man's heart are nearly always loosened, and his best feelings lost."

"Well," replied Cecil, in a suffocating and somewhat angry voice, as he took up the letter he had sealed and re-read the address, "here is a person who will never have to jostle through the intricate by-paths of life, and who, consequently, is more worthy of Miss Manners than one whose brittle and valueless heart is not deemed capable, by her, of standing so severe a test!"

"Nay," said Theresa, placing her small white hand on his arm, "you wrong me; it is not you I doubt so much as myself. I doubt my power of atoning and sufficing for all that for me you must give up; all that through me you will encounter. You are not, believe me you are not, calculated to vegetate in the shade of a country life, or even stagnate in mere sunshine. You—"

"But I do not mean," interposed Cecil, "to live in the country, and try the dangerous experiment of love in a cottage. We will live in London, where I feel that I can and must win my way."

"Ah! there it is," sighed Theresa; "that is what I dread. Country poverty is never vulgar, because nature is never vulgar, and its luxuries are for all. But in artificial life, the vulgar aristocracy of wealth must of necessity be paramount, especially in England, where poverty is the only crime punishable by the laws of society. To be poor is to lack merit, talents, beauty, and to lose caste; or, in one word, to lack advancement. And to what disadvantage does a poor wife appear, when compared to the rich, brilliant, and careless beauties who fill the pageants of the world. Then, worst of all, comes custom! that false god at whose shrine all men worship, more or less, till they follow Ben Jonson's advice, and think that

'Husbands must take heed,
They give no glut of kindness to their wives,
But use them like their horses.'

"Theresa!" cried Cecil, his whole face working convulsively as he spoke, "answer me truly: has Mr. Stuart Vernon proposed for you? and—and—do—do you love him?"

"Your last question," replied Theresa, haughtily withdrawing her hand which he had seized, "is an insult after what has passed between us. But this letter," continued she, breaking the seal, and presenting the one she had written to Mr. Stuart Vernon to Cecil, "will answer both."

He ran his eye hastily over the letter, which was an unequivocal refusal of Mr. Stuart Vernon's offer, but a grateful acknowledgment of the honourable and disinterested manner in which it had been made.

"Forgive me, dearest," cried he, dropping the letter and falling at her feet. "Never, never again shall my heart be darkened by a doubt of your affection. But oh, Theresa! I do so adore you, that I should be jealous of myself if I thought you loved me better at one moment than another."

"Then, truly, will you be jealous without cause," said Theresa, smiling through her tears as Cecil kissed them off. "And now," continued she, "as I know you are all suspicion and suspense about the poor man you saw speaking to me at Shrewsbury, I may as well tell you."

"You shall tell me nothing," said Cecil, placing his arm round her waist, and drawing her gently towards him as he kissed her into silence, "except that you love me, and that you may tell me again and again, until I forget that there are any other words in the world but those, and, parrot-like, can repeat no other."

"But what if you should have a relapse about the man in black, as you call him?" said she, smiling archly; "don't you think I had better tell you, for fear of accidents?"

"No, no, there is no fear," replied he. "I don't want to know; the whole world may be men in black, or black men, for aught I care. You love me! you have told me so! and that is enough. We will not even talk of our future plans, for they include others. Neither is there any use, till I have officially encountered Lord John's pomposity, in even letting Marmaduke, kind as he is, into our secrets. As for the others, they are, of course, out of the question."

In this Theresa acquiesced; for she felt, without shaping her feelings into words, that this was their dream of life, which, if realities did not dispel, they would at least disturb, and the heart is always for

dreaming on. As for Cecil, in the intoxication of his present happiness, he forgot

“Friendship itself, the vanity of fame,
And all but love, for love is more than all.”

CHAPTER X.

“Some good we can all do ; and if we do all that is in our power, however little that power may be, we have performed our part.”—*MISS BOWDLER'S Essays.*

“Methinks I see him now:
Fallen his crest, his glory gone;
The opening laurel fading on his brow;
Silent the trump of his aspiring fame!
No future age shall hear his name.”

AFFABLE BEHAVIOUR OF LORD AND LADY JOHN BUBBLE AMONG THE NATIVES.—MR. M'PHIN HAS MORE PUPILS THAN HE BARGAINS FOR, AND IS AFTERWARD ON HIS HIGH HORSE.—NOT SO SIR ROMULUS.—CHIVALRIC CONTRETEMPS.—ANOTHER LETTER FROM MR. SIMPSON—AND ONE FROM GERTRUDE, WHICH MAKES MR. HOWARD RESOLVE ON RUSHING INTO PRINT.

It was now, nearly the middle of December, and Lord and Lady John Bubble had been about a fortnight at Bubble Hall, where they had evinced much affability and alacrity in accepting invitations to dinner round the neighbourhood. A ball was also pending at Mrs. Whabble's; and Sir Romulus, bent upon having, as he said, “something out of the common,” had enclosed a part of the common, at the back of Bubble Hall, as an amphitheatre, and issued a proclamation, bidding every one to a tournament on the first of January; for, as he justly observed to Lord John, this would be an effectual means of collecting the whole county together, and giving him an opportunity of seeing what could be done with those Tory Algerines. Lady John was to be the queen of the tournament, and great were the preparations and rehearsals that took place. Sir Romulus had decided that Mr. M'Phin, from his height, should be

the first to enter the lists as Don Quixote, and run a tilt with every unknown knight that might appear, while he himself was to officiate as Sancho Panza, mounted on Kicksywicksy; and Mr. Town, from having so long been his own trumpeter, was appointed herald. Cecil was to be a knight of the swan, in bright steel chain-armour; and Marmaduke had volunteered his services as his esquire, while Cosmo (though he had moved an amendment, which had been carried *nem. con.*, namely, that, to prevent accidents, the lances should be made of barley sugar, affixed to telescope handles) preferred acting as page to Lady John, justly considering that in all cases where there was the remotest danger,

“The post of honour is a private station.”

Cecil had never liked Lord John, but now he almost hated him; for, since his arrival, he had been in the habit of expressing a hope, whenever Theresa did not come down to dinner, “that the young person up stairs was not worse.” What a man to be obliged to consult upon that on which the happiness of one’s life depended; a man whose very nerves, if he had any, seemed all made of toads and tortoises, things instinct with prolonged and unfeeling life. At all events, Cecil determined to put off the evil day as long as possible, and the perpetual bustle and external ferment Sir Romulus kept his lordship in furnished a good pretext for so doing. As for Lady John, she was a corresponding torpidity. Her complexion and hair were of a light drab colour; her eyes of a pale and delicate green; her nose long and thin, with a slight tinge of carnation towards the end; her lips were thin and compressed; her teeth good, but too large; and on her left cheek was a mole, out of which sprouted two long light hairs; her figure was long and flat, as if it had been pressed in a cheese-vat; her hands were large and freckled, and she always kept them crossed over her wrists, to avoid the possibility of shaking hands with any one; her voice was wiry, high-toned, and jerky, like a wheel going over a rut. The phrase “very pretty,” or, as she pronounced it, “putty,” she applied to everything, from a thunder-storm down to a toasting-fork, or from an epaulet up to an epic. There was not that living thing Lady John could not get something out of. She would have courted a spider had she wanted to get rid of a

ly; and her charities were invariably dispensed through the medium of subscriptions levied on her acquaintance. She was a great person for bazars and fancy fairs, the surplus of which she always bought up for a song, and either appropriated to her own use, or sold at some future charity for treble the original value. As a parent, she spared no words; and if talking about it constitutes education, Johndina's was perfect. Poor child! although she was never let to touch fruit or sweetmeats, and was condemned to the most stoical abstinence, yet was a whole pharmacopœia wasted on her daily; and never was she allowed to move, sit, or stand as Nature dictated, being always warned into an opposite course by an admonitory "Johndina, my love, your head," or, "Johndina, my dear, your feet," or, "Miss Bubble, your chin." In person, Johndina combined the angles of her mother with the awkwardness of her father; and Lady Bubble had ascertained, to her full satisfaction, that she also combined the fairness of the one and the freckles of the other. For the rest, as far as could be surmised from so very undemonstrative a little being, she was not without feeling. Since Lady John's arrival at Bubble Hall, it had occurred to her, in the plenitude of her maternal solicitude, that Johndina might "pick up" something by being in the room while her cousin Cosmo was receiving his Latin lesson; so, accordingly, every day at one, Lady John and her daughter, to Mr. M'Phin's great annoyance, were to be found occupying the black leather sofa in Cosmo's school-room; yet, notwithstanding her mother's injunctions to be very attentive and learn all she could, Johndina appeared to devote more time to getting Cosmo out of scrapes, and helping him to look out words in the dictionary, than to illicit attempts to purloin his classic lore.

If it is a misfortune in some cases, it is an equal blessing in others, that children do not always grow as they are trained. The only Latin that Louis the Eleventh of France allowed his son Charles the Eighth to be taught, was the infamous maxim of Tiberius: "*Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare.*" Yet his "*bon naturel*" conquered this pernicious education, and gave Philip de Comines reason to say of him, "*Qu'il n'était pas possible de voir un meilleur créature.*" And, in spite of Lady John's indefatigable efforts to make self her ob-

ject, it appeared the only one of whom poor Johndina was perfectly careless.

As Lady John was sitting one morning cutting strips of paper for poor people's pillows, Johndina helping her, and Mr. M'Phin's temper oozing out at every pore at Cosmo's more than usual stupidity, his good-natured little cousin thought to divert Mr. M'Phin's anger and attention by soliciting a piece of information from her mother; and therefore said, in a mild and hesitating voice, during an awful pause, in which Cosmo was twisting the leaves of his Virgil to alumettes, and Mr. M'Phin had his despotic ruler already upraised for a rap on the knuckles of his devoted pupil, "Mamma."

"Hush, my dear! you'll disturb Mr. M'Phin and your cousin."

But this being precisely Johndina's aim, she returned to the charge, saying, in a more assured voice, as though she would be answered,

"Mamma, I only want to ask you one question: are Tories born wicked, or do they become so?"*

"Why—a—my love—they are born so; for virtue and vice are always hereditary."

"Eh, not so Latin," groaned Mr. M'Phin.

"Poor people!" sighed Johndina; "then they can't help it; for we can't be born what we please, can we, mamma?"

"Don't talk nonsense, my dear," said Lady John, in answer to her daughter's philosophical truism; and, as she spoke, she looked as profound as her words.

"I naver heered less nonsense from one of the name," muttered Mr. M'Phin; and then added aloud, addressing himself to Cosmo, and pointing to a duodecimo birch-tree in the shape of a rod, and two crossed canes, that formed a sort of scholastic escutcheon over the mantelpiece, "Augh tell ye what it is, Maister Bubble: ye see those instruments of war out yander? well, ye'll either pay attention, or I promise ye they sha'n't have a sinecure any more than myself."

Cosmo unrolled the leaf he had so indefatigably rolled, and again began:

"Infernus"—

"Look at yer booke, sir!" thundered Mr. M'Phin, the

* This enlightened query was really put a short time ago! by a young lady of Whig extraction to her mother.

ruler descending forcibly on the table within a hair's-breadth of Cosmo's hand; "look at yer booke, and see if it is 'infernus.' 'Infernal' would be 'more german to the matter.'"

Cosmo recommenced in a whimpering voice, and the tears that fell seemed to clear his sight.

"*'Infernas accede domos; et Averno per alta
Congressus pete nate, meos.'*"

"Eh, ot last! aum glod to see the cataract has fallen from yer eyes to some purpose," said Mr. M'Phin, brushing away, as he spoke, with one flourish of his handkerchief, Cosmo's fast-falling tears, that deluged the book.

"Oh, the Algerine is here!" cried Sir Romulus, flinging open the door, followed by Archy Dunn and John Nolan, the village blacksmith, while he himself glittered in a partial suit of block-tin armour: I say partial, as there was an evident discrepancy in front, while Sir Romulus held in his right hand what had every appearance of being a colossal blancmange shape.

"Your ladyship here!" said he, turning to Lady John; "and what have you done with my calamity?"

"Lady Bubble said she should go to the amphitheatre," replied Lady John, "when I left her."

"Not she," said Sir Romulus; "there's no collecting any of them! And, M'Phin, I sent six messengers after you: what the deuse have you been about?"

"Eh, sir!" sighed Mr. M'Phin, placing his hand on Cosmo's shoulder as he spoke, "here have I been all the morning, like Tarquin the Proud (with a difference), conquering the Gabii (Gaby)."

"Oh! the Algerines, there are nothing but gabies. I have had a world of trouble about my armour, and have at length been obliged to contrive this myself," said Sir Romulus, placing the Brobdignag jelly-shape before him, which then discovered its meaning to be a sort of casquet for the bay-window promontory of his figure. "The Algerines never had the wit to invent this; and, consequently, my armour, as Dunn had planned it and Nolan had executed it, was a sort of universal thumbscrew! whereas now," continued he, turning leisurely round, taking off his helmet, and bowing to himself in the glass, "I'm the very glass of fashion!"

"To say nothing of the 'mould of form,'" rejoined Mr. M'Phin, pointing to the blancmange shape with

which Sir Romulus had filled up the gap, or, rather, covered the promontory in the front of his armour.

"Well quoted, Mr. M'Phin, well quoted," reiterated Sir Romulus; "but I want Lady John and you to come to the amphitheatre, and I'll show her a little fun in the way of one of our rehearsals; for Lord Francis writes me word that the Duke and Duchess of Arlington want to come over to see our arrangements on Monday; and it's the very thing: Don Quixote and Sancho riding, not reading, before the duke and duchess: do you approve of that variation, Lady John? riding, not reading; this is just the sort of pleasantry and wit (!) to delight the duke."

"The Duke of Arlington is a very clever person," said Lady John.

"Very clever," assented Sir Romulus; "it is a pity he is such a Tory; but we'll see if we can't tilt some of his Toryism out of him. M'Phin, they have brought your armour home too, and I wish you would go and try it on. The gridiron bars to the vizor have a tremendous effect! a tremendous effect! The Algerines will be frightened at the very sight of you; but away with you now and try it on, and then follow us to the amphitheatre."

"The tin you showed me strook me as being rather slight and easy to be perforated," said Mr. M'Phin, addressing Nolan.

"Eh, sir," chimed in Archy, in a stage-whisper, "I tooke the preccution of odvising him to line all the bock with a solid plate of iron, that they may spear ot till they're tired, ond it will have nae effect."

"Hoot, mon, what would ye insinuate?" replied Mr. M'Phin, aloud, with a mingled look of valour and vengeance; "gin yer eyes looked straight like other mortals, I should not wonder at yer seeing all things in the same point of view; but, conseederin they have chosen such opposite directions, ye might ken that, though larning generally travels by a hock road, courage does not tak the same direction."

"Um—um—um," bumble-bee'd Sir Romulus; "Dunn is right; precaution is everything, and prudence the invariable badge of a hero. Marshal Saxe never would fight a duel; looked carefully under his bed every night, and never got into it without locking his door, for fear the Algerines should murder him. Ahem! Nolan, I

think a plate of iron would be an improvement down the back of my corslet, just to steady it—nothing more.”

While Sir Romulus was thus evidently taking pains to avoid a servile imitation of the great Condé, however he might laud Marshal Saxe, Lady John looked ready to exclaim with the sister of the former, Mme. de Longueville, “*je n’aime point les amusemens honnêtes,*” as she took Sir Romulus’s glittering arm, while he led the way, like an ambulating tin-mine, to the amphitheatre. Upon arriving there they found the rest of the family assembled. On the walls behind the seats were rude frescoes, on one side representing the Borgo and Città of St. Marino, and on the other the interior of the chapel, with the people at high mass, expelling Cardinal Alberoni and his attendants, when, in 1740, he made an attempt to bring their little republic under the dominion of the pope.

“How beautiful,” said Cecil, pointing to the mimic representation of the Borgo, “are those Tuscan plains, even in this daub!”

“Um—um—um—Tuscan! my dear fellow; I’m surprised at you. St. Marino is only twelve miles from Rimini. If that Algerine, Cosmo, had made such a mistake, I should not have been surprised; but you!”

“He has made no mistake,” interposed Marmaduke, while Cecil contented himself with a compassionate smile; “he is perfectly justifiable in calling them Tuscan plains. Polybius describes that immense plain bounded by the Alps, the Apennines, and the Hadriatic, and also the plains about Mola and Capua, called the Phlegraran Fields, as anciently inhabited by the Tuscans; and this people’s territory, he says, formed incomparably the finest portion of Europe. However, before Polybius wrote his history, the dominions of the Tuscans had contracted to a narrow span; and, according to the parlance of the modern Italians, while the pope possesses the marrow, the grand-duke has now only the bones of Italy. So, classically speaking, Howard has made no mistake at all.”

“Oh dear!” said Miss Prudence, calling to Cosmo to come and help her down off the benches upon which she had clambered, carefully tucking up her gown all round her; “oh dear! the carpenter has made a very great mistake: he’s gone and nailed up this door.”

“Oh, my dear, the mistake was in the Algerine’s

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making a door there at all : it would have killed all the people with the draught that came from it."

"But what I look to, Romulus," rejoined Miss Prudence, "is the immense way they'll have to bring the refreshments round; and, at this time of the year, all the soups and things will get stone-cold—and I do dislike cold soup beyond everything!"

"What you want, I suppose," laughed Sir Romulus, "is to have the thing conducted on the plan of the lord-mayor's journeys, when the papers inform us that his lordship stops every quarter of an hour to take luncheon till dinner is ready."

"One thing is certain," said Marmaduke. "Prudence's 'réunions' would differ widely from the 'symposia' of the Greeks or the 'convivia' of the Romans; for, instead of philosophical dialogues and epideictic orations, she would have nothing discussed but soups and sirloins. All else is caviar to her multitude."

"Oh dear! how very tiresome it is that one cannot mention a cow's horn, Marmaduke, but what you will dose one with Greek and Latin, which you know I dislike beyond everything! You don't tease Lucretia in that way, and I can't see why you should me."

"Most worthy Prue, the difference is great between you. Lawyer-like, you eat your terms, and, therefore, are entitled to a little civil strife. Whereas Lucretia's life is modelled on the '*nocte sera deditam lanæ inter lucubrantes ancillas*,' which Livy ascribes to her Roman namesake; but that Prudence may no longer pity you for my neglect—what art reading, Lucretia?" added he, turning to that amiable spinster, who, not to lose time, was never without a book, and was now applying her handkerchief to her eyes, on the perusal of some tender tale, described on hot-pressed paper, and bound in crimson silk.

"Oh, a tale of simple village love that is most touching!" responded Miss Lucretia, "between Betty Barton, a dairymaid, and John Jenkins, a carpenter; John has just seized Betty's soft white hand, and, in the most refined and respectful manner, says to her, 'Betty, cannot my feelings blush themselves into your notice! or must they resort to the coarse medium of words to make themselves understood?' Is it not beautiful?" murmured Miss Lucretia, again using her handkerchief.

"Fudge!" cried Marmaduke; "no Betty Barton and

John Jenkins in England ever made love in that way; and these Arcadian descriptions of the lower orders of the English make me sick, it is such d—d nonsense!"

"How does your ladyship approve of this sort of thing?" inquired Sir Romulus of Lady John, alluding to his preparations for the tournament; but following, as it did, so closely on the heels of Marmaduke's philippic, she concluded it related to that, and merely replied,

"Oh, very putty!" which she thought must please all parties, as Lucretia might take it in the light of a panegyric on the tale she admired, Marmaduke as an acquiescence in his critique, and Sir Romulus as a satisfactory and complimentary answer to his question.

Here Mr. M'Phin appeared, heralded by peals of laughter on the part of Cosmo, and great neighing on that of Kicksywicksy, who was led in by a groom in the rear of the large white carthorse on which Mr. M'Phin was mounted, no other having been deemed sufficiently strong to bear so great a hero. The tin in the pseudo-knight of La Mancha's armour was, as he had before hinted, rather thin; consequently, every movement he made, it flashed and rattled into dimples, alias bulges, like itinerant thunder and lightning packed in a strolling company's caravan. His helmet was painted black, with a small white windmill on the top, and a vizard of black gridiron bars, which had, as Sir Romulus had announced, "a tremendous effect." A lion's tail had been purchased from a neighbouring menagerie, which, hanging gracefully down from the back of his helmet, considerably added to his formidable appearance. On his shield was emblazoned an appropriate coat of arms. Crests, a goose gorged with a broken heart, and donkey rampant, three gules argent. On the dexter side, a cap of maintenance with bells. Ground or, a cat's paw, with three chestnuts azure. Supporters, two female figures in white. Motto, "Certum pete finem."

"Capital! capital!" exclaimed Sir Romulus. "Cervantes himself would be delighted with you; and here is your dulcinea all ready," added he, pointing to Made-moiselle Perpignon, who had provided herself with a lap full of beans, in order to "Del Toboso" Mr. M'Phin as much as possible.

"Eh, sir," cried the latter, wheeling his huge quadruped short round, out of the meridian glare of made-

moiselle's glances, "Au've always conseedered thot fat scullion os the most superfluous and inconvenient perte of the booke."

"Oh, you Algerine! you've no gallantry in you; but just get down and help me up, will you, for this little devil is plunging and capering worse than ever."

Mr. M'Phin did as he was desired; but, just as he had placed one foot on the ground, and was in the act of releasing the other from the stirrup, Kicksywicksy seemed to resent his want of politeness in turning his back to her; for she no sooner perceived it than she began butting her head vehemently, when, getting on the blind side of Mr. M'Phin, she charged so furiously against the anterior part of his armour, that, but for the plate of iron Archy Dunn had had the precaution to have it lined with, she must have executed an indenture so disadvantageous to Mr. M'Phin as to have irrevocably disqualified him from resuming his seat. However, no sooner was Sir Romulus, by the joint assistance of himself and the groom, safely mounted, than he began practically to illustrate the motto on his shield, by aiming a blow at the sure end of Kicksywicksy, which so exasperated that high-mettled little animal, that she reared up on her hind legs, thereby disencumbering herself of Sir Romulus, who rolled to a considerable distance in the sawdust, his very worldly wig and helmet deserting him in his misfortunes, while the springs of the blancmange shape being loosened in the fall, it flew upward and descended upon his rampant feet, fettering him beyond all power of extrication, while Kicksywicksy set off full gallop, racing round and round the amphitheatre, putting every one to flight before her, and considerably exhilarated by the screams of the ladies.

"Stop that Algerine of a pony!" cried Sir Romulus, as soon as he could speak. "Where's my calamity?"

"Where is it not?" said Marmaduke, taking the tin shape off his feet; "for you appear overwhelmed with calamities of every kind."

"A—just so—just so—a," chimed in Colonel King, entering at a side door, and picking up, on the end of his cane, Sir Romulus's wig and helmet, while Captain Russell succeeded in catching Kicksywicksy's bridle; upon which the ladies ventured to descend from the upper benches, where they had taken refuge. As soon

as Sir Romulus was again on his feet, had readjusted his wig, and consoled himself with a pinch of snuff, he turned to Lady John, saying,

"Well, I think we have had enough of fun for to-day. What do you think of it?"

"Oh, very putty—very putty indeed," drawled Lady John.

"I had no idaya, my dear," said Lady Bubble, "that such a little animal could have thrown you to such a distance."

"It only shows," replied Marmaduke, "that the greatest man may be laid low in a moment."

"A—just so—just so—a," assented Colonel King.

"Oh dear! I don't know when I've heard you talk so sensible, Marmaduke; now quite remarkably so; 'tis like an observation Doctor Damnemall would have made."

"How very well you have arranged all this," said Colonel King, looking round the amphitheatre; "uncommonly well!"

"What do you think of the paintings? Pretty—'aint they?" asked Miss Prudence.

"A—very—a—very. Do you draw at all?" inquired the affable colonel, by way of saying something more than from any desire to acquire the information he asked.

"Oh dear! no, not at all; but I've a new teapot that draws uncommon well."

Here Lord John made his appearance, looking like an imbodied frost; and after his best county shake of the hand with Colonel King and Captain Russell, he presented several letters to Sir Romulus, Lady Bubble, and Cecil, who, with Theresa, retired to read his. One was from Gertrude, by which it was evident that she was becoming attached to Lord Mornington, and it might be fairly surmised he had given her cause so to be; a whole page she then devoted to praises of his mother, and lamentations over the bad health and low spirits of Lady Mornington's brother, Sir Headworth Clavering, who had lost all his children. Gertrude ended her letter by saying that a furious attack had just appeared on the Duke of Arlington, in the shape of a very clever pamphlet, the author of which nobody knew. Cecil's other letter was from Mr. Simpson, filled with statistical descriptions of Ireland and the

Irish, and a minute account of the approaching nuptials of his friend Mr. O'Gander Braddle, for whom he had designed two bridal offerings in the shape of seals. One was to consist simply of his crest, a stag's head, while the other was to be an anchor, wreathed with heart's-ease, with the charming motto, "May they be yours."

After perusing this interesting document, Cecil again read his sister's letter, and ended by writing up to Ridgway for the pamphlet she mentioned, determining to answer it. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the Duke of Arlington's public and private character. But this was not all: he could not come into public notice under fairer auspices than by a successful defence of that great man. Alas! poor human nature! Science itself might remain dormant, and philosophy stand still, but for the impetus of private motives. I very much doubt if Descartes would ever have attempted to subvert Peripateticism, had he not been addicted to passing sixteen hours out of the four-and-twenty in bed.

CHAPTER XI.

"Preachers have I heard who were just for all the world like mummers, which I once saw at Valladolid, when I went upon some business of the Holy Office; and there were stageplays acted; just so they throw about their hands as the toppingest man among the mummers."—FRIAR GERUND.

DR. DAMNEMALL PREACHES BEFORE LORD JOHN.—DIFFERENCE OF OPINION BETWEEN MARMADUKE AND MISS PRUDENCE AS TO THE MERITS OF HIS DISCOURSE.—TALES OF THE WOODS AND FIELDS—NOT THOSE OF THE CHARMING AUTHOR OF "TWO OLD MEN'S TALES."—MR. HOWARD DEFENDS THE DUKE OF ARLINGTON.—MARMADUKE SUGGESTS THE EXPEDIENCY OF A "FLAGELLUM PARLIAMENTARIUM" FOR THE PRESENT DAY.

THE day after the rehearsal for the tournament being Sunday, all the family at Bubble Hall proceeded to church, Lord and Lady John, and Sir Romulus and Lady Bubble occupying one carriage, while Miss Prudence,

Mademoiselle Perpignon, and Cosmo filled another. The rest of the party, consisting of Cecil, Theresa, Marmaduke, the two young ladies, and Miss Lucretia, preferred walking, as the morning was fine, and the church only the distance of a mile across the fields. This was Lord and Lady John's first appearance at the village fane, they having been too tired after their journey on the preceding Sabbath to go to church. Great was the commotion their advent occasioned; several of the officers and townspeople had deserted their church at Shrewsbury on this memorable occasion. Dr. Damnemall himself rustled in a new surplice, while Mrs. Damnemall seemed to have impd her bonnet with a dozen of ostrich wings, and dipped them in a rainbow afterward. Mrs. Town headed a squadron of her sons in a pew to themselves, while Mr. Town sat in one to himself behind them. Major and Mrs. Whabble, their "fine family," and Mrs. Jinks, occupied a conspicuous pew in the centre aisle, and were all, except the major, dressed in a full livery of pepper-and-salt cloth, braided with black: such as Mr. Howard had described to Archy Dunn as being the reigning mode in London!

Dr. Damnemall having, during the catechism of the charity children on the preceding Saturday, particularly impressed upon them the imperative duty of subordination to those placed in authority over them, had ordered them to rise simultaneously the moment that Lord and Lady John entered the church, which they obeying to the letter, the shuffling of feet and rustling of serge became so tremendous, that it resembled the whizzing sound of the approach of the Glums and Gowries as described in "Peter Wilkins," and caused Lady John to remark to her lord that it was a very "putty" sight to see so many of the *rising* generation together. Miss Prudence had gone into Mrs. Damnemall's pew, where she had an opportunity of remarking that there were five more loaves on the shelf to be given out on this Sunday than the last; and also how exceedingly well the doctor was looking in his new surplice; and, for her part, she was not sure that she did not prefer the church to the army or the royal navy!

In figure, Dr. Demetrius Damnemall gave one the idea of Sir John Falstaff in full canonicals. His face was of a ruddy purple; his cheeks ample, and over-

flowing, as it were, on his snow-white muslin cravat; his forehead was low; his eyebrows bushy; his eyes dark; his right eyelid drooping exceedingly; his nose was small and straight; his lips voluminous; his teeth white; and his chin cleft like a peach; his ears were red and downy, like large red gooseberries, the ample ends of which were doubled up by the interference of his cravat; his hands were very large and very white; his nails very long and very pointed; on the little finger of his left hand he wore a large, oval, red carnelian antique, representing the miracle of the loaves and fishes; on that of the right hand, an equally large emerald, formerly in the possession of Thomas à Becket. "Take him for all in all," a portly-looking man was Dr. Demetrius Damnemall; and no wonder Miss Prudence preferred the church in that form to either the army or "the royal navy!"

The church at Bubbleton not possessing an organ, the doctor had been particular in getting extra musicians against Lord John's arrival; and most of his parishioners, being puritanical like himself, had volunteered their services, so that he had secured the re-enforcement of a clarinet, and a sort of Sternhold and Hopkins' edition of King David on the harp; to be sure they were not exactly in unison, but this only produced the more variety. Peter Partridge, the clerk, who, from his lathy appearance, had obtained the soubriquet of "longcloth," in contrary distinction to the doctor's "nom de guerre" of "broadcloth," had, from officiating in the double capacity of waiter and clerk, contracted a habit of bowing every time he opened his mouth; and report went so far as to say that, at several of the vestal teaparties where he attended, he had been heard, when asked for or told to do anything, to reply "Amen." Seeing that Lord and Lady John were seated, and all the silks and satins in the church comfortably adjusted, he gave out, in a truly forlorn-hope whine, the following hymn:

"The saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect his aid,
The Lord he will appear."

"Oh dear! 'tis so applicable to Lord John," whispered Miss Prudence to Mrs. Damnemall, while twang went the harp, and out squeaked the clarinet, accom-

panied by the dulcifluous nasalities of the charity-children.

"That Algerine of a clarinet," murmured Sir Romulus to Lord John, "is out of tune. My calamity has a prodigiously fine ear; had they consulted her, she would have put them right."

The service then proceeded much as usual, except that in the Litany the doctor delivered with peculiar emphasis, "That it may please Thee to endue the Lords of the Council, and all the nobility, with grace, wisdom, and understanding," looking full at Lord John.

There had been great feuds in the parish lately; several of the children's parents, and, consequently, the children themselves, stealing away, whenever they could, to hear a very orthodox and excellent, but by no means puritanical clergyman, of the name of Faithful, read the church service, which he did twice a week at Shrewsbury; consequently, as parochial business must be attended to, Dr. Damnemall took his text from chap. xxx. of Isaiah: "Wo to the rebellious children, saith the Lord, that take counsel, but not of me." After for some time forcibly anathematizing the sin of disobedience, the doctor got into the midst of the Deluge, and floated for some time on the surface of the waters till the ark landed; when he pointed out how the best men may be tempted to err, and lamented over Noah's inebriety; adding, "Oh, my infantine brethren!—for it is to you I address myself—drunkenness is a dreadful sin! In the archives of our erring sister, the Roman Church, it is related that the devil—for oh! he is a subtle devil—offered a poor saint his choice of three sins, compelling him to choose one. Thinking to choose the least, he selected drunkenness; but, when drunk, lo! he committed the other two! therefore I say unto ye, beware! beware! beware!" Here the doctor's "*verbum ardens*" and happy facility of expression hurried him on, till he found himself at Belshazzar's feast, when he exclaimed, "What a fine sight this must have been, a thousand of his lords!!! Our House of Lords! my beloved sinners! is a very pleasing, nay, a very edifying sight; but what is that compared to Belshazzar's, with his thousand lords all seated side by side at a sumptuous feast, where was no doubt every delicacy of the season!!*"

* I think it right to state, lest I should incur the odium of treating

As I always endeavour to instil into you, my Christian brethren, respect for your superiors is one of your greatest virtues! Moses was a weak young man! still he was God's prime-minister! and, as such, to be respected!!!"

"Insufferable stuff!" said Marmaduke, as the doctor concluded; "it is a disgrace to allow such people to profane God's temple and scandalize religion."

"Oh dear! what an edifying discourse!" exclaimed Miss Prudence to Mrs. Damnemall. "I assure you, the way in which the doctor described Belshazzar's feast made me quite hungry. Oh dear! I could actually see the things before me. It shows what a clever man he is. If Lord John does not get him made a dean after that sermon, I'll never say that any one can live by their wits again!"

"I hope I see your ladyship quite well!" said Mrs. Whabble, simpering up to Lady Bubble; and then added in a whisper, "Do you think I could prevail upon Lord and Lady John to come to my ball on the 26th? I should be so proud if they would, and I assure you some of the most genteel people in the neighbourhood are coming to me."

"I'm sure they'd be very happy," replied Lady Bubble, who knew how anxious Lord John was to be introduced to Major Whabble's four-and-twenty votes. "I'll introduce you to Lady John. Lady John, allow me to introduce you to Major and Mrs. Whabble—Lord John, Major and Mrs. Whabble."

"Most happy to have the opportunity of making Colonel Whabble's acquaintance," said Lord John, looking as if he was going to be hanged.

"Your lordship has promoted me, for I'm only a major yet," said that worthy individual.

"No, but her majesty soon will promote you," chimed in Sir Romulus. "So you see the colonel (kernel) lies in a nutshell—lies in a nutshell! ha! ha! ha! Do you approve of my wit, Lord John?"

"Wit!" responded Lord John, innocently; "oh—ah—yes, very good."

"Are you Lady John Bubble?" said Master Whabble,

reverently so sacred a subject, that this sermon was actually preached, verbatim, with what follows about Moses, six months ago, by a clergyman of the Established Church! not at Shrewsbury, but in one of the eastern counties.—*Sic itur ad astra.*

grasping her ladyship's dress so emphatically that he nearly severed it from her body as he stared up into her face.

"Yes, my dear, I am," replied she, with great elective-franchise suppression of temper.

"Ma! ma! I say, ma," vociferated that charming child, mistaking his mother's boa for a bellrope, and tugging at it accordingly, "she's just like any other woman!"

"Hush, James! you should never make remarks."

"Oh, I think it's so putty to hear his remarks," fibbed Lady John, and thought that, if that did not secure Major Whabble's four-and-twenty votes, her husband had no chance of his election.

"Oh, sir," cried Mrs. Jinks, puffing and panting up to Cecil, while she made ineffectual efforts to disencumber her right hand of a plum-coloured leather glove, "oh, sir, I'm so glad to see you again. I assure you, I often talk to my daughter, Mrs. Major Whabble, who, I believe, you've had the pleasure of being introduced to, of the agreeable journey we had together from Lunnun. I ope the 'Merican gentleman was quite well when you heerd from him, for I overheard him saying as he should write to you. He banged Cocker at 'rethmatic, didn't he! But ow ave you been since, sir?"

"Quite well, I thank you. May I venture to hope that you have quite recovered the effects of your fall?"

"Oh, Lor! don't talk of it! we make a joke of it now. The major, he's so full of his fun, that he says I might have seen by the halminack that there would be a fall of some kind about that time, and that the Rocket being a hopposition coach, that was the reason as they lowered the fare. We do run on so, to be sure; but, Lor! I was such a mass of bruises for more nor six weeks after. You can't think how quite black and gray! like this here p'lese. Dear! sir, it was uncommon kind of you to tell Dunn what all the fine ladies in Lunnun was a wearing, for I do love anything flashy or genteel in the way of dress—and doesn't Mrs. Major look particklar well in hers?"

"Annihilatingly so, indeed," smiled Cecil.

"I'm glad you think so," said Mrs. Jinks; "for Jane—I mean Mrs. Major Whabble—is so partial to fashionable men, you can't think!"

"Pitiable creatures!" murmured Cecil.

"Doctor," said Sir Romulus, as he stepped into the carriage, "will you and Mrs. Damnemall dine with us to-morrow! and you'll meet with a liberal turtle and a Tory duke."

The doctor, justly considering both excellent things in their way and in his way, accepted the invitation. As the carriages drove off and the pedestrians paired off, Mrs. Jinks again wrung Cecil's hand, and, indeed, his heart, by expressing a fervent wish that they might always travel together. While Dr. Damnemall, after expressing a great deal of vulgar surprise at Marmaduke's early rising within the last few months, added,

"But, my dear sir, how uncommonly well you are looking!"

"Well, sir," said Marmaduke, thumping his stick on the ground, and giving the doctor a sort of ogre-in-Puss-in-boots look (that is, as if he was going to transform him from a lion into a mouse), "well, sir, if I am, what of that? There's no act of Parliament against my looking well, is there?"

"Certainly not, my dear sir, certainly not," replied the terrified divine; "but you are looking so wonderfully well!"

"Glad of it! glad of it! shows there's no resemblance between my looks and your preaching. Good-morning to you! and 'Good Lord deliver us' from Dr. Damnemall!" added he, as he cleared the stile from the churchyard into the field. "That man is too much for my temper," continued Marmaduke; "and yet I've no doubt that unmitigated old fool, my sister Prudence, will tell us all when we get home that she enjoyed the tissue of nonsense that fellow called a sermon 'beyond everything!'"

"I think," remarked Miss Lucretia, mildly, "that it was too political."

"Political! What do you mean by that! As far as the church went, it was most impolitic; for it was enough to bring any church into disgrace."

"Why—a—I mean calling Moses a weak young man, and God's prime-minister, was evidently an allusion to Lord John," said Miss Lucretia.

"Couldn't be—couldn't be; for he's a weak old man, and not a prime-minister, only a man who primes the minister. Would to Heaven he'd make him *go off*!"

"Oh, well, you gentlemen know best," deferred Lu-

cretia; "but I should have thought it a political sermon."

"Who'd have thought it? Moses caught it," laughed Marmaduke.

Here Cecil, who was walking on before with the two young ladies and Theresa, and who was afraid the wind blew too coldly in her face, stopped to settle her veil, which had come untied; and, as Marmaduke and Lucretia brought up the rear, they stopped too, when from behind the hedge they overheard the following colloquy:

"John, why doesn't spake!"

"Got nothink to sye (say)."

"Why doesn't tell me eh lovest me?"

"I tauld ee that afore."

"Why doesn't kiss me, then?"

"I wull present-ly."*

"I tell ee what, John Brough, there's no use in our keeping company if you goes on in this way."

"You be always in such a hurry, and no good ever comes along of being in a hurry."

"Missis says as she'll get another servant-gal if I asks leave to go out so often; and she do storm so about the butter, I shall have to leave off giving ee buttered toast with ee tea."

"No, don't ee," responded John, "and I'll kiss ee now."

As Sir Giles Overreach says, the kiss "came twangingly off," and the first speaker resumed,

"You don't know how out a pocket I be along of you, John. Missis (drat her!) never leaves the key in the tea-chest now."

"I tauld ee I'd make ee the feller to it, if so be you could lay hold on it for half an hour; and then you no call to be out of pocket, Sal."

"It's more easily said than done, John Brough. An honest, hard-working, 'dustrious gal has no chance with such an old skinflint as she. Mary Cook, at Mrs. Whable's, do a complain sadly; but, as I tells her, her missis be a lady-mayoreess to Mrs. Town. Lor! if there ain't a man's hat a listening t'other side of the hedge!" almost screamed Sally. "Why don't ee wallup un, John?"

"I wull present-ly," answered the procrastinating

* This dialogue is taken down, verbatim, from one that a friend of the author's overheard in Berkshire.

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John. This was enough. Marmaduke and Cecil burst into a loud laugh; and, not waiting for Mr. Brough's "present-ly," walked on.

"Now is not this exactly what I always tell you?" said Marmaduke to Miss Lucretia; "common people invariably pair (for I cannot call it making love) after this fashion, and do not, as described by some Arcadian writers, talk lilies and roses, and look doves and deities."

"I should hope," said Miss Lucretia, sentimentally, "that those wretches are a solitary instance, and that more pure, ethereal refinement palpitates in humble hearts, and sublimates rural love than in any other."

"D—d nonsense!" cried Marmaduke; an exclamation he continued to mutter till he reached home, where the rest of the party had arrived before them. In the library he found Mr. Town confidentially sycophantizing to Lord John, from whom he had extorted a promise to lay his plan for a submarine railroad before the House of Commons; and, in return, like a true insect, he thought the best way of buzzing his flattery into Lord John's ear was to sting the reputation of the Duke of Arlington, whose speaking he was depreciating as tame and cold. Had Mr. Town made his misstatement to Cecil alone (coming, as it did, from so insignificant a quarter), he would not have thought it worth relating; but, being anxious that Lord John should not labour under any false impressions as to his political tenets, he rejoined, with some warmth, and rather ironically,

"Notwithstanding the veto of so good a judge, I cannot coincide in that opinion; for, if (which I am willing to admit) the duke sometimes creeps with Timæus, he as often, if not oftener, lightens and thunders with Pericles; and, as too many of his contemporaries have reason to know, his invective is so withering and terrible, that all things perish beneath its influence, like vegetation over which a sirocco has passed; and his irony, however strong, is always dignified, while his power of ridicule is perfectly irresistible. In fact, as an orator, I never heard or read of any one who possesses such light and shade: for, whether he rises to epic sublimity or sinks to colloquial familiarity, the result is always the same—that of leaving a fact or an image the more in one's memory or one's imagination. But, more than all, I venerate his total absence of party

spirit—that only test of unimpeachable political integrity; for, whether the caprice of a monarch or the prejudices of a people are to be offended, and, consequently, his favour with the one or his popularity with the other are to be risked, he cares not, as long as right is to be pursued or good to be achieved, though I grant that Nature must claim the merit of this; for his is one of those master-spirits that never can sink to the grovelling paths of meaner minds. In fact, what was said of Napoleon may be with truth asserted of him:

‘The ebb and flow of his single mind
Are as tides to the rest of mankind.’

Therefore, born to sway and to command, it is not likely that he should ever succumb, either to murmuring complaisance, or to spurious pride that licks the dust.”

“Really,” replied Lord John, raising his eyebrows and pitching his voice three degrees below zero, “such intemperate zeal in behalf of the Duke of Arlington, I must observe, Mr. Howard, comes with a bad grace from any relative of mine, however distant, sir—however distant.”

“I am sorry,” said Cecil, “that my manner should have offended you. The utterance of my opinions I certainly may suppress; but the opinions themselves I cannot alter.”

“God forbid that you should!” exclaimed Marmaduke; and then added, “I tell you what, Cecil—suppose you and I write an ‘abstract and brief chronicle’ of both Houses of Parliament, eh? We’d have ’em on the hip there!”

“What, like Mr. Greville’s delightful ‘Book of Maxims!’” asked Cecil.

“No, no, more to the purpose than that: plain truths, and no fiction. Stay, like this,” continued Marmaduke, reaching down a small volume entitled “*Flagellum Parliamentarium*; being Sarcastic Notices of the First Parliament after the Restoration,” and then read out the following passages from it:

“‘DEVON. Sir Thomas Clifford, the grandson of a poor Devonshire vicar; treasurer of the household; one of the lords commissioners of the treasury; bribemaster-general.

“‘Sir Gilbert Talbot, the king’s jeweller; a great cheat at bowls and cards; not born to a shilling.

“ ‘Sir Courtney Poole, the first mover for chimney-money, for which he had the court thanks, but no snip.

“ ‘Peter Prideaux, a secret pensioner of £200 per annum and his daily food.

“ ‘Henry Ford, so much in debt he cannot help taking his bribe and promise of employment.

“ ‘Sir John Shaw, first a vintner's poor-boy, afterward a customer that cheated the nation of £100,000.

“ ‘Anthony Ashley, son to the lord that looks on both sides, and one Wry, who is the great bribe-taker, and has got and cheated £150,000.

“ ‘ESSEX. Sir Harbottle Grimston, master of the rolls.

“ ‘Then comes Sir Richard Wiseman, with no comment, good, bad, or indifferent, appended to his name, and, like many of the wise men of the present day, I doubt not, felt himself more aggrieved than any of them by such total oblivion. Next follows

“ ‘Thomas King, a poor, beggarly fellow, who sold his voice to the treasury for £50 bribe.

“ ‘GLOUCESTER. Sir Bayn Throgmorton, who has £300 per annum in land given him.

“ ‘Sir Edward Massy, a command in Ireland, and £10,000 per annum there.

“ ‘HEREFORD. Thomas Price, a debtor to the king £1500.

“ ‘Roger Vaughan, a pitiful, pimping bedchamberman to his highness, and captain of a foot company.

“ ‘Sir John Barnaby' (another nonentity).

“ ‘HERTFORD. Samuel Grimstone, a silly son of the master of the rolls, and son-in-law to the attorney-general.

“ ‘Thomas Lord Fanshaw, a pensioner, and much in debt.

“ ‘LINCOLN. Sir Robert Carr, married first his mother's maid, to whom he gave £1000 that she would not claim him, because he was married to Secretary Bennett's sister. He had a list of his debts given into the bribemaster Clifford's hands, who has already paid off £7000 of them.'

“ ‘Now here,' continued Marmaduke, “is a poor man that is to be pitied: one of the members for Cambridge:

“ ‘Sir Charles Wheeler, a foot captain, once flattered with hopes of being master of the rolls, now governor of Nevis, and a privy-chamber-man.

“ ‘ William Lord Allington, a Chatham collector and a court cully, laughed at by them.

“ ‘ LANCASTER. Sir William Bucknell, once a poor factor to buy malt for the brewers, now a farmer of the revenues of England and Ireland, on account of the Duchess of Cleveland, who goes snip with him, to whom he has given £20,000.

“ ‘ WILTS. Sir Stephen Fox, once a linkboy, then a singing-boy at Salisbury, then a serving-man, and, permitting his wife to be a philanthropic beyond the seas, at the Restoration was made paymaster to the Guards, where he has cheated £100,000, and is one of the green cloth.

“ ‘ Henry Clark, hath had a lick at the bribe jar.

“ ‘ William Ashburnham, not born to a farthing, now cofferer.

“ ‘ WALES. Edward Progers, a bedchamber-man, not born to a farthing.

“ ‘ Sir Herbert Price, master of the king’s household ; pays no debts ; his son in the Guards, his daughter with the queen.

“ ‘ Roger Whitby, knight harbinger, means honestly, but dares not show it.’

“ ‘ Poor, pitiful knave !’ exclaimed Marmaduke ; “ he is worse than if he meant dishonestly and dared show it, inasmuch as that cowardice and hypocrisy are the worst of sins : but don’t you think a very amusing comparative analysis might be written of the House of Commons of the present day !”

“ ‘ If true, it would, I fear, be more disgraceful than amusing,” replied Cecil.

“ ‘ Such a work,” said Lord John, taking his hat and leaving the room, followed by Mr. Town, “ would be a violation of the laws of the land and of the laws of society !”

“ ‘ Ha ! ha ! ha !” laughed Marmaduke ; “ the laws of the land and the laws of society—a fine peroration ! but he’d better have kept it for the opening of the next budget !”

CHAPTER XII.

"How strange that a day, nay, an hour, a minute, may bring us acquainted with one that shall be knit with our future destinies, yet of whose very existence we were ignorant the preceding hour."—FRANCIS FLOWERDALE.

"It is not the hunger which interests us, but the distress which that hunger occasions."—ADAM SMITH.

A WALK BEFORE BREAKFAST.—SEEDS, FROM WHICH SPRING CHARITY.—ONE MYSTERY SOLVED, ANOTHER BEGAN.—CECIL AND THERESA MEET—NOT IN A CROWD.

LOVE's creed is an Athenian one, that peoples the world with deities; the object of his choice being the great Jupiter, that inhabits the region of the heart; Jealousy, the Neptune that lashes into storms the restless ocean of thought; Fear and Incertitude, the watchful Nereides that haunt the mysterious streams of imagination; and Hope, the mighty Dis, that rules over the vast and undiscovered future; while not a hue, a tint, a sound, an echo of this visible and material world; not a blush upon the flower, a shade upon the forest, a ripple upon the wave, the murmured secrets of the winds and the trees, the vigils of the stars, or the gushings of the fountain, but what become the voices and the omens of the tutelary divinities on his self-elected altars; till the mythology of the heart, like that of the Greeks, multiplies its creation beyond the power of the wide Pantheon of imagination to contain its images. Yet, among this plurality of gods common to both, what is wanting to each? Reality. This craving for the real it was which made the Athenians, amid their myriads of imaginary divinities, still erect another altar "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD;" this craving for the real it is that makes all who love cling to the present; and it was this feeling which made Cecil shrink from communicating with Lord John on the subject of his marriage with Theresa; for he felt that so doing might end that present, which, in their scale of happiness, was all that they could call their own. Differing, too, as he did from him, not only in politics, but in most things, he scarcely knew what even to ask, much less to hope

from him; besides, in order to deal with a man, you must know his temper, by which you can lead him; or his ends, by which you can persuade him; or his friends, by whom you can govern him: but Lord John was a combination of negatives. He had no temper; or, if he had, it was of so stagnant and sluggish a nature that it was difficult to know of what properties it consisted: for his ends, they were equally inscrutable, as ambition had been "thrust upon him," and was therefore neither the bit that he champed nor the spur that urged him onward: and as for friends, even the members of his party had never shackled themselves with so empty a name.

Among the mass of mankind all are idolaters; some of interest (and these are the most numerous); some of fame; some of power; some of wealth, which is power, for it matters little what may be the virtue, knowledge, and integrity of one man, or the profligacy, villany, and hypocrisy of another; let but poverty cast a shadow over the former, and wealth a halo around the latter, society is ever ready to turn its back on the one, and open its arms to the other. Some few worship Love; some fewer Wisdom, or what they deem such; for there is a mysterious circle in the economy of human affairs, which, after the most laborious and extended researches of philosophy, the deepest and most careful excavations of science, forces Wisdom to content itself, or, at least, to sit down with so large a portion of negative knowledge, that it meets Ignorance half way by still taking refuge in Doubt; and never shows itself greater than when it prudently submits to taking things as it finds them. There are also human as well as animal sloths, and Indolence is the ignoble deity at whose shrine they worship. Thus, then, nearly all men have their idolatry; the art of governing them consists in finding out the idol. This is the master-key to the art. But if men have neither idols nor hearts, as does sometimes, though rarely, happen, then does the management of them become almost an impossibility, as the ordinary laws of nature are not only to be waved, but surmounted. In their case, it is a common error to suppose that the human nature of the mass must necessarily be the human nature of all; and this arguing from analogy it is that has afforded protection and impunity to some of the most iniquitous characters of all ages. The strength,

depth, and undying nature of maternal love has passed into a proverb; and yet more persons than Savage, the poet, have had unnatural mothers; while those of China sacrifice their female children without hesitation or remorse, merely because it is not geographically criminal to do so. So much for the universality of maternal affection. There is no error more common nor more fatal than confounding knowledge of human nature with knowledge of the world; they are two separate and distinct things. As well might we conclude that, because a man was a first-rate husbandman, and could interpret every shade in the earth or heavens as connected with his calling, he must of necessity be an equally skilful architect or coachmaker. A savage might be a profound adept in human nature, and gauge to a nicety the ebb and flow of every separate passion, and yet, on his first entrée into civilized life, might be duped and cajoled at every turn, which would be no proof of folly, as what is called knowledge of the world can only be acquired in the world, and by an intercourse with the very worst portion of it.

Cardinal de Retz's answer to his secretary Joly, when the latter remonstrated with him upon his misconduct, evinced great knowledge of the world. "What you say is all perfectly true," said his eminence, "and I'm as well aware of it as you are; but you'll never get the world to believe it, and in that is my security." The world is always for referring everything to the "*vraisemblable*," and therefore judge the motives of men's actions by this test, forgetting that "*nullum simile quod idem est*," and that, consequently, nothing is often more unlike truth than truth itself. But to return: with reference to idols, Lord John was one of the few exceptions that prove the rule. He had no idol, or, if he had, Propriety was his divinity; and Cecil was well aware, that her starch and buckram attributes could not receive a greater violation in his lordship's eyes, than for any one to propose making him a party concerned; in fact, an aider and abetter in a matrimonial alliance not based upon what the world, and, therefore, himself (which, as he considered, formed a most important part of it), thought suitable prospects. Fully imbued with this conviction, Howard encouraged himself in putting off the evil day, and secured present happiness by ministering to, or anticipating every little wish of Theresa's.

What a mistake is it to say that time that passes happily passes quickly : it is the dull, monotonous, unloved, unloving life that seems, at the end of each succeeding year, as though it had been all run into one long tedious day ; whereas, in the chronology of the heart, every pulsation is an epoch, marked by a victory or a gala ; and in a single day of actual time, we often live a century of positive life.

Theresa had been wishing to obtain some hibiscus, or musk-plant seeds of a particular sort ; but, there being thirty-six different species, Cecil thought the best way of procuring what she wanted would be to get them all. For which purpose he set off to Shrewsbury one morning early, before breakfast ; and, after going to every seedshop in the town, had secured every kind but two, which he had been recommended to seek at a nursery-garden at the back of the suburbs. The morning was intensely cold ; but, as the sun was bright and the air dry, this prolongation of his walk was rather pleasant than otherwise. As he was passing through a narrow, gloomy lane, his attention was arrested by the loud sobbing of a child that issued from a small baker's shop, accompanied by the broken but determined asseveration of,

"No, I ne—ne—never will eat parish bread ; I'd starve first."

"Ay, and better starve, too," rejoined a shrill adult voice, "Miss Carlton, than your father should cram you with such unbecoming pride, when he's nothing else to give you, and can't pay honest folks their due."

"He has paid you honestly always," sobbed the first speaker, "till my poor mother's—" Here the child burst into such a paroxysm of tears that the remainder of the sentence was inaudible.

Under the pretext of inquiring his way, Cecil entered the shop.

Charles Lamb has truly and touchingly remarked, that common people's children "are dragged up, not brought up." There is a precocity—not, indeed, of intellect, but of prudence and worldly wisdom—in them that is truly painful. Care has usurped the empire of carelessness, that legitimate monarch of a child's being ; and, like all usurpers, has, in the vehemence of his achievements, anticipated the slow march of Time. Life itself, which, among the children of the rich, is an

exuberant overflowing, that, lavish it as they may, still seems inexhaustible, among those of the poor is a lean phantom, grasped at with pain, and maintained with a struggle; in short, they know nothing of youth but its feebleness and its wailing; its bloom and its buoyancy being, like every other luxury, beyond their reach. To me, the most painful sight in this world is a poor, that is, a destitute child. Whatever misery a grown person may be plunged into, a thousand suppositions are left for its palliation: they may once have been well off, or they may have been the artificers of their own ruin, and they may live to see better days; but children—they can have done nothing to deserve that the one blessing, unmortgaged at the fall, the carelessness of youth, should be taken from them.

The little girl that now stood before Cecil, though bearing every outward mark of poverty, and shivering from the intense cold of the morning and the scantiness of her clothing (which consisted of a threadbare brown-stuff frock, and a thin, ragged, black silk handkerchief, pinned like a shawl over her shoulders), yet bore evident marks of gentler birth than her present position seemed to warrant. Her features were beautiful, though disfigured by an expression of care and famine that was truly appalling: though apparently not more than eight or nine years old, the lines in her face were strong, as though the marks of tears prematurely shed would not be effaced; her lips were full and beautifully chiselled, and looked as if they would have been red had they ever known the sunshine of a smile; her eyes were large and dark, with such an expression of intense watchfulness that she actually appeared to listen with them; the only part of her person that seemed to have received much attention was her hair, which was rich, dark, and glossy, and plainly twisted up with a comb. She shrunk back upon Cecil's entrance, while the woman to whom she had been speaking—a large, coarse, zoneless female, with a fat white face, rendered still whiter by flour; light eyes with red rims; a linen cap, half at the back of her head, displaying well-floured hair, that might have been any colour; her bare arms akimbo; a short blue bedgown; a blue apron, also well-floured, and turned over under one hand; black worsted stockings, and slipshod shoes—advanced, and, changing the bullying tone she had used to the child into one of obsequious civility to Cecil, said,

dings to their husbands, first throwing a veil over the sacred mysteries. The last is Clodius before the judges, who, though eager to condemn so sacrilegious a mortal, yet, as the populace declare for him, are obliged to acquit him,* when he is borne home in triumph past the Forum, where groups of senators are discussing the matter. I am thus minute in my details of this opera, because its representation gave the impetus that turned the cast of the die which decided my fate. I was witnessing the representation from a stall near a pit-box, when the shriek that the slave gives on the stage at discovering Clodius was echoed from behind me. I turned, and beheld one of the most beautiful faces I had ever seen, reclining in a fainting-fit on the shoulder of an elderly gentleman. I raised my glass, and in the gentleman recognised a 'ci-devant' private tutor of mine, of the name of Nugent. I had never liked the man, for he was pompous, worldly, and encroaching, and had looked much more after my father's livings than my Latin. Nevertheless, I was now seized with an unaccountable desire to shake hands with him, and lost no time in repairing to his box. I found him in the ante-room, seated on the sofa, with the young lady, who was partially recovered from her swoon.

"'Carlton,' said he, 'I'm delighted to see you, and congratulate you most sincerely on the brilliant success of your splendid opera. This must be a proud night for your father! I always knew that you had gigantic talents; but I had no conception that—'

"'I fear,' cried I, interrupting him in the middle of his fulsome harangue, 'that the heat has quite overpowered this lady. Can I be of any use in getting her anything?'

"'Oh, by-the-by, I believe you do not know my youngest daughter, for she was at school when you were with us,' said Nugent; 'but she knows you thor-

* Cicero, on the contrary, speaking of the acquittal of Clodius, in a letter to Atticus, says that he was acquitted by the influence of Crassus, and expresses himself as follows: "In two days he completed the affair, by the means of one slave, a gladiator. He sent for him, and by promises, wheedling, and large gifts, he gained his point. Good God! to what an infamous height has corruption at length arrived!" He then enters into the minutiae of other and more disgraceful influences by which judges were tampered with and justice made unattainable; and yet old ladies of both sexes insist upon it that the world is worse than ever it was! "Credat Judæus."

oughly by report. Blanche, my dear, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Carlton, whom you have often heard your mother and I talk of as the most promising young man of the present day.'

"'Mr. Cobham you mean, papa,' said the young lady.

"'No, my dear,' frowned her father, 'Mr. Carlton. You have a bad memory for names.' Mr. Cobham was the son of the then premier, and had also been a pupil of Dr. Nugent's; so no doubt his daughter was perfectly correct as to the name of the person she had been in the habit of hearing so belauded: moreover, it was Mr. Cobham's box they were then in. No sooner had the introduction taken place, than Miss Nugent said to me, in a sweet, low voice, 'I have been so charmed with your opera, Mr. Carlton! not that my praise is worth having—as, being the first I have ever heard, I am no judge—but every one else appears equally delighted with it; so I suppose I am right.'

"'Blanche is a sad, blunt girl, so you must not be offended with her,' said her father; and then, clearing his throat with a sonorous hem, said, by way of indemnification, in a friendly whisper, 'Ahem! ahem! you are aware that my son John is connected with the daily and periodical press in all its branches. I see him very attentive in the pit, and I've no doubt I have only to give him a hint of my wishes, and, as far as a flattering notice of your opera goes, he'll do the thing in style.'

"'I should be sorry he praised it at any one's instigation,' replied I, 'unless he really thought well of it; besides, I was not aware that he understood music.'

"'Nor does he, a note,' said the doctor; 'but you understand little of these matters, my young friend, if you think any species of criticism nowadays requires a knowledge of the subject—or the facts to be criticised. No, no, it is conducted on a much easier and more sweeping principle. Party and personal feelings decide everything; and a review often depends as much upon a ball to which the vulgar wife or family of the reviewer is asked, as a puff does on a bank-note lent to the reviewer.'

"'Then I would rather be for ever without a panegyric, than derive it from such contemptible channels.'

"'You are wrong, my dear young friend, depend upon it,' again asserted the doctor. 'Now there is my son John—it is astonishing all he does in this line, and with-

out possessing a particle of what even the partiality of a father can call talent ; I expect to see him an under-secretary before I die, from the obligations he is continually laying rising men under in the political and literary world. He is also engaged in a biography of eminent statesmen, which enables him to draw complimentary parallels between those of the past and present times ; indeed, he has been of such material use in city politics, that Mrs. Nugent's brother, the alderman, intends making him his heir.'

"Much disgusted at the tone of this conversation, I changed the subject as soon as possible, by asking Miss Nugent 'if she intended remaining long in town, or returning to Guildford, where she lived.'

"She said she believed her father intended to remain six weeks in London. Never had any piece of intelligence given me so much pleasure. Shortly after, I took my leave, telling the doctor that I should call upon him the next day. My mother was about to give a grand ball in the course of a week, and I had set my heart upon Miss Nugent's gracing it ; accordingly, from their box I repaired to my mother's. She was not in the habit of refusing her children anything ; and it was not likely, upon the first night of my opera, that she would begin : so, after having received her felicitations, and those of the lady with her, on its success, I told her I had met my old tutor, Dr. Nugent and his daughter, and that it would greatly oblige me if she would let me ask them to her ball. 'My dear,' said she, without making any direct reply to my request, 'I thought I had heard you say that you did not like Dr. Nugent ?' 'Nor do I very much,' said I ; 'but I should like to pay him the attention of asking him, as he is only in town for a short time.' But that my mother was near-sighted, she might have perceived how I coloured at the falsehood I had uttered ; but she made no farther remark than 'Oh, very well ; just as you like, Henry,' as she drew one of her 'at homes' from her reticule, with which I instantly prepared to leave the box, in order to write 'for Dr. and Miss Blanche Nugent' on it, when my mother said, as I reached the door, 'All I hope is, Henry, that the daughter is not vulgar.' 'Indeed she's not,' replied I ; which piece of truth was very refreshing after my recent subterfuge. I returned to the Nugents with another, namely, that my mother was most anxious to have the pleas-

ure of seeing them at her ball. The doctor made what his son would have reported as a suitable reply, of which I heard nothing but 'most proud,' and a volley of 'ladyships.' The next morning found me at Dr. Nugent's lodgings in Holles-street by one o'clock. If I had thought Miss Nugent beautiful on the preceding night, I thought her doubly so the next morning. I had often dreamed of, but never before seen the ideal embodied in the real. My poor Blanche!" exclaimed Carlton, pouring out a glass of water, which having drank, he sobbed convulsively, and buried his face in his hands.

"Father," said the child, raising her tearful eyes, "don't cry; for, as you told me, she is in Heaven, and all are happy there."

"Come with me, dear," whispered Theresa, drying her own eyes; "I think you'll be better for lying down a little."

"Do you wish me to go; for I'll do anything for you; but I'd rather stay here."

"I do wish you to come, dear," rejoined Theresa, as she led her into the next room, where there was also a bright fire and the bed ready made, in which, after undressing her, Miss Manners placed the little girl.

"Oh, what a nice, soft bed!" said she, as her head sank on the pillow. "If my mother had but had such a one, she might have been alive now;" and the child hid her face in the pillow, and cried bitterly. Theresa merely put her hair out of her eyes, without attempting to check her, foreseeing what the event proved—that she would cry herself to sleep. For some minutes she watched the little sufferer's quick, feverish breathing, till it gradually became more calm and sound, when, gently opening the door, she left her, and returned into the sitting-room, where she found Cecil and Carlton as she left them, the latter still violently excited, and the former looking compassionately at him, without attempting to interrupt his affliction. Theresa sat for some minutes in silence after she had joined them, and then, rising, said to Carlton,

"I think we had better leave you for to-day; and to-morrow, I hope, you will be better able to let us hear the remainder of your story, in which we are so much interested."

"No, no: now or never," said he, placing his hand upon her wrist, and pressing her down into the chair.

"To-morrow! if God is merciful, there will be no to-morrow for me! You have served me; let me, if I can, do one thing that is right before I die, and serve you." So saying, he poured out another glass of water, and, with a great effort, resumed:

"Let me see—where was I?—oh, I remember," groaned the unhappy man, passing his hand tightly over his eyes, as if to pluck from his memory some painful vision. "Well, Blanche came to my mother's ball, dressed in simple white, with no other ornament than one large red rose, and its fresh leaves, in her bosom, her dark hair plainly parted over her polished brow, and her wondrous eyes alone forming a galaxy of beauty. So dazzling was her appearance, that a murmur of admiration ran through the rooms wherever she passed, with a question of 'Who is she?' This, however, was no sooner answered, than the fact of her being the daughter of my private tutor seemed to have the magical effect of dispelling her beauty; for a disqualifying 'oh' was the only farther comment made upon her. Even my father, who had seldom eyes for anything less than a princess of the blood, a cabinet minister, or a blue-riband, came up to me, and said, 'Who is that beautiful creature you have been dancing with, Henry?' But when I told him, 'Pish!' said he, peevishly; 'I was in hopes it had been the youngest of the Cobhams, Lady Mary, who was presented yesterday, and who, I hear, is beautiful. You must find her out, and dance with her.' And, for the rest of the evening, my father overwhelmed me with such an influx of Lady Charlottes and Lady Janes, that I had no opportunity of again dancing with Blanche Nugent.

"There is no use," continued Carlton, "in taking up your time with the minutiae of this epoch of my life, which to recall is to me torture that amounts to madness. You will probably have divined before this that I loved Blanche. Loved her! Oh, God! it was not love, it was idolatry! or, in other words, I harboured that concentrated quintessence of selfishness which goads a man into sacrificing all objects for one, and makes him ultimately include that one in the sacrifice. For love, at least with men, being a complex passion, cannot be pure. Esteem, or the real, and enthusiasm, or the supposed, excellence of the person beloved, joined to vanity, or the reflection that we possess what is the object

of desire to others (to say nothing of a strong substratum of sensuality), are generally the tyrants that sway the republic of our affections. But to return: I was not long in ascertaining that if I loved, I was also beloved. Yet, when I offered my heart to Blanche, and to devote my life to her, both were refused. She said she knew my parents would never consent to so unequal a match, and, therefore, she never would be accessory to my incurring their displeasure. I, of course, resorted to all the sophistry and all the entreaties generally used on such occasions, but in vain. Meanwhile her father and the rest of her family evidently encouraged my visits, while my own were not aware of my frequent fittings to Guildford. At length I summoned courage boldly to ask my father's consent to my marriage. To describe his look at this request is utterly impossible. After measuring me with his eye from head to foot, and walking round me, he pointed to the door, and bade me remember, in his own peculiar, dry, husky voice, that there was such a person as Dr. Willis in the world, and that he had such things as straight waistcoats; and, among his collection, no doubt one could be found to fit me!

"The result of this conference was, that I took to my bed in a brain fever, which reduced me nearly to a shadow. This quite subdued my mother, and she interceded for me with my father, but without producing any other effect but an order to quit his house if I even presumed to think any more of Miss Nugent; and he wrote to her father, saying that, if he did not forbid me his house, neither he nor his family need ever hope for any patronage at his hands; but, quite the reverse, he would cross their path in every possible way.

"This arbitrary proceeding on the part of my father roused me into rebellion and defiance. I repaired once more to Guildford, and what my best looks had never been able to accomplish, my haggard and altered appearance achieved. Blanche consented to be mine at all hazards. We had just arranged everything for our departure that very night, when her father entered the room with my father's letter in his hand.

"'My dear young friend,' said he, in a Jesuitical voice, 'I grieve to say that I must for the future dispense with what has been a source of such pleasure to me and Mrs. Nugent—your visits. Exclusive of the high honour I should deem it for our daughter to form an al-

liance with you, the almost parental (if you will permit me to use so familiar an epithet) affection Mrs. Nugent and I entertain for you, would make such a union most desirable to us; but, on the other hand, gratitude, my dear sir, has strong claims upon us, and I could not offend so generous a patron as your father has been to me.'

"'And,' replied I, in an equally hypocritical tone, 'I would not for the world you should.'

"'Such docility and correctness of feeling, my dear young friend,' said the doctor, flourishing his white pocket-handkerchief in a circular direction, and ultimately placing it before his eyes, 'does more than credit to the pleasurable task I had in forming them.'

"I then took my leave of the family, the doctor and his wife doing their best to look miserable, and, no doubt, unaffectedly chagrined that my father could not be brought to consent to my marriage with their daughter; while my poor Blanche trembled violently, and was pale as monumental marble, which passed off as the natural effect of parting from her lover, and gave her an excuse for keeping in her room for the rest of the day; while my excitement, and parting whispers to be ready in the garden at midnight, appeared equally consistent with a last interview with one for whom I had professed so much love. Never shall I forget that night! Although it had been a sultry day in June, with not sufficient air to ripple the waters or stir the leaves, about eleven at night the weather changed; it blew a hurricane. Notwithstanding which, and vivid flashes of lightning, the clouds opened and the rain descended in torrents, I found Blanche at the appointed trysting-place in the summer-house. We had to traverse rather a long lane, at the end of which I had left the postchaise. Half dead with terror and drenched with the rain, by the time we reached the carriage she was unable to stand. As I was lifting her in, a flash of lightning struck her, and deprived her of the sight of one eye. Poor girl! was she not blind enough already? To describe the agony of mind I endured at this opening of our career is utterly impossible. Truly was it an omen that she alone was to be scathed by the storms of fate, while I was to live on outwardly unharmed, but carrying a hell within! Oh, God! oh, God! my punishment is more than I can bear!"

Again Carlton seized a glass of water, and again Cecil and Theresa both implored him to postpone the remainder of his painful history to another day.

"No, no," resumed he, tearing off his neck-handkerchief, and wiping the big drops from his forehead, "now—now—now or never! Affliction is the real well in which truth lies: the heart dives for it there, and discovers it without varnish or disguise. I feel it a slight expiation that I should probe myself to the quick by going over all; by describing the minutest circumstance graphically, as though it were a pleasant fiction that I were relating. Ha! ha! ha! and truly it is pleasant."

Theresa and Cecil exchanged looks, and shuddered at the appalling laughter of the wretched man.

"Well," continued he, "I knew England too well to attempt to live there. Poverty is very supportable—nay, is nothing more than a sort of wholesome discipline—where it is unconnected with reproach; but in opulent countries, where ignominy overtakes its mere suspicion, it taunts into phrensy the most magnanimous patience. We—oh! there is a blessing in that little word that I shall never know again."

Here Carlton sobbed like a child, and was once more, for a few minutes, obliged to discontinue his history; without, however, receiving any farther importunities from his deeply-sympathizing auditors to discontinue it altogether.

"It is over," said he, at last; "you shall see no more of this woman's work with me. I reached Dover early the next morning, where we were married by a special license, and embarked for France, determining to make Versailles my headquarters. Its delicious gardens, glowing with our own hearts, and repeopled from the past by our own imaginations, we found a temporary paradise, from which fear and the future, like our first guilty parents, were expelled; while its gorgeous, but silent and deserted, palace furnished us with a fine poetical code of comparative philosophy, tending to prove how much superior was our humble home, in which Love held his court, to the desolate splendour of its gone-by glories. We actually went so far as to believe that we were much happier than if we had had enough to live upon, as it gave us daily and hourly opportunities of proving our disinterested devotion to each other by innumerable self-sacrifices. This was all very well for

a time ; for poverty, as well as love, has its poetry, and while it is new, and we do not know it beyond the surface, it is neither bitter nor repulsive. My father's first act was to stop my allowance : this was only what I had anticipated ; my brothers, however, contrived between them, with the covert assistance of my mother, to supply the deficiency, and this was somewhat more than I had expected. For the present, therefore, I had no cares ; and for the future, I not only built castles, but churches, with the produce of my pen ; and so I might had I lived forty years sooner ; but the march of intellect is a sad tariff on the labours of intellect. In order for authors to flourish, there must be a proper quantity of ignorance, as well as of knowledge, in a nation ; for it is possible that there may be too many well-educated persons in a state, which will always create too many writers in proportion to the readers, which not only depreciates literature by increasing its quantity and lessening its quality, but enhances the value of the lower orders beyond a healthy standard, by making mere mechanical labour of paramount consequence ; in which case, success does not so much depend upon an author's genius as upon his good fortune in hitting upon a popular vein ; for there might be an age in which a Hudibras would be of more account than a Shakspeare. Although I calculated upon John Nugent's under, but widely ranged, influence in the press, still I published my first book anonymously, for which reason I received, as is always the case under such circumstances, a comparatively small sum from my bookseller ; yet I was more than repaid by the unbought and unbiassed success of my book, which had, to use the trade phrase, such 'a run,' that my publisher strongly urged me to put my name to the next, with the offer of a largely increased price for so doing. This was an irresistible temptation, and I consented.

"Although the Nugents, one and all, had carefully avoided, directly or indirectly, taking the slightest notice of us since our marriage, or answering my wife's letters, still I thought Mr. Nugent, for his sister's sake, would continue his literary friendship, as the periodical he was chiefly connected with had been the warmest in praise of my first anonymous production. Alas ! I knew little of the world, and less of Mr. John Nugent—but I anticipate. I had remarked that the most volumi-

nous writers (of fiction) are always the most popular. Whether this arises from fecundity, being, as it undoubtedly is, a proof of genius, or that the public are naturally grateful to those who cater so incessantly for their amusement, I know not, but so it is. I toiled indefatigably at my new book ; too indefatigably, for it injured both my health and my temper ; the nervous irritability arising out of overwrought mental exertion was fast corroding my nature ; and the gentle being whom I would have in reality laid down my life to shield from the most trifling annoyance, was the first to reap its fatal effects. Often have I selfishly kept her sitting by me till two or three in the morning, when her health required early hours. And when she would remonstrate with me upon the injury I was doing my own, I would unfeelingly taunt her with not being able to endure the slightest privation or inconvenience, while I was sustaining such an accumulation for her ! Mean dastard that I was—but she is more than avenged !

“ Another mode in which my selfishness began to manifest itself was by gratifying my vanity in making costly purchases to adorn my beautiful wife, despite her remonstrances and admonitions that we should soon have another claimant on our very slender means : and yet, on the very days that I had expended some (for me) unpardonably large sum of money upon a shawl or a dress that she did not want, have I harshly upbraided her for disbursing a few sous on some household matter, of which I did not see the actual necessity, or, in other words, reap the palpable and personal comfort ; and although I always silenced her into a conviction that I could well afford ten pounds for a picture or a bronze for the house I was to have, yet she could never succeed in making me believe that an extra bunch of carrots consumed in the ‘ potage ’ of our only servant was not to be the cause of my incarceration in a jail ! All this had its natural result. At length my poor Blanche dared to look harassed and unhappy, though a murmur never escaped her lips ; and I began to walk out more frequently alone, look oftener at the stars, and come to the conclusion that my wife was not so perfect as the heroines of my own books, and yet where the falling off was I did not exactly know ; except that the latter, however poor, continued to have all the elegances of life without spending a farthing, and looked

minutely after everything in their menage, without ever for a moment withdrawing their eyes from their husbands, or absenting themselves for an instant from their sides. But real wives, at best, they were made of different clay!

"The second summer of our marriage was marked by two events, the birth of our first child and the publication of my second book; the former I then thought had arrived at an auspicious moment, as I expected to find an El Dorado in the success of the latter. Alas! little did I think, when I held the poor infant in my arms, and asked God to bless it, the misery that was in store for it. I had taken great pains with my second book, and it was in every respect indisputably superior to my first, which had been so extolled. I waited with feverish expectation for the reviews from England. At length they came. Imagine my surprise and indignation when the periodical with which Mr. John Nugent was principally connected, and upon whose support I had calculated, in conjunction with numerous others, more or less under his control, abused and decried my book in every possible and almost impossible way. The unkindest cut of all was a retrospective sneer on the part of Mr. John Nugent at my opera of Clodius, where he took an opportunity of launching out as to the national demoralization and effeminacy music over-cultivated was likely to produce; he then honourably acknowledged that he had praised my first work, and concluded by a pitying regret that, as I had, by accident, stumbled on one work above mediocrity, I had not stopped there. But, in order," continued Carlton, reaching down an old magazine, "to make you understand how disgusting his sneer at my opera was, I must trouble you by reading some extracts from his fulsome review of it when it first came out.

"After the most exaggerated praise of my opera in particular, he goes on to say, 'When we consider the absolute sway music has over the mind, especially in conjunction with words having at command a great variety of emotions, it may, like many objects of sight, be made to promote luxury and effeminacy; but, with respect to the purer and higher order of it, music unquestionably humanizes, raises, and polishes the mind; it becomes a national obligation! therefore, when such an opera as Clodius is produced, Lord Shaftesbury re-

marks, that "the goddess Persuasion must have been in a manner the mother of poetry, rhetoric, and music; for it is apparent, that where chief men and leaders had the strongest interest to persuade, they used the highest endeavours to please; so that, in such a state of policy, not only the best order of thought and turn of fancy, but the most soft and inviting members, have been employed to charm the public ear, and incline the heart by the agreeableness of expression. Almost all the ancient masters of this sort were said to have been musicians; and tradition, which soon grew fabulous, could not better represent the first founders of these large societies than as real songsters, who, by the power of their voice and lyre, could charm the wildest beasts. Nor can it be doubted that the same artists, who so industriously applied themselves to study the numbers of speech, must have made proportionable improvements in the study of mere sounds and natural harmony, which of itself must have considerably contributed towards softening the rude manners and harsh temper of their new people."

"Polybius, too, speaking of the people of Cynætha, an Arcadian tribe, has the following train of reflections, which fully assert the astonishing influence of music on society and manners: "As the Arcadians," says he, "have always been celebrated for their piety, humanity, and hospitality, we are naturally led to inquire how it has happened that the Cynætheans are distinguished from the other Arcadians by savage manners, wickedness, and cruelty! I can attribute this difference to no other cause but a total neglect among the people of Cynætha of an institution established among the ancient Arcadians, with a nice regard to their manners and climate: I mean the discipline and exercise of their genuine and perfect music." Quintilian is even more copious in his praise, extolling music as an incitement to valour, and an instrument of moral and intellectual discipline, an auxiliary to science, and an object of attention to the wisest men. As a proof of which, Socrates, in his conversation with Cebes, just before he swallowed the poisonous draught, appears to have had qualms of conscience for having neglected to accomplish himself in this heavenly art.* We could adduce a

* Plat., *Phædon*, sec. iv.

thousand other instances, both ancient and modern, to prove the efficacy and importance of music; but we trust we have said enough to convince both the distinguished composer of Clodius (who from modesty suppresses his name, which is, however, well known in the "beau monde") and the public, that, in giving them Clodius, he has conferred a benefit on his country!"

"Accompanying the reviews were two letters, one from my publisher, bewailing the money he was likely to lose by my work, from the large sum he had given me, and from the 'set that had been made at it' to cry it down; accompanied by a hope that I would write him another for a very small remuneration, to indemnify him for the failure of this one; and to let it be something very amusing, that must take with the public in spite of all the unfair play in the world. The other was from my eldest brother, lamenting the unnatural and persecuting spirit by which my father seemed actuated in his conduct towards me; and that John Nugent and the family being in his pay, there was no engine he was not resolved on setting to work to prevent my making myself independent by my writings, which would completely foil his vengeance against me; for, once independent, my footing in the world was secure; but poverty, as he knew full well, is the millstone that levels all with the dust. My brother kindly ended by sending me a hundred pounds, and regretting that he was unable to send me more. I thanked him for his letter, but returned him the money with a very great falsehood, namely, that 'I did not want it.' Once more, then, I went to work; but oh! in what a different spirit! a burning head—a heavy heart—no hope to cheer, no gold to lure; yet had I, like a poor clown, whether ill or well, to paint my face, and tumble before the public! I had to write a merry book! At all times, new authors have much to surmount and to struggle against. The public are too apt to test abilities by the genius of others whose reputations are made: to discover is beyond them—to compare is the utmost within their power; and even for that they require a leader, and, like hounds, await the opening of one whose cry they may venture to follow. It seems a strange anomaly, though a melancholy fact, that the greater proportion of those who pass their lives in conducting to the happiness of mankind (at least, in labouring to instruct or to amuse them), should

themselves be miserable. What do we know of Homer but that he led the life of a vagabond, and subsisted by ballad-singing? Shakspeare played second to Ben Jonson in his own day, merely because he could not pay the reckonings at the 'Mermaid,' or play host to the jack possets at the 'Triple Tun;' and though he lived tolerably well, it was on the money he got by his bad acting, and not from that he gained by his inimitable plays. Milton was also tolerable well off, or 'Paradise Lost' would not have purchased him a month's sustenance. Butler and Cervantes were half starved; Camoens and Savage might have drawn lots which were the most wretched; and there was not one living 'Parson Adams' or 'Squire Allworthy' to rescue Fielding from his obscure and neglected grave in the Factory's burying-ground at Lisbon, or to raise a stone to mark out where he lies. But to go back, the catalogue would be endless: in our own times, Byron died an exile in a foreign land, after having been a wanderer over many, as the penalty of eleven months' conjugal misconduct. Alas! had he been a worse husband and a worse man, he could have filled up the measure of his wrongs by morally annihilating his victim, and striding triumphantly over the arena of society on the stilts of falsehood and hypocrisy; but *he* had a heart, and that is the very worst soil vice can be grafted upon; for, like the upas, it requires to be surrounded by a hard and sterile clay before its deadly fruits can flourish. While as a last, though by no means least instance, the ever-welling genius that delighted, and still continues to delight millions in a Scott, like those mighty volcanoes that time reduces into ponds, was harassed into drivelling by pecuniary embarrassments—to relieve which, three grateful kingdoms have subscribed to erect a monument to his memory! Without, of course, presuming to name myself in the same breath with these, I had one difficulty to encounter that they had never known: my father was my bitterest enemy! By nature haughty, overbearing, taciturn, and reserved, I had left him the most unliked and unpopular man in London. But now he had a game to play: the stake was great: it was the ruin of his own son! He rattled Fortune's dice, and threw sixes; or, in other words, he became friendly and familiar to his inferiors, amiable and sociable with his equals, a gastronome among gourmands, convivial among bacchanals, 'devoué' to women, debonair

to men ; in short, I was not to be left, at any price, even a negative friend : alas ! what others have the unfortunate ! But all this I could bear, all this I could understand ; for the world represents two opposition 'cabarets' that in my solitary walks home from Paris I used to note at Passy. The sign of one was "Au Rendez-vous des Bons Enfants," that of the other "Au Rendez-vous des Bons Vivants." And though the former appeared infinitely the more comfortable and better ordered house, yet it was always deserted, while peals of boisterous mirth never failed to issue from the crowded porch of the latter. But the blackest page in the book of human life I had yet to turn ; and, when turned, in vain endeavour to decipher. Just before the publication of my third book, several individuals of some literary reputation, but personally unknown to me, went out of their way to come forward with offers of assistance, warmly condoling with me upon the injustice and cruelty with which I had been treated, and as warmly eulogizing what they termed my brilliant talents. These being all persons differing from my father's political opinions, and coinciding in my own, without diminishing from my gratitude for their promised services, I thought I could analyze their motives, and, for that very reason, depend upon their sincerity, as I knew from bitter experience how strong are 'the bonds of mutual hate.' Imagine, then, my consternation and disgust, when, on the appearance of my third work, the very persons who had volunteered the most either shrunk into cowardly silence, or were the most clamorous among my enemies, while others had Janus pens, which, while they lauded my book and advocated my cause in one review, with incredible dexterity, did the first and denounced the latter in another. These, it was true, were miserable adventurers, who found the specious arguments of my father's gold conclusive and irresistible. And where the man who had been silly enough to promise me support and protection was beyond the reach of a golden bait, there was still some would-be Aspasia and had-been Messalina at my father's command, to flatter him into the belief that he was a Pericles, and, as such, should not countenance such a dullard as myself. Thus, from the vapid and ephemeral whispers of the drawing-room down to the venomous and deadly stings of the press, did my cold,

calculating, subtle, and implacable parent contrive to enlist all against me. There is something awful, almost supernatural, in the enmity of those persons whom Nature's laws have ordained should be friends; and to avenge their rebellious madness, she seems to have pronounced upon all such hatreds the same 'Esto perpetua' that anathematized the wandering Israelite; for, when parent fights against child, child against parent, husband against wife, brother against brother, how undying, how relentless, how ever-watchful is the feud! This was the blackest and most insupportable period of my existence. My father had so overwhelmed me with injuries, had so mocked me with sneering and triumphant insults, that I hated him with a hatred as burning and deadly as his own. My struggles for existence—my love of my child, nay, of my wife—all were as specks swallowed up in my parching, maddening thirst for revenge! Revenge! on whom! On my father! Yet no act of mine could compass it; it must be a judgment from Heaven; God himself must be my champion. He could not tamper with Him! I did not curse him, at least with my lips. Alas! curses are fearful things, even for the most desperate to traffic with; for, like the spirit of man, they may go forth to devastate and to destroy, but they will return to him who sent them.

"I continued to toil, not, indeed, in writing books—for I had relinquished that Sisyphean employment—but in writing anonymously for periodicals, which, with my brother's occasional contributions, and giving lessons in English to half a dozen French families in Paris, procured a tolerable subsistence for the modest wants of my little family. This latter avocation I pursued unknown to my wife; for women have their little prides which poverty takes longer to eradicate in them than in us. I had for a long time given up looking at English newspapers, for everything in them tended to annoy me, and some things to do more. In all the 'fadeurs' of what came under the head of 'fashionable arrangements' and 'fashionable movements,' I was sure to see my father's name glare at me conspicuously; even balls and concerts, which he had never attended before, he now infested; for party-going and popularity are synonymous in society. Often have I turned with bitter indignation and disgust from these paragraphs to the pale face of my young wife and the too serious face of my young

child. 'And this monster,' thought I, 'can flit about from banquet to banquet, while he leaves no stone unturned to crush me and starve them! but if there's justice in heaven'—my little girl, who was then about five years old, and who was leaning her head on her mother's lap, suddenly looked up, and said,

"'What's the matter, papa!'

"Seeing my wife's anxious face, I replied, 'Nothing, love;' and then added, 'I was only thinking, Blanche, that it is now full seven months since I have heard from either of my brothers. I don't mind Gerald, for he was always lazy about writing; but Aubrey's silence I can't at all account for; besides, he used to send the £50 as regularly as the three months came round, whether he wrote or not—'

"'Oh, twenty things may have occurred to prevent them,' said my poor Blanche, ever anxious to make the best of everything.

"'No, nothing,' said I, 'but that which occurs to prevent everything.'

"'Dear Henry,' cried my wife, who perceived from my bent brow and clinched hand the train of thought that was coming over me, 'don't begin thinking, love; or, if you will, think of our little Blanche here, and of me. Suppose you come and take a walk with us?'

"Instead of making a direct reply, I remarked what an unusually melancholy expression of countenance our child had for her age."

"'You forget, love,' said my wife, 'she has no play-fellows like other children, nor,' added she, covering her with kisses, 'has she yet had a single toy.'

"'Well,' replied I, 'that defect shall soon be remedied, for I will go this very day to Paris and get her one.'

"My wife kissed me, and our poor child actually smiled! and clapped her little hands with something like joy, as she turned to her mother and asked, 'But what is a toy, mamma?'

"I know not why, but my eyes filled at the child's question, and I took my hat and left the room, with a strong presentiment of evil that I could not account for, but which made me return and embrace my wife and child as though I had been about to separate from them for a year instead of for a few hours. The passions will sometimes ruffle the stream of happiness in every one, but they most frequently do so with those persons

whose minds, through the aristocracy of letters, range through the fairy regions of imagination, while fate places their realities amid the lowest and most sordid privations of earth. The classical refinement which, under happier auspices, has so strong an influence in refining the feelings, and, consequently, amending the heart, and promoting, if not virtue itself, at least virtuous aspirations, only serves, under a severe pressure of adverse external circumstances, to create a morbid sensitiveness of feeling destructive to the possessor, just as refined tastes and habits render all the coarseness and vulgarities of life insupportable. But the real evil of poverty is, that from the fortuitous associates it brings us into contact with, we become acquainted with a much worse sort of people than we should have ever known in an opposite position : nor is it only the dregs of their natures that are made known to us, but our own ; for poverty forces us into a minutiae of thought and action that is, to say the least of it, revolting, if not deteriorating, to a finely-organized mind, since it destroys that virgin delicacy of feeling which is to principle what modesty is to a woman.

"All this I daily and hourly experienced ; and if it did not lower my standard of moral excellence, it effectually succeeded in souring my temper and impairing my health, from feeding my daily-increasing sinful abhorrence of my father ; but it was the false pretences under which he triumphed that exasperated me. In the world he was merely looked upon as a father angry with his son for having made an imprudent marriage : a common occurrence, for which he was sure not only of support, but sympathy : but the worst part of that world was ignorant of his deadly rancour, his incessant persecution, his mean, paltry, unmanly insults, wherever one could be wedged between an injury and an injustice ; they knew not how indefatigably he laboured to cool my friends and heat my enemies, or the worst among them would have deprecated his conduct, if not for its cruelty, at least for its meanness. What wonder, then, from such repeated stings, I should writhe into madness, since it is an inherent principle in our nature, when we see a virtuous man amid all his virtue is persecuted and unhappy, to feel sorrow and astonishment at his misfortunes ; and, in proportion to our sympathy with his unmerited affliction, the higher is our

anxiety raised that he should be delivered from them all, and meet with an adequate reward ; while, on the other hand, with regard to the vicious, nothing excites so strongly our indignation against vice, and our desire that it should be punished, as our beholding the vicious successful, and in the midst of their crimes enjoying prosperity. Were we always to see them meeting a suitable punishment for their guilt, or wretched and unhappy, our eagerness for that punishment would subside, and our hatred against them would be converted into compassion ; their guilt would be forgotten, and their misery, though well merited, by exciting our pity, stifle every feeling but mercy and forbearance. What must it be, then, when these feelings of indignation and resentment emanate from and centre in our own individual wrongs ? The effect is certainly not likely to subside as long as the cause triumphs. With me, my feelings against my father amounted to monomania : a man could not jostle me accidentally in the street but what I looked upon him as some willing and supernumerary emissary of my father's petty tyranny ; and now, from my brothers' long silence, I concluded that he had at length, with his Machiavelian genius, succeeded in alienating them from me too !

"I quitted Versailles in no enviable mood, and walked hastily on, without relaxing my pace, till I reached Paris, when, crossing the Place Vendôme, I beheld a crowd gathered round the column. A man had just thrown himself from the top ; his blood and brains bespattered the pavement, while his mangled remains were still undergoing the speculations of the spectators.

"*'Le Malheureux !'* exclaimed several voices. *'Ah ! sans doute c'était un dépit amoureux,'* said a young girl, with a sigh.

"*'Je parie qu'il a joué trop haut,'* cried a haggard, shabby-looking man, peering at the body over the girl's shoulder. *'Parbleu ! peut-être qu'il était encore caporal !'* said a fierce-looking old man, with a scar across his cheek, in the uniform of the National Guard.

"*'Pauvre garçon, c'est qu'il avait faim-allez,'* muttered a toothless old woman, extending her withered hand ; *'charité, mon bon monsieur, s'il vous plait, moi, je suis beaucoup misérable.'*

"*'Par exemple, messieurs,'* said the driver of a gondole, who had left his vehicle in the middle of the Place

to join the crowd, as he pointed to a remnant of the suicide's coat that was hitched on the iron railings ; ' voilà un joli échantillon de l'entreprise des chemins de fer dont on en parle tant.'

"Good heavens, how dreadful!" exclaimed an Englishman; 'I wonder what was the cause of it?'

"His father pushed him off, I suppose," said I, abstractedly.

"His father?" repeated the Englishman; 'how very horrible!'

"And this repetition of intuitive assertion recalled me to a sense of what I had said, and I hurried on. I had scarcely reached the Rue de la Paix before every one I met looked as if they had no other object in life but amusement, and were hastening to a fair, or some other place of public recreation. When I looked round at the incitements to pleasure, and the business, as it appeared to be, of the whole nation, I did not so much wonder at the frequent suicides among those who, not having the means of attaining it, also lacked sufficient principle to fetter them to existence. Again my thoughts reverted to the poor suicide I had just seen; and thus, taken out of myself for a short time, I walked leisurely on to the Rue St. Honoré, till I arrived at a toyshop; I rejected all the dolls; they looked too still and too quiet; and, moreover, too like another person to be provided for; so, after much deliberation, I chose a Chinese tumbler, which, at all events, was a tolerable imitation of merriment, and might give my poor child some idea of it. The first sheet of paper the man took to wrap it up in was not sufficiently large; and, after ineffectually trying two or three more, he at length put it up in an old newspaper, and I departed with my purchase. I returned more leisurely than I had set out, so that by the time I reached home night had set in. My wife and child were watching for me. 'Thank God!' cried I, embracing them, 'that I find you safe, for I left home with a foreboding of evil, that has harassed and oppressed me all-day.'

"Dear Henry," said my wife, 'how silly; I hope this will cure you of forebodings; the only unusual thing that has happened,' added she, with something like a blush, 'is, that a little friend of Blanche's, whom she made acquaintance with in the gardens, sent us some partridges, and we'll have them for supper.'

“ ‘ But the toy, papa,’ said my little girl, clambering up to give me another kiss ; ‘ is that great big, big parcel it ?’

“ ‘ Yes,’ said I, undoing it, and pulling the string, so as to set the tumbler in motion ; ‘ is he not a fine fellow ?’

“ ‘ Oh ! indeed he is,’ said she, clapping her little hands, and actually laughing joyously for the first time in her life. Her mother seemed scarcely less delighted, and I felt quite grateful to the piece of painted wood that had made them so happy. We sat down to supper, less miserable than we had been for some time ; I rallied my wife upon the wine, which was anything but the vin ordinaire that we were in the habit of drinking, and asked if it had accompanied the partridges. I thought she coloured slightly as she replied that she supposed the wine-merchant must have sent it by mistake. I made no farther remark, but, leaning back in my chair, took up the old newspaper in which I had brought home the toy : it was an old *Galignani* of about five months’ standing. I looked carelessly over it, till my eye was suddenly attracted by seeing my own name. You may imagine my feelings, but I cannot describe them, when the following paragraph, extracted from an English paper, met my view :

“ ‘ It was our melancholy task, about three months ago, to record the death of those two estimable and highly-promising young men, Mr. Carlton and Mr. Aubrey Carlton, by the overturning of a pleasure-boat, within sight of Lady Carlton’s villa at Richmond : we have now the additional pain of announcing the death of their exemplary and amiable mother, whose grief for their loss has consigned her to a premature grave, universally beloved and regretted. The affliction of the worthy and distinguished baronet is augmented from the circumstance of his being unacquainted with the present sejour of his younger (now his only) son, who, having some years ago incurred his father’s displeasure, by forming an imprudent marriage with an amiable, though portionless young lady, has passed his time on the Continent ever since, though we believe we are correct in stating that Sir Henry Carlton, with that magnanimity for which he is so distinguished, soon allowed the resentment of the man to yield to the affection of the parent, and has been indefatigable ever

since in trying to trace out the abode of his absent son, in order to restore him to his heart and home.'

"Will you believe it," continued Carlton, "but the ruling passion was so strong upon me, that, even in reading this withering paraphrase, the latter part aroused my very despair into resentment; and I exclaimed, 'hypocritical fiend!' as my clinched hand descended heavily on the table, and I fell back senseless in my chair. When I came to my senses, I found myself in bed, where I remained for several weeks, more or less delirious: my illness might in all probability have continued longer but for the iron necessity that ever attends poverty, both bodily and mental exertion. The weather was intensely cold; and my poor Blanche's incessant attendance upon me had brought on a severe cold, which ended in a pleurisy. During this illness, our child seemed to jump twenty years of youth, and spring at once to womanhood—in the care, the judgment, and the perseverance she appeared to be gifted with in nursing her mother; it was an humbling of man's boasted superiority to sink into insignificance by the side of a little child; but while I poured out expressions of affection that might disturb, but could not relieve the poor invalid, or gave way to an equally clamorous grief, the noiseless footsteps of our child never once betrayed their mission as she bore everything to and from her mother's room; hers were the little hands that smoothed the pillows; hers the eyes that waked and watched, when others' that had professed more were surprised by sleep. Much has been taken, but, oh God! I thank thee for not taking ALL! I have still that child. * * * * *

"When my wife was sufficiently recovered to leave her bed, she earnestly advised me to write to an aunt of mine, a sister of my father's, a very amiable woman (who, having suffered herself, could feel for others), to inquire the particulars of my mother's and brothers' death. I answered gloomily; was it not sufficient to know that they were dead? and that, if my aunt knew where I was, she would tell my father? and now, that it might gladden his heart—tush, he never was so burdened; but now, that it might sooth his blighted hopes to know where the unworthy heir of all his wealth, of all his honours is! he shall receive no such happiness at my hands, added I, laughing bitterly. In vain she

tried to reason me out of this resolve for our child's sake, and for the Christian spirit of returning good for evil. As for our child, said I, when I am gone, I have left full instructions about her welfare; and as for him—why, God must decree that he should have his punishment even in this world; and why not give me the compensation of being its instrument? Blanche had too much tact to argue against this madness when it was strong upon me, and therefore merely urged the interest of our child, and asked me if I would, if I could sacrifice her! for of what avail would future wealth be if I now deprived her of the commonest advantages of education! This was too home a thrust; I could not bear it; so I walked away, and took especial care that the subject should not be renewed. I had yet ten pounds remaining of the last money my poor brothers had sent me: it now went to buy mourning for them.

“As soon as I could at all compose my mind, I again began to write, for how were we to exist! But it was writing of a laborious and disagreeable nature, fearing that, by again publishing, I should give my father a clew to my present abode. I undertook, for a small but certain profit, to translate English works into French, and vice versâ. The toil of this was great, especially as I was obliged to sit up through many of the long winter nights without the comfort of a fire, which I could not afford. And as to the wretched most things are sources of wretchedness, I began to be additionally unhappy at the frequent absences of my wife: I could not bear her out of my sight, for there seemed to me both safety and hope in her presence; yet for two and sometimes three hours a day would she stay away. It was but lately come to her to study her own comfort more than mine, and she chose a strange time for such a change of conduct, and I did not fail to reproach her with it. Her manner was as kind, as affectionate, as imploring as ever, as she said, ‘Dear Henry, I must attend to Blanche’s education sometimes; and you know it would disturb ~~you~~ were her lessons to be going on in the room with you.’ To this there was no appeal; but still my egotistical selfishness thought, though it dared not express it, that all ought to be sacrificed to me; and, now that I am uprooting the very sinews of my heart, I will own to you,

I loved my wife less : I was jealous of my own child. The only objection that I ventured to give utterance to was, that I thought three hours a day a great deal too long for so young a child to study. Blanche tried to humour me, and from that time came to me earlier in the day ; but I invariably dismissed her with a cold remark that I did not want her, or that she was in my way. Still her temper was unruffled, but I saw her health was waning ; and choosing to assume that her love was too, this offended me, and I became so morose that my child was afraid of me : this maddened me, and in my madness I asked my wife if she thought herself justified, whatever her own feelings might be, in making my child dislike me. Were I to live a thousand years, never shall I forget the look that accompanied the first, last, and only reproachful words she ever said to me, of 'God forgive you, Henry !' I waded through two years in this miserable manner, unhappy myself, and making every one about me the same.

"It was the beginning of January, and I had just completed the translation of a work, and was preparing to carry the manuscript into Paris, in order to receive the miserable reward of my labours, when a drift of fast-falling snow made me turn, with a shiver, from the window to the small but cheerful fire that blazed upon the hearth. My wife watched me, and appeared fidgety, an unusual thing for her ; I thought perhaps it arose from a reluctance on her part that I should encounter the inclemency of the weather ; but, as I had generally received all her little attentions and care very ungraciously of late, she said nothing. My heart smote me, and I said, in a kinder tone than usual, 'Blanche, can you lend me a shawl, or something to put round my neck ? the wind blows keenly, and perhaps I may be detained out the best part of the night.'

" 'Then do not—pray do not walk home,' cried she ; and then added, 'Yes, I have something that I hope will keep you very warm.'

"She left the room, and in a short time, to my astonishment, returned with a large, handsome cloak, partially lined with velvet and fur.

" 'Good gracious !' exclaimed I, with some surprise, 'where did you get this ?'

" 'Where there are plenty more,' replied she, with a smile.

" 'That is no answer,' said I, seriously alarmed: 'for Heaven's sake, how much did it cost?'

" 'Only twenty Napoleons.'

" 'Only twenty Napoleons!' echoed I. 'Blanche, are you mad? How am I to pay for it?'

" 'Out of this,' she said, with more the look of an angel than a human being, 'if you like to pay for it over again; but it is paid for, and here is the remainder,' added she, showering down fifty Napoleons on the table.

" I stood for a few seconds like one in a dream; the worst was so much in the habit of presenting itself to me on all occasions, that some horrible ideas fitted across my imagination. 'Tell me,' gasped I, 'where—how—did you get this money?'

" 'Do you remember, love,' said she, approaching me, while I still kept her at arm's length, 'do you remember how'—angry she was going to say, but changed it to annoyed—'how annoyed you used to be with me for being so long away from you of a day during the last two years, and I own that I do deserve your displeasure for the falsehood I told, in accusing dear Blanche of monopolizing my time, when she had never but one hour a day of it; but thinking it a shame that I should do comparatively nothing while you worked so hard, I used to give lessons in English to a great many French families in the neighbourhood; and those days that you went to Paris I was able to give extra ones, which brought my pupils so forward that they often paid me more than my due. This money I have carefully hoarded till I thought we most wanted it; that time has now arrived; for it used to make my heart ache to see you go shivering to Paris in this old threadbare coat; and, knowing that you would not buy what you ought for yourself, I got the brother of one of my pupils to bring me this from Paris. And now you have all my secrets.'

" 'Blanche! Blanche!' cried I, flinging myself at her feet, 'shall I ever, can I ever be worthy of you?'

" 'Only be as you used to be, Henry,' said she, throwing her arms round my neck; 'and, even when you don't see and hear everything, still have some confidence in your poor Blanche.'

" I raised her up, and, as I kissed the most beautiful and the fondest lips that God ever stamped truth and purity upon, what did I not promise? what did I not profess? Yet I have lived to break those promises!

and she has died to belie my professions! Oh God! oh God! if I must be mad, why have I not the privilege of madness—forgetfulness! Well, well, enough of this; it is well with her now; and I—why, I shall not have breath to tell you all if I do not make haste, and it must be told, or I shall feel the gnawing of the very worms in my grave. You look frightened—there is no need—I had not killed her then; no, on the contrary, I kissed her again, I kissed her child, and I left the house happy—yes, happy! I was happy! for Blanche loved me as much as ever; she had just told me so—just told me so—just told me so. I must repeat it,” added the wretched man, in a hollow whisper, “for you know she cannot—” and he fell back senseless in his chair.

Cecil sprang forward to support his head, while Theresa left the room to send for the doctor, who, as soon as he came, had him conveyed to bed; and, when he had recovered from his swoon, bled him copiously, from which he appeared to derive some momentary relief, which Cecil and Theresa no sooner perceived than they prepared to leave the room, in order that he might get some temporary repose, while they went in quest of a nurse for him; but, before they could reach the door, Carlton sprang up in bed, and, grasping the clothes like a dying man, implored them not to go till they had heard all he had to say.

“Another day,” said Cecil; “you are really too ill now.”

“No, no! no other day,” gasped he; “time and money should never be squandered, or one lives to want both.”

“Very true,” acquiesced the apothecary; “but there is such a thing as being penny-wise and pound-foolish; so suppose you just wait till this evening, and take this draught now.”

“Very well, I’ll take your draught,” said Carlton, impatiently, stretching out his thin, tremulous, feverish hand; “but you know, or you ought to know, that my draught is upon death; then why talk of evening when eternal night is the question?”

Cecil whispered the apothecary that perhaps the excitement of opposition, in his present state of mind, might be as bad for him as the exertion of talking, and therefore it might be as well to let him have his way; while, on the other hand, the apothecary, thinking that it was not of very much consequence whether a man

lived or died who had apparently not sufficient means of doing the former in any degree of respectability, or to pay for his funeral in the event of his doing the latter; or, what was more to the purpose, of discharging his bill in either case, made no farther obstacle, and quietly took his leave, with an admonition to the invalid to speak low, and not sit up in the bed more than was necessary.

"Where was I?" said Carlton, pressing his forehead, as soon as the latter had closed the door.

"Hush!" cried Theresa, gently raising his pillow; "if you don't lie very still, and speak as quietly as possible, I positively won't let you say another word."

"I am—quiet, I will be quiet," murmured Carlton, "but I must tell you all—all but my real name; that you don't know, nor shall any one till I'm dead. Yes—let me see—let me see. Oh, I remember—Versailles—the cloak—Paris—Nugent—the money," added he, tapping his forehead. "Well, I left her, and went into Paris with my manuscript. The bookseller was not at home; he had left no money for me, but a message that I was to call again next week. I did not want money—I had money; and never had I loved money before, never could I love it again as I loved that money. I determined that they should be warm too. So I left the Rue du Coq St. Honoré, and walked on to the Palais Royale to purchase some dresses for Blanche and our child. The lamps were lighted. The crowd of cigar-smokers, chestnut-eaters, coffee-drinkers, and billiard-players was as great as ever. I entered a shop filled with velvets and merinoes, and made my purchase. Next door to this shop was a gambling-house. If ever the devil comes in person to tempt mankind, he now came to me in the guise of a young man, in black mustaches, a 'Jeune France' hat, and a large cloak, who was leaving the gambling-house with a companion, to whom he was boasting, in a loud, exulting voice, of having made his fortune, and all out of a risk of two Napoleons! I had in my possession, at that moment, forty-five. Yes, but they were my wife's hard earnings. True; but with two of them I might make it unnecessary for her to earn more. Ay, but if I should lose! 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' again whispered the tempter; and if I should bring her back three times what I had taken out, oh what a happiness it

would be! This was decisive. I entered: two men were before me, and, as they swung the green doors after them at the end of the passage, a man rushed out—his whole dress was disordered, and his hat was slouched over his eyes; and, though the night was bitterly cold, his neckcloth was off and his chest bared, while large drops rolled from it, his whole appearance being that of a desperate man—no unusual sight in such a place. I intuitively impeded his progress by placing my arm across the narrow passage; he staggered back a few paces, under a large green-shaded billiard-lamp, when his hat fell off, and discovered—the haggard and convulsed features of John Nugent! He raised his clinched hand as if with the intention of felling me to the earth; but the light glaring full on my face, his arm remained uplifted and paralyzed; his eyes glared fearfully, his mouth distended, his jaw quivered, and he at length faltered out, in a voice supernaturally thin and hollow, ‘Carlton! Henry Carlton! M—Me—Mister Carlton!’ and then, as if a sudden revulsion had taken place in him from despair to triumph, he attempted to embrace me; but I spurned him as I would a serpent that had made a similar advance.

“‘So,’ said I, folding my arms, and mocking him with a bitter smile, ‘so my amiable and honest brother-in-law—for honest you are after the fashion of this world, where honesty is worn like a cloak, that is thrown aside whenever it is inconvenient—Fortune has been reviewing you, has she? Pleasant, isn’t it? to be ruined out of hand, and then be laughed at by the whole world for attempting a work, or game, if you like the phrase better, in which we don’t succeed—ha! ha! ha!’

“‘For Heaven’s sake, sir,’ said he, arranging his dress and resuming his wonted cringing manner, ‘be merciful. You see before you one who has injured you, ’tis true, but who sincerely repents of having done so, and who would lay down his life for you to-morrow.’

“‘Ha! ha!’ laughed I, disgusted at the wretch’s meanness; ‘that means, I have no doubt, that you would risk your neck and brave a halter for ten pounds in any dirty work I, in common with the rest of the world, might be disposed to employ you upon.’

“‘Come, come, Mr. Carlton, sir,’ almost whimpered the reptile, ‘you are really too hard upon me. Remember, sir, too, the ties of blood between us!’

"This was too much. 'Blood! blood!' echoed I, seizing him by the collar and shaking him; 'I'd tear my heart from my bosom, and trample on it before your face, if I thought there was a possibility that, by any chymistry of nature, any juggling of hell, one drop of your base Judas blood could pollute mine!'

"'Of course—of course, sir,' said the white-livered dastard, quailing beneath my grasp, 'I am aware of the honour you did our family by the alliance; but still, you know, we are allied; and I'm sure, whatever our little differences may have been, you'd be sorry to see me at the Morgue to-morrow.'

"I broke from the contemptible wretch with unmitigated disgust. He followed me, and, laying his hand on my arm, which had the effect of a torpedo, said,

"'Sir, you behold a ruined, a desperate man. You can save me if you will; for my sister's and your wife's sake, lend me ten Napoleons, and, as I'm a living man, I'll pay you to-morrow.'

"His sister and my wife! it was but too true. I thought I should have suffocated; and, throwing back my cloak, whose richness might have given him an erroneous notion of my circumstances (though how he could have supposed them other than they were, I know not), I asked him, pointing to my shabby and threadbare dress, if he thought the pockets of such a coat were likely to produce ten Napoleons!

"'Well, then,' said he, relapsing into his former cowardly despair, and drawing a small hair-trigger pistol from his pocket, 'it must come to this at last!' So saying, he deliberately raised it.

"'Hold,' cried I. 'This is a memorable night in your existence; in it you have done what you never did before: you have uttered one truth—she is your sister! That, at least, is worth ten Napoleons; but remember, no more, had you twenty lives to lose;' and, so saying, I beckoned the reptile after me, who followed without resistance into the play-room. The clink of the gold that one of the markers was raking up seemed to inspire him, for the wretch said, almost with a gay, careless air,

"'Now, my dear sir, the money, if you please!'

"The man who was crying out 'Rouge gagne—Noir perde,' as we entered, had a most peculiar and mysteriously disagreeable face. The skin was dark, furrow-

ed, and leathern, as if it had been made out of bats' wings. His upper lip was unusually long and straight, and the lines on each side from his nose strongly marked. His nose was straight and pinched. His eyes small and dark, the strongly contrasted white of the eyeballs giving a supernatural glare to his whole countenance. His forehead was low, his head high, his hair gray and thin. The expression of his face was neither solemn nor melancholy, nor severe nor earnest; it was only rigid, but so rigid that it seemed to petrify one as one looked at it. Without the slightest variation or change of countenance, he now looked at Nugent, and merely said, 'Fais votre jeu.' The latter staked five Napoleons on the black.

"'Vous avez tort,' said a man next him. 'Rouge gagne ce soir.'

"Nugent made no answer, but kept his eyes eagerly fixed on the heap of gold before him.

"'Noir gagne,' cried the marker.

"'Sacre nom de diable, c'est la première fois ce soir,' cried several disappointed voices, who had staked their all upon the red as being the lucky number.

"'The marker shovelled over ten Napoleons to Nugent, who instantly staked twenty again on the black, and this time won also. Fired with success, he walked to the roulette-table and staked ten Napoleons on zero: it turned up—he won £380!

"'My dear sir,' said he, turning to me, 'here are your ten Napoleons, with ten thousand thanks. Will you not yourself try your luck?'

"'No,' said I, looking at the miserable faces before me, 'no, you have beggared enough for one night.' I left the room. Nugent followed me.

"'You must, indeed you must, my dear sir,' said he, in a more than usually cringing voice, 'indeed you must allow me to accompany you home, in order to try and express my gratitude, and in the hope of convincing you how sincerely I wish to serve you, which may be more in my power to do than you imagine.'

"'Never,' said I, 'never, with my consent, shall you darken my doors.'

"'Oh, sir,' continued he, 'you know not what you have saved me from, or you would not, you could not doubt the sincerity of my gratitude. In a moment of temptation, I staked and lost a large sum of money that

was not my own. You have enabled me to regain it—you have saved me from dishonour.'

" 'How, then,' cried I, laughing bitterly, 'can you forgive me for having deprived you of what you have been accustomed to all your life?'

" 'Sir,' said he, trying to detain me by the cloak, 'you are too severe—you are indeed. Be merciful! only let me go home with you! only let my sister plead for me!'

" 'Never,' cried I, breaking from him, and rushing down the passage d'Orleans till I reached the Rue Vivienne, where I jumped into the first omnibus that passed; but, as it was bound for the Porte St. Martin, I got out on the Boulevards, in order to get into one that was going to Passy. This second omnibus was full. Several persons were standing in groups, who were disappointed of places as well as myself. I had nothing for it but to get into a citadine. As it drove on, the coachman whipped behind several times; but this being no unusual occurrence, it gave me little or no concern. It was nearly midnight before I reached home; for, the night being dry, I dismissed the citadine at the Barrière before I got into Passy, for the sake of economy. Blanche saw that I was ruffled and excited, and I therefore detailed to her, as delicately as I could, my adventure with her unprincipled brother. She seemed deeply affected, and, turning very pale, tremblingly inquired if I had asked for her father and mother. I don't know how I must have looked; but she put her arm round my neck, and, with one of her deep-drawn sighs, that always reproached me more than words, said,

" 'Well, don't be angry, love,' kissed me and went to bed.

" Next morning, as I was sitting with my writing-table drawn close to the fire, and my wife at the opposite side, settling some work for Blanche, the servant came in and said that a gentleman from Paris was below who wished to see me; he said he came from a bookseller. It was too cold to keep any one shivering in the court, so I desired her to show him up, which she accordingly did.

" 'I had better go,' said Blanche, rising.

" 'No, no, stay where you are,' said I; 'it's only another book to translate, I suppose.'

" I was sitting with my back to the door when the

man entered, nor did I look up till roused by a loud scream from my wife, when I turned and beheld John Nugent springing forward to support his sister!

"'Touch her at your peril!' said I, placing one arm round her waist, and pushing him back with the other."

"Not to exhaust your patience and my own strength," said Carlton, "I'll skip the scene that followed, and tell you at once that Nugent persevered in staying the day with us—nay, half the night. Finding that I would not listen to a syllable about a reconciliation with my father, he shifted his ground; flattered me upon my 'brilliant talents,' which could of themselves make me independent of the whole world; and ended by proposing to me to write up Lord John Bubble and his party" (here Cecil and Theresa exchanged looks), "and said this it was, in the hope of repairing his former conduct by now giving my talents fair play, that, in spite of all my repulses, had made him jump up behind the first omnibus I had got into, and next behind the citadine, and so dodge me till I had reached home on the preceding night."

"'And pray,' said I, coldly, 'what confidence could my Lord John or his party possibly have in me? We scarcely ever find deserters from their principles to be in any estimation with those to whom they revolt, especially when the probabilities of emolument or personal interest accompany their defection; nor is it in the power of any human authority or position to preserve such men from the reproach and infamy they deserve.'"

"'But conviction, my dear sir, conviction obviates all that.'"

"'Yes, but I am not convinced,' said I, 'except of one thing.'"

"'And of what may that be?' asked Nugent."

"'That it is very cold,' said I, contemptuously kicking the unoffending log of wood that was burning on the hearth. But why should I dwell upon the disgusting incidents of that day? enough that John Nugent was before me for the whole of it—that he fondled my child! Oh! if there is one thing more loathsome in this world than another, it is to hear precepts of morality issuing from the lips of adult infamy into the ear of innocent childhood! And, during his frequent exhortations to Blanche to be good, always to do what papa and mamma told her, and, above all, never to tell a story, I was obliged to leave the room. Another trial my temper

had to sustain was seeing the dinner my wife prepared for him—for him!—when we were so often without any! But I curbed myself; for my resolution was taken, as I saw that stratagem was the only way to deal with him. At dinner, he said he was ordered to drink brandy and water: brandy was accordingly sent for. I soon perceived that towards the water he preserved a temperance amounting to abstinence. In the course of the evening I affected to relax in my resolution about not writing for his party, and asked him what he thought would be the most I could possibly gain by it. According to him, there was nothing I might not command. I then went farther, and sounded him if he thought that, although I kept personally aloof from my father, he might be brought to use his influence for my political advancement if I espoused his political opinions. This so delighted Nugent that it threw him completely off his guard; and, after frequent additional libations of brandy, he let out that he had come to Paris on a direct mission from my father to seek me out; and that, if he succeeded in finding me and bringing me back to England, he was to have two thousand pounds down in money, and a place in the excise of four hundred a year; that he had given him two hundred pounds to defray his expenses, which, with another hundred intrusted to him by a friend to take to his daughter at school in Paris, he had lost at the gaming-table when he met me the night before. As the wretch began to unravel himself, I commenced weaving my plot with the thread of his deceit.

“All you have said is quite true,” said I: “there is no use in starving when one might be rich; besides, it is wrong when one has a family. But you see I am busy just now. I wish you could give me three or four days to think over your proposition; for to-morrow I have to go to the other side of the country, near Montmorency.”

“Oh, ce-certainly, certainly,” hiccupped Nugent, who was now quite drunk; “I de-don’t wish to hurry you, nor myself neither, for I’m at the Hotel de Mirabeau, where I live like a prince at your governor’s expense; but I don’t care, no—d—n it, I don’t care, my dear fellow, what expense I go to, so long as I bring things right between you and him; and you see how cleverly I’ve managed him, because it was all his own doing, you see, all his

own doing; but you were restive, and there was the difficulty; but I ge-got over it, and without your knowing that he had anything to do with it; the—that's the way to manage everything in the shape of a plot: never let your left hand know what your right's about, if you want to keep things steady,' added he, rising, and nearly pitching forward on his head, but that it came in contact with my shoulder, when he placed his hand upon my other, and stammered out, 'So, ho! steady, my boy, steady; you must give up the bottle, Harry, when you get into office. Drink's the d—l; where would my head for business be if I did not stick to w-wa-wa-wa-ter.'

"I thought it high time to rid my house of the pollution of Mr. John Nugent's presence, and writing upon a slip of paper—as, in his present state, his memory could not be depended upon—that I should be happy to see him on Monday, but not before, as I should be absent from home, I slipped it into his pocket, and led, or, rather, dragged him down stairs, and from thence into the street, where, giving him in charge to a policeman, I told him to put him into the first omnibus that passed for Paris, and consign him to the Hotel de Mirabeau. That very night, on my return up stairs, I made preparations for quitting France, and two days after we crossed in the Boulogne packet for England, leaving word with an ancien militaire of the name of Le Roue, in whose honour I could confide, not to betray my address; that I would, from time to time, write to him for any letters that might be lying for me at the Poste Restante.

"Once more landed on my native shores, I felt more desolate than ever. Where to go I knew not. Certainly the world was all before me where to choose, but my place of rest was not on earth! It was about seven o'clock of a drizzling winter evening when we landed at St. Catharine's docks. My chief luggage being books, as soon as I could get them out of the custom-house, I took a hackney-coach, and told the man to drive us to some coach-office; he took us, accordingly, to the 'Bull and Mouth' in the city.

"As soon as the hackney-coach stopped at the door, a sort of hostler let down the steps, taking it for granted that we were going by one of the coaches. I got out, and told my wife and Blanche to remain where

they were. Three mails were standing in the yard, with the lamps lit and the horses to. I went into the office, and asked the man what places were vacant; he, in his turn, very naturally inquired where to: easy as this question was for him to ask, it was very difficult for me to answer. Seeing me hesitate, he informed me that the three coaches that I saw in the yard were the Liverpool, Manchester, and Shrewsbury mails. Liverpool and Manchester sounded horrible. Shrewsbury—I knew no one in Shropshire, and so hastily resolved upon bending my course that way.

“‘Have you three inside places in the Shrewsbury mail?’ asked I.

“‘There’s the whole inside vacant,’ replied the man.

“I instantly paid the money, and transferred my wife and child from the hackney-coach to the mail. Neither of us spoke till we stopped to take up more passengers in Piccadilly, when a man called out to know whether there was an inside place by the Shrewsbury mail. Blanche asked me if it was thither we were going. I told her it was. She then inquired if I knew any one there, and I had scarcely answered ‘No, and for that reason I am going there,’ before the door opened, and a long, thin man got in. At the end of the first stage, while changing horses, he asked if I was going all the way to Shrewsbury. Being answered in the affirmative, he settled himself to sleep, and did not awake till about five in the morning, when he talked much of the ‘nobility and gentry’ in the neighbourhood, and lamented that what he called the drayma was so little patronised by them, and, at parting, put a playbill into my hand, hoping that I would sometimes honour the theatre, of which he was the manager. I did honour the theatre the very next day; for, no sooner had I taken the miserable garret that you found my poor child in, and settled her and her mother there, than, finding the whole of my worldly wealth to consist of twelve pounds, and knowing how soon that would melt away, and the importance of procuring some present means of subsistence, I walked down to the theatre and asked to see the manager, who instantly came to the box-office cap in hand, overwhelming me with expressions of gratitude for so soon patronising him. I cut him short in the midst of his harangue by saying that I wished to speak with him in private, whereupon he led the way to the

greenroom, and I then and there told him that I ~~would~~ come, not to engage a box, but to engage myself.

"The manager's hat instantly returned to his head, his hands to his pockets, and himself to his chair; while, blinking his eyes very quickly, as if to chastise them for the delusion they had laboured under with regard to myself, he said with equal rapidity, 'What line! what line! what line, pray?'

"I modestly answered, 'in whatever line he pleased.'

"'It is not in what line I please, sir, but in what line you will be likely to please, that is the question,' replied he, with a nasal drawl, looking longer and thinner than ever.

"'Tragedy,' murmured I; and, accordingly, after a little more chaffering, I was engaged by Mr. Simcoe alternately to win or lose Bosworth Field and murder Banquo at five-and-twenty shillings a week!

"When I returned home and announced my new calling, my wife burst into tears.

"'Why should you cry?' asked I; 'acting is far less laborious than writing; besides, there is an excitement in it that takes one out of one's self, and the remuneration, such as it is, is immediate.'

"'Oh, very well,' said Blanche; 'if it is less laborious, I am satisfied.'

"This, however, she soon found to be a subterfuge; for, after acting all night to 'a beggarly account of empty boxes,' I would write all day, till, from over-exertion of body and mind, I became one discordant quiver of nervous irritability, which rendered our miserable home still more miserable. Although the editor of the county paper, having one night witnessed my performance in Othello, gave me a most elaborate panegyric in his next week's journal, still the house did not fill, and Mr. Simcoe became less punctual in his weekly payments, especially as he had frequent recourse to 'stars' from London, whose exorbitant salaries swallowed up the greater part of our Lilliputian treasury. These non-payments on the part of the manager reduced us to a still lower ebb of destitution. My wife took in needlework, and our poor child filled the menial office of a servant. Her mother could not bear it, and she ventured to entreat that I would apply, not to my father, but to my aunt, or, at all events, allow her to appeal to her family, rather than our child should die of

want. I answered her savagely that we were not worse off than we had been. My poor Blanche! she looked at me with horror, but said nothing. From that time her health began visibly to decline: there was the too bright eye, the hectic cheek, the hollow cough. Monster that I was, even these warnings could not loosen the adamantine rivets of my deep-burning hate. Love is indeed a child, but hatred is a giant whose single grasp can uproot worlds. As my wife's health declined, she grew more and more homesick. One night she awoke crying. I asked her what was the matter. She said she had been dreaming that she was at Guildford; and added, 'Oh, Henry, if I could but hear from my mother once more, I should die happy.'

" 'Well,' said I, moved by her distress, 'I will go to the post to-morrow, and, should Le Roue have forwarded any letters from France, I will bring them to you; but remember, you must not write home.'

" 'Not if I were to put no date, Henry, and send the letter to London, and have it put in the postoffice there?'

" 'Why, yes, if you can do that, you may; but of this I must be quite sure,' said I, sullenly. Poor soul, she kissed me and thanked me as if I had been her preserver instead of her destroyer. The next day I fulfilled my promise and went to the post; there were no letters. On my return home, she met me at the head of the stairs with her hand stretched out; I shook my head; she said nothing, but seemed to grow paler and weaker from that hour. The week dragged on; I acted every night, but, being unable to obtain a sous from the manager, I stoutly refused to act on Saturday night, which gave him the trouble of changing the play, and me the pleasure of counting the contents of my purse, and discovering that three shillings was all that it contained.

"It was a bright summer's evening, and everything seemed cheerful and happy beyond our wretched domicile. I remembered my promise to my wife: the very insects seemed to hum with pleasure in the air; we— we alone were unhappy.

" 'Blanche, love,' said I, rising, 'I'm going to the post, and I've a presentiment that I'll bring you back a letter.'

"She pressed my hand in silence, and I saw one big tear roll down her cheek as she turned her head away.

'To-day is Saturday,' said she, as I was leaving the

room; 'will you give me some money for dinner to-morrow?'

"'I will,' said I, 'on my return,' and hurried out of the room. As I was going through the hall, the woman came out of the shop and asked me if it would be convenient to pay her the fortnight's rent that was owing.

"'On Monday, on Monday,' said I, and rushed into the street, where I walked rapidly on till I came to that in which the postoffice was situated. 'Are there any letters for me?' asked I.

"'What name?' said the man.

"'Carlton,' I replied, knowing that Le Roue would have redirected any that might have come to Versailles for me in that name.

"After searching for some time, he handed out two: one was for Blanche, in Mrs. Nugent's handwriting; the other was to me, from my aunt.

"'How much are they?' said I.

"'Five and fourpence,' said the man.

"'Then,' replied I, laying down my own letter, 'I must call again for this to-morrow.'

"'As you please,' rejoined the postman, as I gave him my last three shillings! and received a few pence in exchange. I walked slowly away, balancing the letter in my hand, till I remembered the pleasure it would give Blanche—and, recollecting how dearly it had been bought, I determined it should not cost still more by delay—and, again hurrying on, I never stopped till I reached home. We had eaten nothing since breakfast. I had remarked that at dinner-time our poor child had whispered her mother, who gave her a small bit of bread that had remained from breakfast, which she quickly ate, and asked for more; but her mother silently shook her head, and the child returned quietly to her seat, and continued her work for the rest of the day. As I went through the shop, I bought some bread they had just taken from the oven with the few halfpence that remained out of the three shillings, and with this I went up stairs. 'Here, love,' said I to my wife, 'here is your letter; and here, Blanche, is some bread for you.'

"'Oh, thank you, papa, for I am so hungry,' said she, and then cut off a bit of the loaf, leaving the rest for her mother and me. My wife had torn open her letter, and, while she was thus occupied, I walked over to my books, and selected from among them a handsomely-

bound 'Livy' and the 'De Rerum Natura of Lucretius.' Placing them under my arm, I again sallied out, and walked to a bookseller's in the main street, where, after a considerable demure upon his part about purchasing them at all, he generously gave me eighteen shillings for the two! With this money I returned home; and this, together with the half of my salary, which I endeavoured to extort from the manager on the following Monday, paid our rent and supported us for a few days. Still Hope, that 'ignis fatuus' of the wretched, upheld me.

"I had for the last three years laboured indefatigably upon a work suggested to me by a question of Monsieur le Duchats, which I believe has never yet been answered. Singular as it was, he asks, What has become of the book 'On the admirable power of Nature and Art,' attributed to Bacon in the Dedicatory Epistle of the Fourteenth Book of Amadis? Taking up this idea, I composed a work entitled 'A Treatise on the admirable power of Art and Nature, as a substitute till that attributed to Bacon shall be found.' This I completed after I had been here about a year, and forwarded it to an eminent publisher in London, with a synopsis of its plan. My hopes were not a little raised by his returning me a speedy answer, that his reader had dipped into it, and thought that the subject was very ably treated, and had no doubt of its being a work of great merit; but that I must be aware philosophical works never had so great a sale as those of fiction; and, therefore, he should be much obliged by my allowing him to keep it a little longer before he decided on the purchase. The longer the better, thought I; for it was a sort of book that skimming could do no justice to. Upon this chimera did I exist for three months longer, when, hearing nothing farther from the London bookseller, I thought it high time to inquire whether it was in Nature that the admirable power of Art was again prevailing against me; and, accordingly, I wrote to demand the return of my MS. or the purchase-money, which, at all events, I sanguinely imagined could not be less than £100; and, paltry as the sum was, at that time it would have been wealth to me.

"The next mail brought me a parcel that came to half a crown, containing my MS. and a letter from the publisher, couched in the blandest terms of regret, that just at that time he had such a press of matter by distinguish-

ed authors, that he feared, much as he should like to have had the honour of giving to the public so admirable a work, it would not, under his present engagements, be desirable for him to undertake it. Here, then, were the hopes and labours of three years annihilated! Would that I had been so too; for it is full time, when one has lived to agree with Madame du Deffand, '*que le plus grand malheur et l'unique (puis qu'il produit tous les autres) est celui d'être née.*'

"From this time my wife's health began to decline rapidly. Will you believe it, I did not, I could not feel the one sorrow that I feel now! My feelings had been squandered upon too many afflictions; my heart was exhausted; nay, my very nature was warped, till, like a wild beast, I became savage from the mere animal misery of hunger! With all this, I painted my face, and 'strutted and fretted my hour' upon the stage every night. Yes, while a few well-fed pleasure-hunters were applauding my mimic deaths, she was dying in reality! And I!—I cannot die!" continued the wretched man, clinching his hands and throwing up his arms so vehemently that the blood gushed out afresh, and for a few minutes he sank back exhausted on the pillow. Cecil gave him some *sal volatile* and water, which revived him; and Theresa, as she bound up his arm, entreated him not to excite himself farther, but to endeavour to be calm.

"Calm! Yes, I will be calm," resumed he, "for all now is nearly over. I am coming to the time when I first met you; but not yet—not yet. I continued to dispose of everything I had of the slightest value, to procure us, from time to time, the commonest necessities of life; and often did I forego those for my child and myself, to get delicacies that I thought she would like. And yet, monster that I was, how often have I taunted and upbraided her with harsh, bitter words, because she could not touch that which had cost so much, and which, when refused by her, was not sufficient to satisfy the hundredth part of her child's craving and mine.

"One day Blanche whispered to me that her mother had expressed a wish for some grapes. I had that morning paid our rent: grapes were half a guinea a pound: where was I to get half a guinea? I had found from experience that the binding of books brought more than the books themselves; and all those of this exter-

nal value I had already parted with. I walked over to my much-diminished bookshelf; the few volumes that still remained seemed like the only friends that I had left. What wonder, then, if for a moment I felt reluctant to part with them, and that for ever! The only two volumes among them that had any pretensions to binding were two of my greatest favourites: Charles Lamb's *Essays of Elia*, and John Wilson's *Isle of Palms*. A tear fell on the books as I took them down; it was foolish, I own; nay, it was extravagant. I would give worlds now for the tears I have so often wasted on trifles; but no, my heart may break, my brain burn, and not one drop will come to quench it. I took them to the booksellers': all I could get was five shillings for the two, which was better than nothing: it would, at least, get some grapes. I went on to the fruit-shop: I asked for the best hothouse grapes: the woman eyed me from head to foot, as if she thought it great impertinence in a person of my shabby appearance to ask for such things.

"How much do you want?" said she at last.

"Half a pound."

"We never sell less than a pound," replied she, sharply, and turned away to attend a lady who had just come into the shop to buy some pomegranates. "You were that lady, or, rather, that angel," added Carlton, turning to Theresa. "In the one glimpse I had of you, I knew I could not be deceived; so my resolution was taken. I had gone through every stage of misery but one: that still remained for me: I determined to beg! But it was from you. I watched for your leaving the shop; but my courage almost failed me as I followed you a little way up the street; nor do I think I should have ever 'screwed it to the sticking-place,' had I not been suddenly nerved by the impotent revenge of imagining what my father's feelings, or, rather, his wounded pride, his indignation, his fury would be, could he at that moment see his son, his only son, the heir of all his greatness, begging in the streets of Shrewsbury!"

"This was enough: I wanted no farther impetus. I slouched my hat over my eyes, and accosted you. What I said I know not; but I remember your words were, 'Ill, is she? Poor man, where do you live?' 'Nowhere,' was my answer; 'I starve a few streets off,' and walked away: you followed me. As I passed the fruit-shop, I

stopped mechanically and looked at the grapes, and, as you have since told me, muttered, 'Too dear: she cannot have them.' I then retraced my steps homeward, nor was it till I reached my own door that I perceived you were there, with a basket of grapes in your hand. What followed I need not repeat to you, or how you used to come and read prayers to her in your low, gentle voice; when you read to her, she said her heart felt healed; for the tones were so kind, so soft, that the words seemed to come direct from Heaven. She has got them all there with her now; and oh! may they turn to blessings for you."

Cecil sobbed audibly as he leaned his forehead against the head of the bed.

"Stop! not yet—not yet," resumed Carlton; "tears are precious things, never waste them on anything but death. About two months after we knew you, my son was born. Oh! how kind you were to his poor mother; but she grew weaker and weaker, in spite of all the care and kindness you bestowed upon her. Well do I remember the morning our poor baby was christened; it was about six weeks old; you said it was too young for Blanche to play with, and that you had therefore brought her a cat, and with it you gave her ten pounds, to buy, as you said, food for the animal: this I thought perfect robbery, and remonstrated accordingly; but you said it had been given to you as a birthday present, and you did not want it. For the time you prevailed; but, as your only superfluity seemed to be generosity, I could not bear the idea of taking advantage of it. Accordingly, after you left us that morning, I remembered that Simcoe had often said, that if I could get any influential person in the neighbourhood to patronise a benefit for me, he would advance me twenty pounds on the strength of it; calculating, no doubt, as he thought, upon an impossibility. Now, although you had studiously concealed from me your name and place of abode, yet I could not look at you and not know that you were in a position to do me that service; and as I had heard you say that you should drive into town again that day, I resolved upon going to Simcoe and getting him to renew his promise, which he did. I then wrote you an urgent note, imploring you to obtain this money for me, by writing to him a promise of supporting my benefit. With this note I hovered about the Talbot, where I

knew you would come in the course of the day; you did so; I gave it to you, and you complied with my request. That very evening Simcoe sent me the money, with a congratulatory letter, saying that Miss Manners had promised to exert her influence in my behalf: this was the first time I had heard your name, and I was glad to know by what name to bless you. The first use I made of this money, after subtracting half to return to you, was to call in the best physician in the town for my poor Blanche: it was time. Dr. Churchill pronounced her and her child that very day to have evinced the most virulent symptoms of smallpox. For a whole fortnight I was so engrossed by them that I never once remarked the cessation of your visits, till reminded of it by one day receiving a peremptory letter from Simcoe, demanding back his money, as he had seen or heard nothing of or from you since; all that remained of it I returned to him, the rest you may guess. I thought, she thought you too had deserted us; but in death as in life, all her conclusions were just, and towards the last she feared you had caught her fatal complaint. Four days ago," concluded the wretched man, with a convulsive rattling in his throat, "God took what was fitter for him than for me; two days after my child followed her; and I—I live on, and while I live Blanche must starve as they did: but when I am gone," added he, grasping Cecil's hand, "you will find, in a small, black iron trunk (of which Blanche has the key), a large sealed packet; tear off the outer cover, deliver the enclosure according to its address, and, as you value the blessing or curse of a dying man, obey, implicitly and minutely, every injunction contained in the first paper within this packet." As he ceased speaking, Carlton raised his eyes to Theresa's face for about a minute, and then, without uttering another word, turned his own to the wall.*

* Que le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable; there wants no additional proof. Many, no doubt, will think it unnatural, that a man labouring under the violent grief Carlton is represented as suffering should be able to go into such minute details of his past life. The author can only say that she was once made the repository of an equally painful history, far more graphically described, upon the part of a man who had lost his bride, to whom he had only been married a week, after surmounting the difficulties of a four years' attachment—and who died himself two days after.

Theresa asked him if she should send Blanche to him, but nothing could induce him again to open his lips.

"Poor fellow!" sighed Cecil.

"Indeed you may say so," rejoined Theresa; "just sit by his bedside, will you, till I go for a nurse; Mrs. Brand lives somewhere near this; and, as the pony chaise is below, I shall not be long gone."

Cecil nodded assent as she gently closed the door and departed.

The noise Mrs. Brand made on her arrival (for common people can do nothing, not even think, without noise) roused Cecil from his painful reverie: after commending Carlton and little Blanche to her especial care, he and Theresa left the house of mourning, but not before they had made every arrangement with Mrs. Sutton about the funeral of the mother and child.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Mon dieu, mon dieu, quelle différence il y a d'une âme à une autre! j'y trouve une aussi grande que d'un ange à une huître!"—*MADAME DU DEFFAND à propos de MESDAMES DE LUXEMBOURG et DE MIREPOIX.*

"Inasmuch as there cannot be a good orator who is not a poet, says Cicero, (!) though I don't remember where, but it is sufficient that I say it; for a man is not to go with his sleeve full of citations when he goes out to take a walk."—*DOMINE ZANCASLARGAS.*

SIR ROMULUS TAKES THE REINS IN HIS OWN HANDS, AND IN THE COURSE OF THIS CHAPTER MAKES A QUOTATION FROM A PRIZE POEM OF HIS OWN THAT DID NOT GAIN THE PRIZE.

—A DINNER-PARTY AT THE HALL, DURING WHICH MISS MANNERS SECURES A BENEFIT FOR CARLTON—AND MISS PRUDENCE MAKES A PROFESSION OF FRIENDSHIP TO MRS. DAMNEMALL, WHICH SHE KEEPS TO THE LETTER.

When Cecil and Theresa left Carlton's house, it wanted only a quarter to two.

"What a lecture we shall get!" said the latter, looking at her watch; "but it was impossible to avoid it; for I got a note yesterday from poor Carlton, that was forwarded to me from the Talbot. I sent him the mon-

ey he required ; and, on coming into town this morning, I met him walking in a distracted manner towards an upholsterer's. Knowing his errand, I persuaded him to turn back : the rest you know."

"There is one thing I do not know," said Cecil : "where you get the money that you give so lavishly in charity."

Theresa shook her head as she replied : "In the first place, I am sorry to say, my charities are not very extensive ; so it is only a dress or a bonnet the less occasionally ; and when it is an extreme case beyond that, my dear Marmaduke is my Fortunatus's purse."

They had turned into a narrow and secluded lane, that was a shorter road home. Cecil looked round, and, seeing no living thing was near, reined in the ponies, and, as he looked under Theresa's bonnet, said,

"Do you know I have been deceiving you all this time ! I have been swearing that I loved, that I adored you—and you believed it : but it was all false : I never till this moment did either !" And, so saying, Mr. Howard snatched a kiss, much after the manner in which schoolboys snatch cherries when they are afraid of being caught. But, lest the lip-deep virtue of my late immaculate censors should be outraged at such a proceeding, I must, in vindication of the young gentleman who figures as the hero of these pages, explain how he came to be guilty of such an apparently unpardonable impropriety. The confession he had just made had rendered Miss Manners's cheek as white as the snow over which they were driving ; and, with prompt resource—that unerring test of genius—Mr. Howard merely took the most effectual method of restoring its Lancastrian beauties : "Eh bien, en êtes vous contents, Messieurs les Cæsar Borgia en homme, et Platon en critique ?"

"Poor Carlton !" sighed Theresa, arranging her bonnet, as if that could do him any good ; "I wonder what his real name is ! I wish, for that poor little girl's sake, he could be brought to let his father know his miserable destitution ; but he is in no state at present for any one to try and persuade him on this point. You never saw such a lovely creature as his wife was !"

"Your voice sounds like truth itself, but your looks belie your words. I have seen one much more lovely," said Cecil.

Whatever motive she could have had for so doing, I

know not, but Miss Manners, at the conclusion of Mr. Howard's last speech, suddenly pulled down her veil and renewed the subject of the Carltons.

"It is, indeed," sighed Cecil, "one of those terrible every-day domestic tragedies, that far outweigh all the stilted blank-verse miseries of imagination. I don't know how it is," continued he, musingly, "but the whole time he was relating his story, I felt as if he was talking at me. Theresa, could you ever forgive me were I to be the cause of reducing you to such utter poverty as Carlton entailed upon his wife?"

"No, I never could forgive you," blushed Theresa, raising her eyes fondly to his; "for, in order to forgive, one must first feel angry," as Sir Romulus Bubble most assuredly was, to judge by his voice, as at this identical moment, just as Mr. Howard had let the reins drop from his hands, which were otherwise employed pressing those of Miss Manners, he popped his head from behind a hedge and vociferated,

"Ho! there, you Algerine, you'll be in the ditch! and what will my calamity say if you smash her phaeton and break her ponies' knees? My dear—my dear," continued he to Cecil, as he cleared the hedge and ran to the ponies' heads, "even if it is disagreeable to you to drive Theresa, you ought to be a little more careful; for no cork legs she could get would walk through the world as well as yours contrive to do: here, get down." And Sir Romulus suited the action to the word, and dragged him forcibly out, when, seating himself beside Miss Manners, he resumed, "See here, this is the way you should hold the reins, and keep your eyes steadily on the horses' ears all the time you are driving; but, if ever an accident should happen, the very worst thing you can do is to let go the reins, and seize hold of the person's hands with you, as you did just now. But the fact is, the youngsters of the present day have no gallantry; and the Algerines would rather be breaking their necks in a steeple-chase than be commonly civil to the girls. But, as you are in such a hurry to be off, I'll drive Theresa home, as we are close to the first park gate."

In vain Cecil remonstrated: Sir Romulus touched the off pony's ears with the lash of the whip, squared his elbows, advanced his person much nearer to the splash-board, and would have given Mr. Howard a lesson in driving, had not that gentleman, in order to get home

as quickly as possible, doubly changed places with the worthy baronet, by getting over the hedge, and walking rapidly across the fields till he reached the house, in time to receive Theresa at the portico.

"Well," cried Sir Romulus, as they drove through the first lodge, "I should have thought Howard had been more genteel (a favourite word of his on all occasions) than to have behaved so scurvily to a young lady! But never mind; hold up your head, Theresa; there'll be money bid for you yet; who knows what the tournament may do for you? But where on earth have you been all the morning? The Duke and Duchess of Arlington were to have been here at twelve to see one of our rehearsals; but they sent over to say they were prevented coming, and would not be here till dinner-time."

"I was detained," replied Theresa, "by some poor, unfortunate people, who are in great distress. Indeed, dear uncle, I hope to get you to do something for them."

"Oh, my dear—my dear! the country swarms with those Algerines of beggars! Besides, you should remember the smallpox; it is really not right of genteel women to go to such places."

Theresa remained silent, and consoled herself with the reflection that Marmaduke would be more "genteel" than his brother, in the only acceptance in which the word is admissible. When they arrived at the hall door, Cecil was on the steps, speaking to Miss Prudence, who had been warned home by the luncheon bell, and who was now standing in her slate-coloured beaver bonnet, mud-coloured snow-boots, duffle cloak, green cotton umbrella, and hareskin gloves, turning up her eyes as though she had just seen sacrilege and murder committed.

"Oh dear!" she commenced, as soon as Theresa had set her foot upon the steps, "I call it downright sinful! I'm so glad Dr. Damnemall dines here to-day! I'll certainly make him speak to you about it."

"About what?" asked Theresa, in amazement.

"Oh dear! you may well ask! nothing at all. Mr. Howard tells me you have had no breakfast yet! and have actually eaten nothing to-day! It's downright shocking! for it's nothing more nor less than making away with yourself by instalments!"

"Retail suicide, my dear! retail suicide: do you ap-

prove of that expression!" said Sir Romulus, taking a profound pinch of snuff.

"Oh dear! beyond everything! Romulus has just said it—that's just what it is; and I'm sure Dr. Darnemall will say exactly the same thing. Now that's what I like in Mr. M'Phin, he's so punctual to his meals—and 'tis such a good example to Cosmo."

Theresa pacified Miss Prudence by assuring her that she would make ample amends at luncheon for her desertion from the breakfast-table; and, so saying, they entered the house, where they found Marmaduke in the hall, rubbing his eyes.

"Why, you little jade, where have you been all the morning!" cried he. "Here have I been up since ten, thinking you'd take me to see the poor d—l you told me of yesterday, though I've no doubt, beforehand, that he's an impostor."

"Indeed, no, dear uncle," replied Theresa; "and to-morrow I do hope you will come and judge for yourself."

"Oh dear!" mumbled Miss Prudence, with her mouth full of fricandeau; "I'm confident it was going among the pigs and other poor people that gave you the small-pox."

"Not only that, my dear," said Sir Romulus, assuming a magisterial air, and looking like fifty justices of the peace rolled into one, "but Theresa and you womenkind are not perhaps aware that, according to an old statute still on the books, namely, a-hem—a-hem—the 17th of George II., c. 5, s. 25: 'Women wandering in and begging in parishes and places to which they do not belong, if any such have a child or children, and become chargeable, the churchwardens or overseers may detain such woman in their custody until they can safely convey her to a justice (me, for instance, a-hem), who shall examine her and commit her to the house of correction until the next session, who may, if they see convenient, order her to be publicly whipped, and detained in the house of correction for any farther time not exceeding six months.'"

"Hum! 'Vous avez changé tout cela!' What becomes of the new poor-law?" groaned Marmaduke.

"And what becomes of the '17th of George II., c. 5, s. 25,'" asked Theresa, archly, "if the vagrant, as in the present instance, happens to be a man, uncle?"

"Oh, my dear—my dear! there would be no use in explaining these things to you, for women have not capacity for jurisprudence and—and all that sort of thing."

"Well, I'm sure Lady John won't refuse to give me something for my poor man," said Theresa, as her ladyship entered the room and rang for her chicken-broth, which, with the pleasing variations of water-gruel and tapioca, constituted her usual luncheon.

"Who is it?" asked Lady John.

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"Oh, a poor wretched man who is in deep distress, and whom I very much fear will die."

"I'm sure I shall be very happy," replied her ladyship. "Johndina completed enough cuttings yesterday to make two more paper pillows, and they are quite at your service; and, if the individual should go to London, I'll give him some soup-tickets."

"That bone to another dog, for I'll none of it," pshawed Marmaduke as he rose, and, buttoning his coat, hastily left the room.

Cecil and Theresa, as they followed him into the library, could with difficulty suppress a smile at Lady John's charitable benevolence and generosity of disposition.

"Well," said Marmaduke, poking the fire as if he would assassinate it, "England's an enviable country between my Lady John's paper pillows and my Lord John's paper projects. Now what can the Recording Angel say of a woman whose life is divided between stabbing canvass, which she calls Berlin work; cutting paper, which she calls charity! and physicking her child, which she calls education!"

"I don't know what the Recording Angel will say of her, but I know what he will say of you," said Theresa, coaxingly, "if you will do something for my poor man. I would not have mentioned him to the rest, but that I want to get up a benefit at the theatre, the profits of which shall be for him, and so I was obliged to make them a party concerned."

"Well, well," said Marmaduke, throwing himself into a library chair, and rubbing down the calves of his legs, "let me hear what it is you want me to do for this impostor."

"First of all, I want your patience to hear his melancholy history, and then I am sure you will not call him an impostor."

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"Well, go on, go on—but don't keep me here all day."

Upon the strength of this ungracious permission, Theresa repeated the sad history of Carlton's life, but was frequently interrupted by "poor fellow" from Marmaduke, till she came to the part where his wife died, when the big tears chased themselves down his cheeks as he stirred the fire vehemently, and exclaimed,

"Stuff! nonsense! I've no sympathy with such insatuated madness! he'd no business to let the poor woman die, and yet it was the best thing she could do. We're all on the same road—a miserable one it is too—and the sooner we come to our journey's end, the better. Well, I'll go to Simcoe myself to-morrow; I'll do more—I'll get my Lord John to edit this Carlton's work on the admirable power of Art and Nature, and see what a wonderful book it will be thought then! for editing is always supposed to be a modest way of publishing. No matter, it will fill Carlton's pockets, and give him another proof of the admirable power of art."

"I do hope," said Cecil, "that you will be able to persuade him to tell you his real name, and become reconciled to his father."

"I am not sure that I have any right to do so," replied Marmaduke: "for wrong, nay, wicked as the abstract feeling unquestionably is of such deep hatred, yet any feeling so intense should be sacred from the interference of others. I take it, God alone can conquer or quench all such, and that through no outward or human means, but by the influence of the Holy Spirit, in his own good time."

"I believe you are right," said Cecil, musingly.

"But you will come with me early to-morrow, will you not, dear uncle?" said Theresa, kissing his forehead.

"At daybreak, if you like, child, for assistance is the medicine of affliction; and, like all others, when the malady is imminent, to be of any service, it should be administered immediately."

Theresa had just bestowed another kiss on Marmaduke's silver hair, which Mr. Howard thought ill-placed generosity, when the first dinner-bell rang, and Miss Manners started from her chair with one of Miss Prudence's "oh dears!" which set Marmaduke laughing, and the trio separated to dress.

Dr. and Mrs. Damnemall were the first to arrive. Mrs. Damnemall was a little skinny woman, with dark

eyes and spiky features, a very shrill voice, and a broad Yorkshire accent. She was one of those persons (of which there are many) who, while she would have pulverized her teeth and worn her tongue threadbare in talking Richard the Third's back or Mary queen of Scots' character straight, did not care how many living figures or reputations she warped. She rejoiced in two children, a son and a daughter, each of whom had been endowed with two names, both of which their mother invariably gave them. Her son, Mr. George James Damnemall, was an ensign in a marching regiment, and what his parents called of an extravagant turn; that is, he could not live on his pay. Her daughter, Miss Anna Martha Damnemall, was an embellished edition of her father; and at that time being on a visit to a friend whose husband was quartered at Windsor, Mrs. Damnemall always expressed her fears that her daughter would for the future never be able to endure living away from the court! Her husband she invariably called *the* doctor, justly concluding that there was not another doctor in the world; and, whatever his contemporaries may have thought, and posterity may think, of Cicero as an orator, it was and is nothing to what Mrs. Damnemall thought of her sposo's powers of elocution. Mrs. Damnemall's dress was, to use Sir Romulus Bubble's phrase, quite out of the common. She had on, for the present occasion, a crimson velvet dress, braided in a most elaborate and extraordinary Hungarian or Russian fashion, with gold about the body, and long tight sleeves, while on her head was a high, square Polish lancer's cap, composed of the same material, with the addition of a long drooping feather.

Trip had found his way into the drawing-room; and, as Miss Manners sat petting him on an ottoman, and Marmaduke and Miss Prudence were the only members of the family yet down, the latter had her friends the Damnemalls all to herself.

"Oh dear! what an edifying discourse the doctor gave us yesterday, to be sure!" said Miss Prudence; "and he reads quite as well as he preaches."

"He does read remarkably well," assented his wife; "to give you an instance of it: most people, if I am rightly informed, quoin laugh when they read 'Don Quixote' and 'Nicholas Nickleby;' now I assure you

the doctor read us out Nicholas of an evening, till Anna Martha and I croied."

"Ah, that shows now how they ought to be read, for I have always heard that people laughed a great deal at them, especially 'Nicholas Nickleby'" said Miss Prudence: "pray how are your son and daughter?" added she.

"Quoight well, thank ee; Anna Martha is deloighted with the officers, and they with her: in fact, it is the first toime she's ever been among the redcoats. She sees the queen, and all the whole batch of them every day; as I tell her, I'm afraid she'll get spoiled at court, and never be able to put up with a quoiety country parson, as I always call the doctor. As for George James, he's terribly extravagant, to be sure; he wrote to his father for another twenty pounds the other day, though it's only six months ago since the doctor sent him ten! and, unknown to his father, I sent him two queen Anne guineas, that I'd had for a many years."

"Dear me, how shocking!" cried Miss Prudence; "but you can't put old heads on young shoulders. I do declare I'll write to him; for, oh dear! I'm so partial to you and his father, that I think he'd attend to what I say."

However this might be, Miss Prudence now began to attend to what Marmaduke was saying, as she thought he was complimenting Dr. Damnemall upon his late sermon.

"Your preaching wants poetry, my dear doctor, as my brother would say," said Marmaduke.

"Poetry! my dear sir, how! when! where?" and Dr. Damnemall looked, as he felt, astonished.

"Why, this sort of thing," said Marmaduke, taking up Francisco Lobon de Salazar's admirable book, which he had got ready for the occasion, and reading from it the following passage, in a voice almost as sonorously pompous as the doctor's own: "Let the energy of the lips cease, and let my eyes, like festive anchors, contemplate a very literal text which the Canticles present! it says thus: 'vox turturis audita est, flores apparuerunt in terra nostra.' 'The beautiful turtle sung in our barren country, flowers came to adorn it,' &c., &c.; a text so literal that it needs not an application."

"Pardon me, my dear sir, but I don't understand a word of it!" cried the doctor, eleyating his eyebrows.

"Ah, indeed!" said Marmaduke; "then I have achiev-

ed two great points : first, I am out of your debt, for I did not understand one syllable of your sermon yesterday; and by your not comprehending what you are preaching about, you will always place yourself on a level with your congregation; then there's an appropriate (!) hymn, on the Emperor Claudius Drusus, which you might sometimes quote: it runs somewhat like 'Iste Confessor Domine Colentes;' I forget how it begins, but I know it ends with,

*'Ille Britannos, ultraquei noti
Littora ponti, et ceruleos
Scuta Brigantes
Dare Romuleis colla catenis
Jussit, et ipsum nova Romanæ,
Jura securis tremere Oceanum, &c.'*"

Now, like Friar Blas, the doctor was a sincere man, and did not like a burdened conscience, for which reason he confessed that this was too much Latin for his grammar.

"Sir, with due deference," said he, "I don't quite catch all you said; I know there was something about Sir Romulus, Romuleis, and about Britain, Britannos, and I think about the collar of a cat, Colla, Catenis, which may mean the yoke of the Catholic; but still I don't see what comparison there is in any of these similes to my parishioners."

"Don't you know," said Marmaduke, "that comparisons are odious!"

"So says the copybook," replied the doctor.

"Well, and is not that the text?" asked the other.

The poor doctor was tired of asserting that he did not understand (how should he?), and therefore remained with his eyes and mouth open, when Lady Bubble and Sir Romulus, to his no small relief, sailed into the room. Their salutations over, and her ladyship well framed in a bergère, the door again opened, and the Duke and Duchess of Arlington were announced, followed by Lord and Lady John, and the young ladies; Mademoiselle Perpignon, Mr. M'Phin, and Cosmo bringing up the rear; while Cecil glided in unperceived, and took his place by Theresa. On the entrée of the duke and duchess, Mrs. Damnemall rebounded from her seat as if she had been galvanized, while, on the contrary, her spouse shrank into the wall, till he became a sort of breathing

"has relieve." The duchess was a tall, ladylike woman, with a cold manner and a warm dress. The duke was a handsome, distinguished-looking man, with a very soft voice and soft manner, who gave one the idea of having never walked anywhere but at a coronation all his life. Lord John, bent upon doing the popular, introduced Dr. and Mrs. Damnemall; had he been a mitre, the former could not have bowed lower, while the latter wondered (to herself) if all the noblemen Anna Martha saw at court were as handsome.

"Ah! Mr. Howard, how do you do!" said the duke, shaking hands with Cecil; "have you been long in this part of the world?"

"About three months."

"I don't wonder at your deserting us," resumed his grace, glancing towards Theresa, "since there's 'mettle more attractive' here."

Miss Manners, who overheard the compliment, had recourse to Trip, upon whose tan-paws and black satin ears she began lavishing sundry caresses.

"Really, Theresa," cried Lady Bubble, "I'm quite ashamed of you making such a fool of yourself with that dog. I wish, Mr. M'Phin, you, who can give Cosmo such good advice, would lecture her about it. I'm serious in what I say. Mr. M'Phin, do you hear me?"

Mr. M'Phin did hear her, for Mademoiselle Perpignon was nearly blowing him out of the window-seat with sighs; so, thinking this would be a favourable opportunity for effecting a retreat, he advanced in his new black kerseymere curtailments (which Archy Dunn had sent home on credit, without, to his honour be it spoken, at all sparing the material, but quite the reverse), and, after preluding forth two or three undecided hums and has, he delivered himself much to the same purpose as follows:

"A-hem! Miss Manners, mum, with all respect I speak it, but my sincere opinion is, that you ought to be ashamed of yourself, mum, for wasting on a dumb baste what only gude Christian would be glod of!"

"Bravo!" cried Cecil; "the first living I have in my gift shall be yours, Mr. M'Phin."

"Had you spoken for a year, you could not have uttered a greater truth," laughed the duke.

"Oh dear!" whispered Miss Prudence to Mrs. Damnemall; "the truth should not be spoken at all times—now do you think it ought?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Damnemall; "I'm sure I hope Anna Martha never kisses dogs before the officers."

"Whether she does or not," said Marmaduke, "they must know that the world is divided into two great classes: lucky dogs and unlucky dogs."

"That reminds me," said Sir Romulus, "of some couplets in a prize poem that I wrote at Oxford (not that I got the prize); but I think you'll admit that there's a great deal of sound philosophy in some of them, and that they are rather out of the common. Let me see," added he, pushing his wig still farther back with one hand, while he pulled his under lip with the other; "let me see—oh! I have it: here they are:

'Life is a ladle full of nonsense and fuss,
And to stir it into tempests is no manner of use.'"

The tributary laugh that followed this charming specimen of Sir Romulus's poetical talents he took for admiration, and therefore pursued the theme by observing that he had studiously avoided making use of the phrase "tureen full of fuss," as that would have given too much importance to the miseries of human life, which he wished to treat with philosophical nonchalance, and had therefore tossed them into a ladle, as that conveyed the idea of their being easily managed; as it must be plain to the most moderate capacity that there could be no great difficulty in discussing a ladleful of anything, whether soup, punch, or misfortunes. "Does your grace approve of my philosophy?" concluded he.

Luckily for his grace's veracity, good breeding, and risible muscles, dinner was now announced, which gave him an opportunity of changing the subject from a ladleful to an armful of fuss, by taking Lady Bubble into the dining-room. Miss Prudence, of course, seated herself next to Dr. Damnemall, who had taken her out, while Marmaduke found himself on the doctor's left side. "I don't quite understand, my dear sir," said he, "sotto voce," to the former, as soon as they were seated, "what your ideas of preaching are, that you were good enough to favour me with before dinner; perhaps you'll have the goodness to explain farther."

* These lines were actually the production of a Cambridge professor! For Heaven's sake, dear reader, don't take them for mine! I am only a woman, and could not write anything so good.

"There is no necessity," replied Marmaduke, "for every man has a right to his opinion; and yours appears to be the same as Mr. Martin's, who, during the May session of 1781, when a bill was brought in for the better observance of the Sabbath, wherein it was proposed that religious debating societies should be closed on Sundays, ironically suggested the following amendment: 'And it is hereby enacted, That all his majesty's subjects shall be permitted to exercise their reason, and use the utmost freedom of inquiry into religious opinions, and that for six days in the week; but on the first, which is called Sunday, their understanding shall be in a state of rest: And it is farther enacted, That six months' imprisonment and a fine of twenty pounds shall be levied on every man who shall profane the Sabbath by exercising those rational faculties with which God has endowed him.'"

"My dear sir!" cried the doctor, actually holding his first spoonful of soup in abeyance, "you must have been strangely misinformed. I never attempted to fine any man twenty pounds or imprison him for six months."

"Well, I never said or heard that you did," replied Marmaduke, staring him full in the face, and suspending his own spoon on a parallel-level with Dr. Damnemall's.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Miss Prudence, leaning across the doctor; "how can you be so silly as to attempt to argue with Dr. Damnemall, when you must know that you'll be sure to get the worst of it?"

"Very true," said her brother, "for I get his arguments and he gets mine."

"Oh dear! how uncommon rude, to be sure," muttered Miss Prudence, popping back her head, which had luckily prevented his hearing Marmaduke's civility.

"Doctor," cried Sir Romulus from the other end of the table, holding up the soup-ladle, "another ladle of nonsense and fuss! ha! ha! ha! Shall we rechristen turtle-soup, and call it nonsense and fuss? If you approve of this name for it, suppose you perform the ceremony by drinking a glass of cold punch."

The doctor seconded Sir Romulus's motion, for he drank two, and complimented the baronet upon his choice of names.

"Oh dear! how droll," giggled Miss Prudence, with her mouth full and her hand before it.

Dr. Damnemall had begun to suspect that Marmaduke

duke was laughing at him; therefore, meaning to be very bitter (!), on the arrival of his relay of soup, he turned to him and said, "Well, sir, you'll allow we beat the ancients here, for they had no such thing as turtle."

"I beg your pardon," said Marmaduke, eagerly laying down his knife and fork, speaking very fast, and setting in for an argument; "you might as well say they had no men because they had no dandies; whether they made it into soup is another affair. Juvenal has a couplet,

'Nemo, inter curas et seria, duxit habendum,
Duales in oceanæ fluctu, testudo nataret,'

by which it would appear that they held it in no great estimation; and Sir Robert Herbert, after angling with his readers by an elaborate account of what he calls tortoises, 'so great as to suffer two men with ease to sit upon them, and so strong as to carry them,' then adds, with an innocent confusion of grammar, 'Sailors affect to eat them; but are better food for hogs, in my opinion.'

"Well, that proves my assertion," said the doctor, with satisfactory pomposity; "all I said was, that the ancients knew nothing about turtle."

"Not so," persisted Marmaduke; "for, as long as Horace is remembered, the honour due to the 'Testudo,' not that he ever put it to the *test you do*," said he, eying the doctor's third plate of soup, "must accompany his fame; but we moderns, after the metaphysical fashion of our times, devote that attention and affection to its interior excellence, which the superficial ancients only bestowed on its exterior."

"Superficial, indeed, you may well call them," sighed the doctor, as he finished his last spoonful, and the servant removed his plate.

"He is a young man, and has changed from conviction, rely upon it," said Lord John to the duke.

"Who is that that relies upon anything? I'll be with them directly, for they must be wrong," cried Marmaduke, gulping an untasted piece of sturgeon.

"We were talking of Mr. Tryall's late rat," laughed the duke; "and Lord John thinks, that is, says, he has changed from conviction."

"Fiddlestick: he has been convicted, certainly," said

Marmaduke, "but it is of being a bought and unprincipled renegade. I fear, my Lord John, it will require even an abler advocate than you to vindicate Mr. Tryall's conduct. It would be a most desirable thing if he, and a few more members of the Lower House, could find a professional gentleman, lineally descended from that French avocat mentioned in the 'Catalogus Gloriar Mandi,' who, when the Parliament of Provence, in 1540, fulminated a sentence against an innumerable body of rats in the Vaudois of the valley of Merindol, for laying waste the country, started up, and so ably defended the cause of the rats (who had been cited to appear before the bishop's court, in order to see what spiritual means would do, all human ones having failed against them)—so logically did this illustrious lawyer argue, that the poor calumniated vermin could not appear with any degree of security at the court, according to the summons, since their steps were narrowly watched by their hereditary—or Tory—enemies the cats, and no safeguard was appointed to conduct them to the presence of their judges, that it had the effect of preventing those anathemas which would otherwise have been fulminated against them—if, I say, such another advocate can be found nowadays, then, but not till then, can Mr. Tryall, and all the family of Tryalls, be saved from those anathemas they so richly deserve."

"I quite agree with you," said the duke.

"Now, Marmaduke," cried Sir Romulus, who mortally dreaded that Lord John should be offended, "having helped us to your ladleful of nonsense and fuss, let me advise you to try this 'poulet à la Condé.'"

"A *fowl* way of gaining a victory in argument, that no 'Condé' of a logician would ever resort to," said Marmaduke; "but I own it will stop my mouth more effectually than anything you could say."

"Pray, my lord duke," said Mrs. Damnemall, bowing to and blinking at the Duke of Arlington across the table, "as your grace's sister is in the household, can you tell me if it is true that our young queen is to be married immediately?"

The duchess raised her glass, and looked more scrutinizingly at Mrs. Damnemall than she had ever done at Vanamburg and his lions, while the duke merely bowed and said, "I don't know; I've not seen the papers to-day."

“Oh! it ain’t true, then,” said Mrs. Damnemall, turning to Miss Prudence, “or of course Anna Martha, being about court, would have mentioned it.”

“Oh, that I’m confident she would, for I see by her letters that she has no concealments from you; ’tis such a comfort, to be sure, when young women are so well brought up. I mean,” whispered Miss Prudence, “to do something for George James; but I sha’n’t tell you what it is till it is done.”

Mrs. Damnemall, who, naturally enough, from such a prelude, thought that Miss Prudence contemplated nothing short of purchasing her son a step, pressed her hand and said, “I’m sure, ma’am, I feel quite overcome by your kindness.”

“Oh, I beg you won’t mention it; for it makes me quite happy to be of any service to his father’s son—I assure you I mean what I say.”

“I know it, I know it,” blinked Mrs. Damnemall, overpowered by her feelings, and applying a pocket-handkerchief to her eyes that Anna Martha had marked for her with some of the hair out of the horse’s tail that the Duke of Wellington had ridden at Waterloo, and which one of the officers had given to her.

“Champagne, ma’am!” asked a servant.

“If you please: dear me, I feel rather better.”

“I’m so glad!” said Miss Prudence; “but do let me persuade you to take a teaspoonful of brandy: do you know, I always do when anything affects my feelings—that is, when I’ve eaten anything that disagrees with me.”

“No, thank you; I’m quite recovered now.”

“A good thing, too! It doesn’t do for the mother of a family to be ill—does it?”

“No, indeed it does not.”

“Ah, I know that by experience,” sighed Miss Prudence.

“The d—l you do!” cried Marmaduke, who overheard the conclusion of their conversation.

“How tiresome it is that you always will take one up every word one says!” said Miss Prudence.

“It is better to take up your words than to take them down, if you make many such confessions,” laughed Marmaduke. With a few more little pleasantries on his part at the expense of Miss Prudence, renewed professions of friendship between her and Mrs. Damnem-

all, and one or two original and philosophical aphorisms from Sir Romulus, as profound as that of the "ladle," the dinner passed off, till it was time for the ladies to adjourn. No sooner had they returned to the drawing-room, than, without waiting for coffee (for what sacrifice is there that genuine friendship is not capable of!), Miss Prudence slipped up stairs, where she remained for nearly three quarters of an hour. When she descended, she made a mysterious signal to Mrs. Damnemall to come behind the piano, where she placed a very thick packet in her hand, saying that she had sent into the dining-room asking the Duke of Arlington for a frank for the next day, merely as if she had been anxious to possess an autograph of his; so that none of her own family knew a word about it!

Mrs. Damnemall was about to reply, when the door opened, and the gentlemen arrived from dinner. "Hush!" said Miss Prudence; "don't say a word more; but put it in your bag, and pray don't read it till you get home, for I do assure you I've had the greatest pleasure in doing it for him. Oh, poor young man! I shall be so glad to serve him."

So saying, she walked away to secure some coffee, which had just made its appearance, while Mrs. Damnemall lighted upon the music-stool once more, overcome by her friend's generosity and her own feelings.

Mr. M'Phin now entered, feeling that there was safety in numbers, and that Mademoiselle Perpignon would be obliged to keep her distance. Cosmo was sitting cross-legged at a little table, with one elbow on his knee, his mouth open, his shoulders up to his ears, and a book in his hand.

"What are you reading?" said Marmaduke.

"Pliny's Epistles, uncle."

"Pliny's Epistles!" echoed Marmaduke, taking the book out of his hand; "most appropriate, truly; for I see it is the twenty-fifth, 'to Rufus on Retired Merit.'"

"Nay uncle, don't laugh at me; I must read sometimes, you know."

"Laugh at you, boy!" cried Marmaduke, reading from the book; "not I, any more than Pliny laughs at his Rufus when he says, 'How many persons of learning are concealed by their own modesty, and snatched away from fame by their love of repose!' That is precisely your case, my ancient."

"Ah, come, uncle, now I know you are laughing at me."

"What is your opinion, Mr. Bubble?" cried the duke: "your brother says there is no one in the present day capable of writing a good comedy, and I differ from him."

"My opinion," replied Marmaduke, turning over the leaves of the book he still held, "is Pliny's; and here it is, in his letter to Caninius, wherein he says, 'I am in the number of those who admire the ancients; yet I do not, like some, despise the wits of our own age: for I do not think that Nature is so much upon the decay that she can produce nothing at present that is commendable. I have then been to hear Virginius Romanus reading a comedy to a thin audience, formed from the model of the old stage, yet so well done that it may some time be a standard itself. I can't tell whether you know the man, though you should know him; for he is very remarkable for the probity of his manners, the elegance of his wit, and the variety of his words. He has written some iambic drolls with a lightness, a humorous turn, a beauty, and a diction that are all perfect in their kind. For there is no manner of writing that, if it be completely touched, has not a right to be called extremely eloquent and masterly.' Now this eulogium," continued Marmaduke, "I think Dickens is fairly entitled to."

"Indisputably," acquiesced the duke.

"Ergo," cried Marmaduke, "he could write a first-rate comedy."

"He has already done so," said the duke. But Lady John, who hated to hear people talk about what she could not understand, remarked, in that tone of voice which challenges general attention, "How very putty the pine-cones looked when they were red-hot." A fact that even Marmaduke could not dispute.

"Talking of plays," said Theresa, "reminds me of a very great favour I have to ask your grace and Lord John."

"I should think to ask and to receive were synonymous with Miss Manners," bowed the duke.

"I hope they will be in this instance," replied she. "It is nothing more nor less than to allow your names to figure in a playbill as patronising a benefit for a poor man who is in very deep distress; and I fear the most

pathetic description of his misery would not have half the effect in loosening our good neighbours' purse-strings that your talismanic names would. So pray don't refuse me."

"It would be literally 'contra bonos mores' if we did," said the duke; "and, at all events, it will be a novelty to the public to see Lord John Bubble's name and mine going towards framing the same Bill."

"Let me venture to hope that it will be a favourable omen," said Lord John, looking as dull as Downing-street.

"Of the success of the play?" wilfully misapprehended the duke. "I hope it may."

"As the Duke of Arlington has so kindly promised me his assistance, may I hope for yours, Lord John?" asked Theresa.

"Oh, certainly," said he, coldly. "I feel quite jealous, Miss Manners, that you should leave me out of your charity; and really cannot allow you to separate me from the duke on this occasion."

"I'm sure I shall be most grateful; I was afraid of asking too much, which was the reason your grace escaped my importunities at first," said Miss Manners; and then added, "Lady John, I do hope you will follow so good an example."

"Thank you; but, being the wife of a public character, I like to appear in print as little as possible," yawned Lady John: "but I'll be happy to give you any assistance; for instance, if the play is Othello, I'll make a paper pillow, with pleasure, for the smothering scene."

A smile was visible on every countenance, Lord John's and Lady Bubble's excepted; the latter was pushing back her chair, and fanning herself most ardently; an infallible sign, as Theresa knew, that her dignity had been offended; therefore, walking over to her and looking coaxingly up in her face, she said, "Dear aunt, and won't you give me your name too?"

"No, my dear," replied she, while her fan, according to Mr. O'Connell's plan, continued to agitate, agitate, agitate; "no, you only want my money; and I've no idaya of giving my name where it is not wanted."

"My dear—my dear," interposed Sir Romulus, who always played the Socrates to any Xantippean symptoms in his better half, "we must all give our names, especially you and I; for how are they to make up their

‘ladle full’ of nonsense and fuss without us ! But where are those Algerines, King and Russell ! They must launch out too.”

“ They have not come, though we asked them,” said the young ladies, in one breath and two sighs.

The next point to be arranged ~~was~~ what night would be most convenient to all present that the play should take place ; and, after many demurs and alterations, first from one and then from another, it was finally agreed that it should be on the twenty-sixth, the evening of Mrs. Whabble’s ball ; in order, as Sir Romulus expressed it, to kill two birds with one stone. Soon after, the Duchess of Arlington’s carriage was announced, and the party broke up. Miss Prudence assisted in packing Dr. Damnemall by fastening on his respirator herself ; while, with true generosity, she silenced Mrs. Damnemall every time she attempted to thank her for the letter she had given her.

Miss Prudence always had the carriage out to take the doctor and his wife home ; and scarcely were they seated in it, before Mrs. Damnemall, had she followed her first impulse, would have acquainted him with her friend’s kindness ; but she was deterred by two considerations. It was the doctor’s unfailing custom, during the winter nights, to take a glass of hot brandy and water when in bed ; and it was Mrs. D.’s equally unfailing one, whenever she had either a piece of good news to impart or a favour to ask, to defer it till such time as she heard the spoon jingle against the empty glass, when she invariably found that her husband evinced more gratitude for the former, and was more giving and forgiving than during any other hour in the four-and-twenty. Now, having to negotiate a new habit for Anna Martha, she thought that if she gave him the news of his son’s promotion immediately after the hot brandy and water, Anna Martha’s new habit must be the result.

“ My dear,” said the doctor, as he lighted a chamber candle at the foot of his own stairs, “ I think I should like my bed warmed to-night, for I feel a touch of a sore throat.”

“ Certainly, my love. Anne, bring up the warming-pan, and put some brown sugar among the coals : it is the finest thing in the world for a cold.”

“ A-hem ! a-hem ! ” grunted the doctor, as he felt his own pulse, when seated in the high-backed, dimity-cov-

ered armchair by the bedside, while Anne was warming the bed. "A-hem! I declare I feel quite feverish. Put a spoonful more brandy than usual in my tumbler to-night, Mrs. D."

"I will, my dear; but don't you move. I'll take off your things. Anne, reach the doctor's nightcap, and that black wool off the table." Anne obeyed; after which Mrs. Damnemall proceeded to wad the doctor's ears with wool, and then carefully drew down his cotton nightcap entirely over his face, in order to get it very tight over his head and ears, which done, she again turned it up, and, as he had a cold, secured the whole by tying a red silk pocket-handkerchief under his chin, and transferring one of his black silk stockings to his throat, which, she assured him, would ease it sooner than all the doctors in England. Ten minutes after the doctor's throat had become so intimately acquainted with his foot's next of kin, the maid had left the room, and he was transferred from the armchair to the bed.

"Ah! this is something like," said he, stretching down his feet, while his wife was stirring the sugar in the brandy and water; "this is something like! How I envy forced mushrooms!"

"Why, my dear?"

"Do you give it up? Because they are always in a hotbed!"

"Except when they are in a stew, my love," replied Mrs. D.

"Very good, again; but none of your sauce, my dear."

There is no knowing how long this brilliant and elegant wit might have played, like sheet-lightning round the bed, had not Mrs. Damnemall been anxious to come to the two points nearest her heart, namely, her daughter's new habit and her son's promotion. So, after holding her sides in mock ecstasy for a quarter of a minute, she said,

"I must remember that for Miss Prudence, for she is always delighted with your wit; but, my dear, do you know you'll have to give Anna Martha a new habit, for she writes me that her old one is much too shabby to ride out with the officers in any longer!"

"Let her get rid of the habit, then, of riding out with the officers," said the doctor, suddenly turning his face to the wall, and tossing up the bedclothes like waves in

a storm. "Unless that extravagant dog George will alter his habits, his sister must go without."

"But suppose, my dear, any one should purchase George James his lieutenancy, what would you say to that?"

"Why, that I was glad they had so much money they did not know what to do with it."

"But suppose it actually was done?"

"Why, then, my dear, I suppose the next thing would be, that the moon would leave the sky to take an airing, and come down and walk out arm-in-arm with one of your milkpans."

"Nonsense, my dear! Let every one praise the bridge that carries them over, and Prudence is my motto!" said Mrs. Damnemall, drawing her friend's packet triumphantly from her bag, and then going into a minute detail of the whole transaction, the kindness of which gratitude caused her in some degree to exaggerate. "And, from the bulk of the letter, I do believe," concluded she, "that the dear, kind soul has actually enclosed the bank-notes, that there may be no delay in the purchase."

If the doctor had turned suddenly round to the wall before, he now turned more suddenly from it; and, sitting up in the bed, extended his hand for Miss Prudence's letter as he said to his wife,

"My dear, bring me the candle and my specks."

A request she instantly complied with.

"What's this?" said he, taking a small book out of the letter, and holding it out at some distance before him above the candle; "Um—um, 'How to live well on a hundred a year, and very well on two.' That will keep," added he, laying it down; "now for the letter."

"Read it out, my dear," said his wife, in a somewhat disappointed voice.

It was a touching sight, those two fond parents! The doctor, picturesquely attired, with his white cotton nightcap tied down under the chin with a red silk handkerchief, and a black stocking round his throat, wiping his spectacles with the corner of the sheet preparatory to his reading the welcome letter that was to confer such a benefit on his son. While his wife hung in all the pride of dress and breathless expectation fondly over him, till, previous to reading the precious document, he gently pushed her back with his left hand, saying,

Marmaduke, "but it is of being a bought and unprincipled renegade. I fear, my Lord John, it will require even an abler advocate than you to vindicate Mr. Tryall's conduct. It would be a most desirable thing if he, and a few more members of the Lower House, could find a professional gentleman, lineally descended from that French avocat mentioned in the 'Catalogus Gloriar Mundi,' who, when the Parliament of Provence, in 1540, fulminated a sentence against an innumerable body of rats in the Vaudois of the valley of Merindol, for laying waste the country, started up, and so ably defended the cause of the rats (who had been cited to appear before the bishop's court, in order to see what spiritual means would do, all human ones having failed against them)—so logically did this illustrious lawyer argue, that the poor calumniated vermin could not appear with any degree of security at the court, according to the summons, since their steps were narrowly watched by their hereditary—or Tory—enemies the cats, and no safeguard was appointed to conduct them to the presence of their judges, that it had the effect of preventing those anathemas which would otherwise have been fulminated against them—if, I say, such another advocate can be found nowadays, then, but not till then, can Mr. Tryall, and all the family of Tryalls, be saved from those anathemas they so richly deserve."

"I quite agree with you," said the duke.

"Now, Marmaduke," cried Sir Romulus, who mortally dreaded that Lord John should be offended, "having helped us to your ladleful of nonsense and fuss, let me advise you to try this 'poulet à la Condé.'"

"A *fowl* way of gaining a victory in argument, that no 'Condé' of a logician would ever resort to," said Marmaduke; "but I own it will stop my mouth more effectually than anything you could say."

"Pray, my lord duke," said Mrs. Damnemall, bowing to and blinking at the Duke of Arlington across the table, "as your grace's sister is in the household, can you tell me if it is true that our young queen is to be married immediately?"

The duchess raised her glass, and looked more scrutinizingly at Mrs. Damnemall than she had ever done at Vanamburg and his lions, while the duke merely bowed and said, "I don't know; I've not seen the papers to-day."

: "Oh! it ain't true, then," said Mrs. Damnemall, turning to Miss Prudence, "or of course Anna Martha, being about court, would have mentioned it."

"Oh, that I'm confident she would, for I see by her letters that she has no concealments from you; 'tis such a comfort, to be sure, when young women are so well brought up. I mean," whispered Miss Prudence, "to do something for George James; but I sha'n't tell you what it is till it is done."

Mrs. Damnemall, who, naturally enough, from such a prelude, thought that Miss Prudence contemplated nothing short of purchasing her son a step, pressed her hand and said, "I'm sure, ma'am, I feel quite overcome by your kindness."

"Oh, I beg you won't mention it; for it makes me quite happy to be of any service to his father's son—I assure you I mean what I say."

"I know it, I know it," blinked Mrs. Damnemall, overpowered by her feelings, and applying a pocket-handkerchief to her eyes that Anna Martha had marked for her with some of the hair out of the horse's tail that the Duke of Wellington had ridden at Waterloo, and which one of the officers had given to her.

"Champagne, ma'am!" asked a servant.

"If you please: dear me, I feel rather better."

"I'm so glad!" said Miss Prudence; "but do let me persuade you to take a teaspoonful of brandy: do you know, I always do when anything affects my feelings—that is, when I've eaten anything that disagrees with me."

"No, thank you; I'm quite recovered now."

"A good thing, too! It doesn't do for the mother of a family to be ill—does it?"

"No, indeed it does not."

"Ah, I know that by experience," sighed Miss Prudence.

"The d—l you do!" cried Marmaduke, who overheard the conclusion of their conversation.

"How tiresome it is that you always will take one up every word one says!" said Miss Prudence.

"It is better to take up your words than to take them down, if you make many such confessions," laughed Marmaduke. With a few more little pleasantries on his part at the expense of Miss Prudence, renewed professions of friendship between her and Mrs. Damnem-

black riband that always served him in lieu of a cravat.

"I suspect you are what the Yankees call a 'vile serpent,'" said he, patting her cheek; "but where is that lazy dog, Howard? (for, in regard to rising, I am what the Khan of Tartary is about dining: when I have risen, all the world may rise, nay! ought and should be risen!) I suppose he is not out of his first sleep yet."

"That lazy dog is here," said Cecil, putting his hand on the top of his hat, and ostensibly looking over Marmaduke's shoulder, but, in reality, looking at Theresa; "he has been ready this hour, and only wants to know whether he may go inside the carriage, or be a Dalmatian, and follow it!"

"Oh! that you and Trip must settle between you," said Marmaduke; "for I told him he was to go inside this morning, and I never interfere with his arrangements."

Trip wagged his tail, and poked his cold nose into Cecil's hand, who understood the dog-language too well not to know what that meant; so, patting his head, he said, "Thank you, Trip; then I will go inside; for the morning is as cold as if the North Pole had eloped, and was on its way to Scotland through England."

As soon as they were seated in the carriage, Marmaduke gave directions to drive to the theatre, and inquire where the manager lived.

"You were saying yesterday," said Cecil, "that you would get Lord John to edit poor Carlton's book. Now, supposing you can get him to do so—which he is not the sort of person to do out of pure benevolence—do you not think he will shrink from the meanness of taking the credit of it, if any credit accrue from it?"

"Don't distress yourself," replied Marmaduke; "while we never heard of but one Virgil whose friendship was capable of suppressing his lyric vein for fear of eclipsing Horace, and his dramatic powers that they might not obscure the glory of Varius, there would be no difficulty in finding innumerable La Fontaine's and Erasmus's who would pilfer brains even from a woman, as they did from Louise Lahé;* and as to the merit of the book, that, of course, depends upon its success in all ages;

* La Fontaine's fable of "L'Amour et la Folie," and Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," are evidently stolen from La Belle Cordiere's allegory, entitled, "Debat de Folie et d'Amour."

they have been synonymous, whether in politics, tactics, literature, law, or physic—ay, and even in friendship! The same measures which failure brands with folly, not to say guilt, success converts into genius and crowns with laurel. In matters of literature, the opinion of friends is seldom to be depended on, either from undue partiality or from the opposite extreme; besides, for one person who has the capacity to form an opinion and the honesty to maintain it, are twenty so weak that they require the assistance and support of thousands before they can venture to advance one step towards praise. Voltaire was so teased with the objections and criticisms of his friends, at the house of the President des Maisons, upon the *Henriade*, that he flung it into the fire; and, had not the President Henault rescued it, at the expense of a handsome pair of point ruffles, France might have remained to this day without an epic. Goldsmith was advised by a few friends of great judgment not to risk his reputation by publishing the *Vicar of Wakefield*! and Pope was so damped and discouraged by the innumerable alterations Lord Halifax suggested to his *Iliad*, that, had not Dodsley, who was well acquainted with the innate pomposity of the man, persuaded the poet to keep his translation by him for six months, and read it to the sapient nobleman at the end of them in its unaltered state, but with many thanks for his lordship's valuable hints—who then found the untouched poem perfect!—Homer might never have adopted an English costume.

“But it is the same in all things: success is virtue, failure is vice, in morals especially; for, while Mrs. Jackson or Mrs. Thompson cannot be seen walking across the street with a man, without losing at least a slice of their reputation, the aforesaid Mistresses Jackson and Thompson may be driven over in that street by some titled and triumphant Messalina, without any cognizance being taken of the affair; just as Mrs. Thicknesse, in her sketches of the lives and writings of the ‘*Women of France*,’ sets forth the infamous life of Ninon de L’Encos without a single animadversion; but, on the contrary, innumerable panegyrics on her wit, her talents, and the distinguished position she held in society, where she was courted by all, including the most virtuous! while she inveighs amain, in a fine strain of outraged morality, at the suspected irregularities of

the more beautiful and equally accomplished Marguerite de Valois.*

Though the morning was bitterly cold, Marmaduke had talked himself into a July temperature by the time they arrived at the theatre; so much so, that, had Cecil differed with him instead of agreeing to every word he had uttered, it could not have given him a glow the more.

On letting down the window, he ascertained from the boxkeeper the name of the street Mr. Simcoe lived in, and the number of his house; and being told that he never came down to the theatre before eleven, he resolved upon going direct to the manager's house.

The street in which Mr. Simcoe resided was long and narrow, the houses were well built, with high hall-doors, and windows with stone copings above them, with rather narrow panes in thick frames; over the door was a pointed arched woodwork, with a respectable elderly gentleman of a satyr, surrounded by bunches of wooden grapes and Pan pipes. The steps of the door would have been a little better for a little soap and water, and the door itself sadly wanted painting, but on it shone a bright brass plate, like "The Star of the Desert," upon which was inscribed, in bold characters that might have been read at some distance, the name of

"COLEMAN SIMCOE, ESQ."

No sooner had the servant made, not only the Hotel Simcoe, but the whole street, re-echo with the loudness of his appeal for admission, than three or four small heads, thickly studded with flat white curl-papers, as though several ounces of barley sugar-drops had revolted, and made them their headquarters, appeared

* Brantome says of her, "If ever there was a perfect beauty born, it was the Queen of Navarre; even those women who had the most pretensions to beauty were totally eclipsed by her presence. Her figure was so truly elegant, her air so noble, and accompanied with so much majesty, that she appeared more like a goddess than a woman. Her mind, too, was as beautiful as her person; and the eloquent manner in which she spoke, struck her auditors with reverential awe. When the Polonoise, upon a certain occasion, came to pay their respects to her, the Bishop of Cracovie, who was charged with the embassy, made his harangue in Latin, which the queen well understood, and answered so pertinently, and with so much eloquence, that all who were present heard her with astonishment and delight, and with one voice announced her a second Minerva."

above the window-blind, while presently a larger head, surmounted by a dusty black gauze cap, with crushed yellow roses in it, relieved by a row of drab-coloured curl-papers, appeared above the lesser heads; this head was followed by a long white bald one, with a long white face appended to it; but it had no sooner given one look, than it ducked down and was seen no more; the black cap also made a precipitate retreat; but it was visible to the naked eye, through the sticks of the blinds, that an arm was forcibly extended to drag the barley sugar-drops from the window.

After a somewhat unreasonable delay, the eldest Master Simcoe, a lad of about fourteen, opened the door, goading himself into a Sunday jacket, while the frost was nipping his face (which had been hastily washed for the occasion) into blisters.

"Is Mr. Simcoe at home?" asked Marmaduke, extending his card from the carriage window; "tell him, my boy, will you, that a gentleman wants to speak to him."

Master Simcoe acquiesced by the same grace-bow that he was wont to conclude the college hornpipe with on benefit nights, and instantly vanished, but soon re-appeared, followed by Coleman Simcoe, Esq., who had slipped into Lord Ogleby's flowered damask dressing-gown, and was now, with considerable grace, crossing it to the left, as he advanced towards the carriage door with many bows, when Marmaduke motioned him back, saying he would get out, which he accordingly did, followed by Cecil and Theresa.

The same small heads that had appeared behind the blinds, were now seen, with their snowy decorations, peeping over the bannisters, while a voice was heard, in a shrill whisper, saying, "Be quiet, Sarah, or I can't do your hair." And, as Mr. Simcoe backed and bowed the way into the parlour, Cecil caught a glimpse of the black cap retreating at the other door. The fact was, Mrs. Simcoe had taken the opportunity of her husband's going to the carriage to go for a silver egg-stand, two empty chocolate-cups, and a newspaper, which latter served to hide the bread and milk the children had spilled over the tablecloth; but scarcely had she placed these charming additions on the breakfast-table, before Marmaduke and his companions entered, and Mrs. Simcoe made her exit in the hasty manner we have described.

The room was a high wainscoted room, painted white,

with black horsehair chairs and sofa; on the mantelpiece, which was also high, were several shells, and long, purple hyacinth glasses; in one corner of the room was a harp, with most of the strings broken; between the windows was a small chaise-lounge, with a chints cover, and before it a small sofa-table, on which was a workbasket, blotting-book, and envelope case; a slate, a doll, a spelling-book, and child's bonnet, littered the horsehair sofa; while nothing but a smelling-bottle and a pocket-handkerchief, trimmed with broad English lace, appeared on the chaise-lounge.

Trip marched over to the fire, and, after poking his nose and sniffing as near it as safety would allow, raising his eyes up the chimney, and then starting back at the flame, he quietly stretched himself on the rug, first taking the precaution to place his nose carefully between his two paws.

"I fear we disturb you," said Marmaduke, as Mr. Simcoe placed chairs for them.

"Oh, by no means," replied Mr. Simcoe, speaking, as he always did, deliberately through his nose, in a voice that would have been invaluable for a conventicle; "by no means; I am most proud of the honour of this visit, sir, let it arise from what cause it will."

Now Mr. Simcoe was not only extremely thin, but his physiognomy was that of a snipe, who, by some accident, had tumbled into a chalk-pit, and had come out whitewashed; and his voice being equally long and thin, from a certain faintness in it, gave one also the idea of being white.* But, notwithstanding these mild symptoms that attended him, he was, nevertheless, very virulent; so much so, that, when he had occasion to find fault at rehearsals, either with the actors or theatrical decorations, it was a current joke among the company to say "The plague was raging."

"You have among your company, I believe," said Marmaduke, "a poor man of great talent, but in great distress, of the name of Carlton!"

"Why, yes, sir, he has talent certainly, but talent won't tune fiddles without the rosin and catgut of as-

* Blind persons say (those born so) that the sound of a trumpet always gives them an idea of scarlet; and I do not see why, because one goes through the world with one's eyes open, that one should not also be permitted to attach colours to sound, not that white is a colour.

assistance," moralized Mr. Simcoe; "and in our profession, connexion is everything, sir, everything, and Carlton has not a shadow: I don't suppose, if his life depended on it, he could even command two galleries and one pit."

"This lady has taken great interest in his misfortunes," said Marmaduke, "and—"

"I know Miss Manners," and here Mr. Simcoe bowed down to the ground, "has been most kind to him, and I myself have done more than prudence would authorize in advancing him money."

"Which I understood he repaid you," said Theresa, with some warmth.

"I was coming to that, ma'am," drawled Mr. Simcoe, who perceived that Miss Manners knew too much of poor Carlton's history for him to attempt to play the generous before her; "I was coming to that; but the way I argued was this. Now poor Carlton—for whom I had the greatest compassion, and I'm sure Mrs. Simcoe had the same, for she always asked him after his wife every night he acted—poor Carlton, said I, seems to have no family at all to look to him, and I have a very large one to look to me; so, 'argle,' as the gravedigger in Hamlet says, if he is to repay me so soon, it will do him no good to lend him a little money; and if he was never to repay me, why then it would not do for me to lend him any at all; don't you see, sir?"

"I see, Mr. Simcoe, that I am taking up your time and wasting my own, so I will come at once to the point," said Marmaduke. "How much does the theatre hold?"

"Why, it could hold £600; but it never will do that, I fear, sir," and Mr. Simcoe pulled the few light-brown hairs which, like cat's whiskers, graced his temple.

"Fears, any more than hopes, are not always fulfilled," rejoined Marmaduke; "if I guaranty you an overflowing house, will you consent to give Carlton £300."

"Oh, no, sir, I really could not, for the expenses of the house stand me in £80 a night."

"What, then, would be the very uttermost you would give him?"

"Why, really, sir, he ought to consider £130 very handsome."

"I don't know what his ideas of beauty may be," said

Marmaduke, "but that sum does not at all come up to mine."

"Why, you see, sir, in the first place, they are not playgoing people in this part of the world; and, in the next, in order to secure anything like a bumper, I must have a star from London. Now there is young Blubber, a most promising young man, and a protégé of Mr. M'Everpuff's; but it wouldn't do for me to go and have him down upon a chance, and, after having the handbills printed, and placarded all over the walls, and animated sandwiches, dressed in green serge, walking all over the town between two boards, proclaiming,

'FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY!

GREAT ATTRACTION!!

YOUNG BLUBBER!!!

Who, in his style of acting, approaches nearer to the great M'Everpuff than any living Actor!!!'

It would never do, I say, sir, after all this, to have nobody attracted, and to have young Blubber play to a 'beggarly account of empty boxes,'"

Mr. Simcoe had warmed with his subject, and now walked up and down upon the rug, flourishing his handkerchief to Trip's great annoyance, who was obliged to shake his ears to put them back in their place after the titillation of its silken corners.

"Enough of Blubber, sir, and now for Bubble!" cried Marmaduke, waving his hand, and speaking with mock pomposity. "Lord and Lady John Bubble"—Mr. Simcoe stood still—"and the Duke and Duchess of Arlington"—Mr. Simcoe opened his mouth and bowed—"my brother, Lady Bubble, and myself"—again Mr. Simcoe bowed, but this time it was with his hands upon his heart—"are anxious to patronise a benefit for poor Carlton."

"At that rate, sir," said Mr. Simcoe, reseating himself, "I can have no hesitation, under such distinguished patronage, in writing to young Blubber by this night's post, and engaging him for whatever night you will be pleased to appoint."

"The 26th, then," said Marmaduke.

"The 26th—very good, sir; the 26th is as fair a night as any in the calendar."

"And now for the terms: what will you give Carlton?"

"Would you think £150 enough, sir?"

"No, sir, I should not, nor anything like enough," cried Marmaduke, thumping his stick on the ground with a vehemence that set Trip barking.

"Well, suppose we say £200?"

"Under two hundred and fifty," said Marmaduke, rising and buttoning his coat, "no soul belonging to me shall enter the theatre; and then see what a benefit young Blubber will have: very like a whale!"

"Well, sir," resumed Mr. Simcoe, with more nasal sentimentality even than usual, "Well, sir, I'm sure no one can compassionate genius in distress more than I do, and I look upon Carlton as quite a genius; the proof of it is, see the connexion his talents have elicited: he could not have a better one than your family and the Duke of Arlington's. So two hundred and fifty let it be, though I shall decidedly lose by it; but that is of little import when it is to serve a fellow-creature in distress;" and Mr. Simcoe's chest seemed to inflate with the sudden growth of his benevolence. "And now, sir, it only remains to decide on the pieces. Young Blubber, I understand, is very great in 'Alexander the Great,' and for the afterpiece, 'Popping the Question' is an exceedingly pretty thing. Mrs. Simcoe has met with great applause in 'Miss Winterblossom;' and as 'on their own merits modest men are dumb,' it is not for me to speak of my Mr. Primrose—but it has been reckoned a posy, sir, I assure you."

Marmaduke was about to assure Mr. Simcoe that he was at liberty to select what play and afterpiece he chose—for, as Carlton himself was unable to act, it was no great matter—when the door opened, and Mrs. Simcoe, not in the black cap, crushed yellow roses, and drab curl-papers, but in a very splendid green velvet bonnet, black and green feathers, black velvet dress, and velvet shawl, which partially concealed the temporary absence of her stays, entered, making a very elegant theatrical courtesy, followed by three little, merino-frocked, light-ringed Simcoen cherubs, the sweetness of whose barley-sugar curl-papers had been transferred to their looks.

"Will you allow me to offer you any refreshment, ma'am?" lisped Mrs. Simcoe, undulating into a graceful bow before Miss Manners.

"None, I am obliged to you," replied she, "for we

shall return home to breakfast almost immediately;" and Theresa turned to caress the little Simcoes, who were really pretty children, while Marmaduke, who always overflowed with gallantry to the sex, provided they had not particularly, that is, individually offended him, stood bowing like a tree in a storm to their mother.

"My dear," said Mr. Simcoe to his wife, as soon as their preliminary ceremonies were ended and she had found a chair, "Mr. Bubble, brother to Sir Romulus Bubble, of Bubble Hall, has kindly come to bespeak a benefit on the twenty-sixth for poor Carlton. You know the interest you always felt about Carlton?"

Mrs. Simcoe understood the hint, and, throwing a Niobe look at two of her own children, who were standing near her, said, "Ah, poor fellow! what a blething it ith that hith wife left no little babthes behind her. I believe he hath only one little girl." And here Mrs. Simcoe rounded her elbow, and applied her pocket-handkerchief for about a quarter of an instant to each eye; and then, with a deep sigh, let it leisurely descend with her hand upon her lap.

It is a sad thing, but no less true than sad, that under no circumstances does there appear to be room enough for every one in this world; either people are in each other's way, or they fancy themselves so, which, according to Bishop Berkeley, is one and the same thing. Now it so happened that, when Mrs. Simcoe joined the party in her own parlour, Mr. Simcoe (who hated his wife in a truly husbandly manner, and, therefore, always adopted the best and most gentleman-like, though the rarest manner of showing it—that of being, on all occasions, exceedingly civil and attentive to her) had risen to place a chair for her near the fire; a movement which, simple and natural as it was, nevertheless had the effect of revolutionizing all Mr. Trip's dreams, who, awaking with a sound that was half bark, half growl, started up, and very reluctantly vacated his place on the rug. But Trip was a dog not only of resource, but of research; and, being driven from his comfortable quarters, he very philosophically went on a voyage of discovery round the room, with his nose to the ground, making, as he proceeded, a sort of grunting noise by way of accompaniment, till, stopping short at last opposite the chaise-lounge, he crouched down under it, and presently returned with an old shoe, which only raised

his curiosity still farther; and, after three or four more journeys, each of which had been rewarded with a shoe or a pair of dirty gloves, which he deposited on the carpet, he crept under for the last time, and returned with a quantity of very dusty false hair in his mouth, which Mrs. Jinks would have called a front. This last prize so tickled his fancy or his nose, that he raced with it in triumph round the room, shaking and growling at it at every corner, which preposterous behaviour roused the attention of the whole party. Mrs. Simcoe looked as if she would have fainted when she saw her headgear, and the cast-off ornaments of her hands and feet scattered all over the room, and made an effort to lay the accumulation under the chaise-lounge upon the naughtiness of the children; but it would not do; their little shrill voices put up a protest against the accusation by chronologically reminding their mamma of the days, hours, and several occasions on which she had, with her own hands, added to the heap.

Mr. Simcoe made a rapid tour of the room, and kindly picked up all the shoes and gloves, which, with great presence of mind, he flung into the next room, and quickly closed the door. Miss Manners and Mr. Howard, to their shame be it said, walked to the window to hide their laughter, while Marmaduke rescued, by main force and a pantomimic blow of his stick, the ill-fated frizette from Trip's mouth, and, placing it on the high mantelpiece safe beyond his reach, without even looking at it, lamented, with many bows and a charitable falsehood, to Mrs. Simcoe, that his dog should have been so mischievous as to tear the horsehair out of her sofa!

"Oh, it's not the horsehair out of the sofa; it's—" commenced one of the little girls, but was instantly silenced by Mrs. Simcoe telling her and her sisters to go up stairs and get ready, and she would take them out to walk.

"Well, then, sir," resumed Mr. Simcoe, "I'll have the bills put in hand immediately; and the twenty-sixth is the evening you have finally decided upon?"

"Yes, the twenty-sixth; let me see—that is in about ten days."

"I only hope," said Mr. Simcoe, leisurely rubbing his chin, "that young Blubber won't be engaged at Manchester or Liverpool before he gets my letter."

"Blubber or no Blubber," said Marmaduke, rising, "the play must take place all the same, and the house, I have no doubt, will be just as full. I have the honour of wishing you good-morning, ma'am," added he, bowing to the ground sundry times to Mrs. Simcoe; "and I must again apologize for my dog's ill-bred conduct in tearing your sofa. The only reparation he can make is by taking a box for the twenty-sixth: so have the goodness, Mr. Simcoe, to put down Mr. Trip for a box. He is no great playgoer; but I have no doubt he will lend his box to some of those puppies in the — Lancers. Good-morning to you."

It was impossible to say whether Marmaduke's bows or Mrs. Simcoe's courtesies preponderated till he reached the carriage.

"Shall we go to Carlton's now?" asked Theresa, as soon as they were seated.

"No," said Marmaduke, "not yet; you said something about his having sold his books. Do you know where he sold them?"

"I rather think it was at Palmer's."

"Drive to Palmer's, the bookseller," said Marmaduke, as he drew up the window.

"Well, you are a very great darling," said Theresa, kissing Marmaduke as the carriage drove on.

"Nay, if you get upon that chapter," replied he, patting her under the chin, "you are at the beginning and end of it all, Miss Tessy."

"I only know," laughed Cecil, "that *I* feel particularly ill used in the turn the business has just taken; but, as Mr. M'Phin truly observes, Miss Manners ought to be ashamed of herself for wasting on 'dumb bastes what any gude Christian would be glod of.'"

"Thank you for the compliment," said Marmaduke; "however, I accept it for its novelty, for it's the first time in my life I was ever called a dumb beast."

"I don't know," replied Cecil; "as Mr. Simcoe pithily remarked, 'on their own merits modest men are dumb,' at which rate your dumbness is clearly established; though I must fain confess you are as far from the beast as ever."

"Come," said Marmaduke, as the carriage stopped at the bookseller's door, "you had better get out of the carriage, Master Howard; for you'll find that easier than getting out of your scrape, I suspect."

Mr. Palmer's shop was situated near the Talbot, and, as the trio alighted, they perceived a travelling carriage at the door of the hotel. Theresa turned her head to see who the person was about to enter the carriage. It was a gentleman: his foot was on the first step; but his features were so hidden by the fur collar of his greatcoat, that, had he not also turned his head to look at her, she would not have perceived that the traveller was Mr. Stuart Vernon. The recognition being mutual, he could not avoid coming to speak to her; and, after having bowed to Marmaduke, he asked her, with some hesitation, if he could do anything for her in London, whither he was going on his way to Italy.

Theresa blushed deeply as she thanked him and said "she did not want anything;" and then, to hide her embarrassment, asked "if he had been staying all this time at Lord Francis's."

"Yes," said he, "I have been detained there by illness, and have still a troublesome cough, which they are sending me to Italy to deposite."

"I am doubly sorry for your departure," said Theresa; "first, for the cause of it, and next, that you will not be at the tournament."

"Had not Miss Manners a thousand worthier knights, I should certainly stay to wear her colours and maintain the pre-eminence of her beauty; but as it is, my humble homage cannot be missed," sighed Mr. Stuart Vernon. As he took off his hat to bow his adieus to Marmaduke and Theresa, the latter intuitively held out her hand, which was for a moment pressed by her rejected lover, who then hurried away to his carriage.

"Poor Mr. Stuart Vernon—what a terrible cough he has got!" said she, turning to Cecil.

"You seem to feel it terribly, Miss Manners," said he, with a cold and supercilious sneer, while the fiery flashing of his eye formed a fearful contrast to the measured coldness of his words.

"Nay, Cecil, is this kind? is it just?" said Theresa, in a low voice, placing her hand on his arm, and looking up imploringly in his face, as they followed Marmaduke into the shop.

"Very kind. As to the justice of it, that is quite another affair. You doubly regretted his going abroad, because he would not be at the tournament; of course he'll be there, after so anxious, so pressing an invita-

tion, or he does not deserve to be a—what he evidently is—the favoured lover of Miss Manners,” said Cecil, his whole face working convulsively as he rudely shook off Theresa’s small, trembling hand.

For a moment her face flushed, and her eyes filled with tears; but her pride as a woman, her dignity as a woman having come to her assistance, and armed her against such unprovoked jealousy, such unmerited harshness, she replied, calmly and firmly, without a particle of temper or a shadow of resentment, “Miss Manners, from this time, has no ‘favoured lover,’ and consequently acknowledges no one who has the imaginary right of exercising injustice towards her.”

Cecil stood like one who had suddenly awoke from a dream, and found himself on the brink of a precipice. “Theresa!” said he; but Theresa had walked on and was talking to Marmaduke.

“Here is a very curious old book, sir—quite in your way,” said Mr. Palmer to the latter, holding up an old black leather book, inlaid with gold, and closed with large gold clasps. “It is ‘The Mirroure of Golde for the Sinful Soule, traunslated from the French traunslation of the right Godlie Boke, Speculum aureum peccatorum; by the Lady Margaret, countess of Richmond and Derby:’ and what enhances the value of the book, sir,” continued Mr. Palmer, “is, that at one period it appears to have been the gift of Sir Thomas Maleverer to Oliver Cromwell’s favourite daughter; for in the fly-leaf is written, ‘To the lady Claypole: the gift of her and his highness the Lord Protector’s faithfull servitor, Thomas Maleverer, June 13th, 1650;’ and really very cheap, sir—only ten guineas.”

“I’ll talk to you about that by-and-by,” said Marmaduke; “but I want to purchase some other books from you just now. Did not a poor man,” added he, lowering his voice, and taking a memorandum, written on a slip of paper, in pencil, out of his waistcoat pocket, as he perceived a tall, dark, gentleman-like, but foreign-looking man standing looking over a book at the other end of the counter; “did not a poor man dispose of these books to you at a very moderate price some short time ago; the ‘De Rerum Natura of Lucretius,’ a ‘Livy,’ Charles Lamb’s ‘Essays of Elia,’ John Wilson’s ‘Isle of Palms,’ and some other books?”

“He did, sir,” replied Mr. Palmer; “not wanting

them, I gave him quite as much as I could afford, and you shall have them for what they cost me."

"Agreed," said Marmaduke; "and now I have another matter to talk to you about. There is to be a benefit at the theatre on the twenty-sixth, in which I am very much interested, and I wish you to exert yourself in every possible way about it, so as to secure a good house."

"You may rely upon my doing everything in my power, sir," bowed Mr. Palmer.

While Marmaduke was engaged with the bookseller, the tall stranger, who might have been about fifty, but was still remarkably handsome, kept his eyes fixed upon Theresa: a proceeding that Mr. Howard was not in a position to remark or to resent, as he had seated himself at a table, slouched his hat over his eyes, leaned his cheek on one hand, while, with his cane in the other, he kept making a noise upon the floor the farthest possible removed from music.

"Perhaps Miss Manners will be tempted with the Countess of Richmond's book," resumed Mr. Palmer.

At the mention of her name the stranger seemed to regard her still more intently, and approached nearer to where she stood, under the pretext of looking at the book.

"Well," said Marmaduke, "here are ten guineas: shall we toss up whether the poor player or the relative of thirty monarchs gets them?"*

"Oh no, dear uncle," cried Theresa; "let the blind goddess have nothing to do with it, but give them at once to Carlton."

"I'm sure, ma'am," said Mr. Palmer, "you deserve to be rich, when you can be so liberal even to a poor person that has no claims upon you."

"Even self-interest, sir," said the stranger, addressing Mr. Palmer, but keeping his eyes upon Theresa, "is a motive for benevolence. There are none so low but may have it in their power, at one time or other, to repay a good office. Knowledge of the world is nothing more than knowledge how to put one's character and

* Bishop Fisher says of this lady, who was daughter of John Beaufort, duke of Somerset, wife of Edmund, earl of Richmond, and mother of Henry VII., "that by her birth and marriage she was related to thirty kings and queens, within the fourth degree either of blood or affinity."

conduct out at interest; and, this being a commercial country, the business may often be carried on by retail; for which reason, put my name down for a box for the twenty-sixth, and here is the money," added he, giving the bookseller ten pounds; after which he gathered up his cloak, and, for the first time casting a look at Mr. Howard, walked out of the shop.

Marmaduke followed him, and, looking after him as he walked up the street, kept exclaiming, "Clever—right-minded—sensible man! Egad! I should like to know him;" and then, returning into the shop, said to Mr. Palmer, "Who is my worthy friend that was here just now? ought to know him—must know him—name—address?" added he, seizing a pen and dipping it into the ink, as he harpooned a whole quire of paper towards him.

"His name is Ormond, sir," smiled Mr. Palmer; "he is a foreign gentleman, I believe, and apparently enormously rich. He has been staying at the Talbot about a week. He seems very inquisitive in his inquiries about all the families in the neighbourhood. He has also given me some very large orders; among others, all the 'Shakspeare Gallery,' and the 'Illustrations' of Scott and Byron, magnificently bound in Russia, with real gold clasps and corners. Very splendid, isn't it, sir? And this is all I know about him."

"Ask him to the tournament—ask him to the tournament," muttered Marmaduke, writing very fast; but, suddenly stopping, he added, pressing down the crown of his hat and buttoning up his coat preparatory to his rushing out of the shop, "No, that's not the thing either—must be like other people—run after him—shake hands with him—ask him to dinner—that's it." And, so saying, he darted out of the shop, and set off for the Talbot full gallop, at the imminent hazard of breaking his neck along the slippery flags.

During his absence Mr. Howard raised his eyes very humbly and imploringly to Miss Manners's face; but she was so occupied looking into 'The Mirroure of Golde,' that she could not reflect back a single expression of his features. So he was fain to replace his cheek in his hand, and return his eyes to the ground. Truly may it be said that "the tongue is an unruly member!" From lovers down to lapdogs (vide the kicks got by barking among the latter), for one scrape it gets them out of, it brings them into fifty.

In less than ten minutes Marmaduke returned. "It's all right," said he, "all right; he dines with us to-morrow. Why, Howard, what's the matter?"

"I was—I am—that is, I—have—a very bad headache."

"Hang me if I don't think there's something in the air of Shrewsbury that makes you ill. Don't you remember how ill you were once before at the Talbot—the very day Theresa got the smallpox?" said Marmaduke. "As my illustrious sister Prudence would say, perhaps it is coming out before breakfast. Shall we go back now, and drive over after to see Carlton?"

"By no means," said Cecil, rising; "it will do me good to go there. I like to see miserable people."

"The deuce you do!" cried Marmaduke; "then I can't say that I admire your taste; for there should not be such a thing in the world if I could help it. Good-day to you, Mr. Palmer. Theresa, mind how you get into the carriage, unless you wish to sprain your ankle and look miserable, that Howard may have the pleasure of seeing you."

"One must not always look as one feels," said Theresa, in a low voice, as Cecil handed her into the carriage.

"Nor say what one feels," sighed he, pressing the hand she had no power to withdraw.

On arriving at Carlton's, Mrs. Brand opened the door, putting forth as many courtesies as a tree does leaves in May. "Dear heart, miss," said she to Theresa, "I am delighted to see you looking so well. She've got over it purely, haven't she, sir?" added she, turning to Cecil. "I'm sure, sir, you was quite as good a nurse as I was, every bit!"

"Well, Mrs. Brand, how is your patient?" asked Marmaduke, who had lingered behind to bring the books out of the carriage.

"Why, sir, he have been terrible light-headed and delirious-like all night, a raving about his poor wife. Ah, poor soul! she and the babby were buried this morning. He do know nothing of it: indeed, he's asleep now, and have been these two hours, for the doctor gived him some opium. But the poor little girl did take on terrible, to be sure; she's now a lying on the sofa, crying ready to break her heart."

"Poor little thing!" sighed Theresa.

"Mrs. Brand! Mrs. Brand!" cried Marmaduke, in a whisper, over the bannisters, as he went up stairs on tiptoe, "why don't you muffle these confounded stairs to prevent their creaking? No wonder the poor man is in a brain-fever. Such an infernal noise is enough to put any one out of their senses!"

As soon as Miss Manners opened the door of the sitting-room, Blanche raised her head, and, seeing who it was, ran to her, and, throwing her arms round Theresa's waist, hid her face and sobbed out, "God has taken them now quite—quite away, and I shall never—never see them again! Oh, why can't yesterday come back! they were in the house then, though they would not speak to me!"

"Hush, love," said Theresa, drawing her to the sofa, and seating the poor child in her lap, while Cecil placed a footstool for her, and then stood with folded arms looking at them both; "hush, love, or you will disturb your papa; remember how ill he is."

"Oh! I do remember it!" wept Blanche, convulsively clasping her little hands; "he won't die too! only say he won't, and I'll not—I'll try and not cry any more."

"No, he won't—at least, I hope and pray that he won't," said Theresa, kissing the little girl, and rocking her as she spoke.

On entering the room, Marmaduke had not dared to look at the child; but, in order to render himself, as it were, sorrow-proof, had made straight for the book-shelf, with his head in the air, his hat on the back of his head, his nose twitching, and his eyes blinking. After he had carefully and separately replaced the books he had brought back among their former companions, he as carefully dusted his shoes with his pocket-handkerchief, and then, finding it impossible to stop his ears, and shut out what was passing between Blanche and Theresa, his eyes began to blink more than ever as he rubbed them, and commenced complaining of the "confounded easterly winds;" after which, clearing his throat with two or three hems, and searching his pockets for some sugarplums, with which he had come ready armed (a precaution he always took when a child was in the case), he marched boldly towards the sofa, with no other symptom of fear than what might be suspected from the still rampant position of his head; when he arrived at the sofa, a fact that he was apprized of by

entangling his foot in Theresa's dress, and nearly tumbling over the stool, he addressed Blanche as follows, carefully turning his head away, and groping about with his hand to feel where she was, while every third word he accompanied by rubbing his eyes, and exclaiming, "Confound these easterly winds!"

"A-hem! good child—very good child—don't cry. I'll nurse you, and wash you, and dress you, and teach you, and, if it must be, whip you myself; and I've no doubt you'll be as happy as the day is long—no doubt of it—confound these easterly winds! Don't think me an unfeeling old rascal; I'm just as sorry for you, indeed I am, as if I were to cry and look miserable—confound these easterly winds!—as that young gentleman there likes to see people—but we won't be miserable to please him—no, that we won't: and—and—now, my dear, give me a kiss."

The child slowly raised her head, having an intuitive conviction that the extraordinary harangue she had just heard was kindness in a new and strange form; Marmaduke also slowly turned his head, but it had still to undergo another process, that of being lowered ere he could perceive Blanche's face: he had no sooner done so than he started back, exclaiming,

"Good heavens! child, where did you get that face? Who are you? what are you?"

"The most miserable child in the world," said she, again bursting into tears, and burying her face in Theresa's bosom.

"Poor child! poor child!" said Marmaduke, pacing up and down the room; "beg pardon—beg pardon—did not mean to make you cry; but its very strange—very strange—very."

"What is very strange, dear uncle?" asked Theresa.

"Why, that—everything—nothing—she ought to be at school. Theresa, remember, she must go, and you must find out the best, where they will be kind to her, and take care of her: poor child—poor child—I wish I had not seen her."

Theresa, who saw by his manner that he was agitated and excited by something more than the mere grief of the child, great as it was, refrained from asking him any more questions; but men, who have less tact or less feeling, are not so tender of each others' feelings, and this it was that caused Cecil to commit the 'gau-

cherie' of again asking him if there was anything the matter.

"Nothing—nothing more than usual," replied Marmaduke, pettishly, "only that I'm an old fool—and—that I always am; but the poor man—we have not seen him yet."

"Mrs. Brand said he was asleep," said Theresa.

"Ah, true, I forgot. Good heavens! it is extraordinary!" added he, again looking at Blanche, and then turning away. He leaned his head against the wall and sighed deeply.

"Dear uncle," said Theresa, gently laying her hand upon his arm, "I fear you are not well."

"Very well," said he, turning round and dashing a tear from his eye. "Very well—confound these easterly winds!—only it's a terrible thing, child, when one's head is white, that one's heart should still be green! and—poverty is a terrible thing—a very terrible thing. Howard, my boy, when you marry, let your wife be a skinny, sharp devil of forty-five, with a perfect knowledge of accounts, a keen eye to the weight of butter, and the lights and shades of beef and mutton. Let her hear no music but the jingle of keys and the scrubbing of floors. Buy her a boy and a basket, and waste no money in presents on her beyond, it may be, a Moore's Almanac, or a Ready Reckoner for a Christmas box."

"Very good advice," said Cecil, trying to smile.

"But do you mean to take it, sir? do you mean to take it?" said Marmaduke, walking up and down the room, with his hands behind him.

"I'd rather not take the wife you've described, I confess," said Cecil.

"Ah, there it is; that's the way with you all; I suppose you'd rather have one of another pattern: a bale of lilies and roses, who looked moonbeams, could play on the piano, and didn't know a pickle from a popgun."

Here Mrs. Brand came courtesying into the room, to say that Carlton was still asleep, but that Mr. Lance, the apothecary, who had seen him, thought him better.

"Lance! Lance!" cried Marmaduke; "all humbug; send for Churchill, and tell him that it is me he is attending, and that I must have every attention, and be treated as the case requires; and mind you are very attentive to me too," added he, putting a couple of

sovereigns into Mrs. Brand's hand ; " and, above all, to that poor child, till she goes to school, which will be in a day or two."

" God bless you, sir," said Mrs. Brand, courtesying down to the ground as Marmaduke went down stairs ; " you may depend upon my taking every care of them both ; and I'm sure, my little dear," continued she, turning to Blanche, whom Theresa was kissing previous to her departure, " you'll try and not take on so, for the sake of this dear good lady and all the gentlefolks as have been so good to you."

" I will do anything for you," said Blanche, throwing her arms round Theresa's neck ; " but indeed, indeed, I cannot help crying."

" I cannot expect that you should," replied Theresa, applying her pocket-handkerchief to her own eyes ; " only be a good girl, keep as quiet as possible, and take whatever Dr. Churchill orders you."

" I will," sobbed the child as they parted.

Their drive home was performed in silence, as Marmaduke found the easterly winds exceedingly troublesome ; and neither Mr. Howard nor Miss Manners's thoughts were of a nature to be loquacious upon, at least before a third person. On their return, they found the whole party assembled at breakfast ; Marmaduke informed his brother of the invitation he had given Mr. Ormond to the tournament.

" My dear—my dear," said Sir Romulus, " I like to put a little poetry in what I do, and manage things a little out of the common routine ; now I'd have waited to get introduced to the Algerine at a county ball ; after which, I'd have asked him to dinner : do you approve of that plan ?" added he, appealing to all around.

" Oh, beyond everything !" responded Miss Prudence.

" Who is Mr. Ormond ?" asked Lady Bubble.

" A very worthy, excellent man, or I'll forfeit my ears—and Trip's to boot," replied Marmaduke.

" Oh dear ! all your geese are swans, Marmaduke ; and I'll give you my head if he's not some impostor !" said Miss Prudence, stirring her tea energetically.

" Done !" cried Marmaduke ; " I accept the wager ; for, as a great man once truly observed, trifling gifts of no value cement friendship."

" Oh ! have you heard, Marmaduke—" commenced Miss Prudence, but was interrupted by Sir Romulus calling out,

"Hush! my dear—my dear, I'm telling a witty story: Lady John was saying she did not like tea without sugar, upon which I said, 'Well, if you don't like it, you must *lump* it'—alluding to the lumps of sugar—ha! ha! ha! do you approve of my wit?"

"Oh, beyond everything! Dear, how droll! But I was going to tell Marmaduke of Lord John's goodness in making Mr. Town his private secretary; oh! 'tis such a thing for him, with his young family—I'm sure I don't know how they all live."

"How do much poorer people's children live?" pehaved Marmaduke.

"Eh, sir," groaned Mr. M'Phin, as he laid down his knife and fork, and raised the drumstick of a turkey to his mouth with his right hand, and gnawed it as he spoke; "eh, sir, it strikes me that the half of them live like young bears, by sucking their paws* for six months out of the twelve—"

"So that, when hungry," said Marmaduke, "I suppose they soliloquize with Hamlet, and say, 'Must give us paws!'"

Cecil felt it a great relief to hear of Mr. Town's good fortune, as it precluded the so-long-dreaded possibility of his being offered that enviable post under Lord John. Miss Manners soon finished her breakfast, and rose to leave the room, which Mr. Howard perceiving, followed her out; and, as she was about to cross the passage, caught hold of her dress.

"Theresa!" said he, "stay one moment; only hear me; forgive me this once, and never—" but here a servant emerged from the inner hall, and Miss Manners walked on into the library, whither Mr. Howard followed her; they were alone; he closed the door, and flung himself at her feet, exclaiming passionately, "Dearest, dear Theresa! forget, forgive me if you can! and never! never! shall you again have cause to be angry with me!"

"It is not anger, Cecil, it is sorrow," said she, as her hot tears fell upon his clasped hands: "what chance have we of happiness, if you can, without the slightest foundation, degrade me and yourself by such unworthy suspicions? No, no, it is better to retreat

* It is a well-known fact, that bears can subsist for the six winter months without food by merely sucking their paws.

with the fragment of a heart, than to have it daily broken in a thousand pieces, and linger through life with it in that state; yes, for every reason, it is better. Poor Carlton's story is still ringing in my ear: it was an interposition of Providence that I should have heard it; no man can, I fear, bear up against the eternal frettings and sinkings of poverty. Blanche Nugent was a thousand times my superior in every way; and if she could not suffice for Carlton, how should I ever suffice for you? Cecil, we will, we must part! I have no father, no brother; no relations nearer than those I am with; were I to marry you, in you not only would be centred my fate, but my life itself: what a perilous thing, then, would it be to risk my all, with so great a chance of shipwreck, amid the shoals and quicksands of jealousy and suspicion, which the warning beacons of your own impetuous temper have so clearly pointed out. No, no," faltered she, turning from him to leave the room, "you will find some one more worthy of you, better calculated to make you happy, to obtain your confidence; but none that will love you more sincerely than I have—I mean, than I could have done."

"Oh heavens! what a monster—what a wretch I have been!" cried Cecil, rising and placing his back against the door, and seizing both her hands. "Only hear me, Theresa! I solemnly swear—"

"Nay," interrupted she, shaking her head mournfully, "do not swear: men's oaths, I fear, are but recorded falsehoods. I want no witnesses against you."

"Well, then, I will not swear; but, by all my hopes here and beyond the grave, I here promise, that if my own love will only forgive me this once, she may and shall discard me without mercy or appeal the next time I evince the slightest shadow of jealousy. It is not jealousy, dearest; it is—hang it!—you *are* so much too good for me, that I am in constant fear of losing you."

"Ah!" sighed Theresa, "perfect love casteth out fear."

"Yes," rejoined Cecil, as his arm encircled her waist, and his lips approached her ear with a strange murmuring that might have puzzled the most scientific in such matters to determine whether it was a kiss or a whisper; "yes; and perfect love cannot cast away what it once has loved."

Be this as it might, Miss Manners remained silent for about a minute : perhaps it was that she did not like to differ from Mr. Howard, or it might be that she was afraid of disturbing her ringlets, which seemed to repose very comfortably on his cheek. At length she raised her head, and looking in his eyes as well as she could through the tears that were in her own,

"Ah, Cecil!" said she, "I fear it is not we women, but you men, who like to be treated like fools. I am convinced that you do not like to be loved rationally and genuinely, or you would be satisfied with the sacrifices we are always willing to make to your feelings, without requiring such constant ovations to your vanity. I know that, were I to say that I would never speak to, bow to, or look at Mr. Stuart Vernon, let me meet him when or where I might, that would please you more than anything I could do. But I think it would be derogatory to you as a human being to ask such a promise, or me to make it."

"Ah, there's the difference! I would not think anything derogatory to me that could please or gratify you," said Cecil.

"No doubt, for a short time, you would not; but if I required to be treated like a fool, I should expect to be deceived like one too."

"Well, well," said Cecil, again falling at her feet, "only try me, and the very first tinge of jealousy you detect in me, you may discard me without one word of explanation or defence."

"The first time, Cecil!"

"The first time, dearest."

Whether it is that lovers have a noble ambition to push their versatility beyond the Vicar of Wakefield, who only professed to be tired of being always wise, and therefore gave his daughters half a crown to get their fortunes told, I know not; but certain it is, that the former pyrotechnic gentry seem to have an insuperable aversion to being ever wise; for, no sooner do they arrive at some resolution bordering on that Siberia of love—common sense—than they instantly take fright, turn back full gallop, and never consider themselves happy till they are again within sight of Folly's cap and within sound of her bells. And so it was in the present instance: Miss Manners had started with a very sensible resolve, but footsteps approached which

doubtless scared it away; so that she had only time to repeat, "The first time!" and Mr. Howard to reply, "Yes, the first," accompanied by a kiss, which was not the first, when Mr. M'Phin entered, who

"Bien qu'il fût jouissant, se croyoit malheureux."

END OF VOL. I.



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